

NOVEMBER 14

Carnations  
10c  
Doz. Today

n's Underwear  
today. Save money

n's Underwear 75c  
underwear, made of Australian  
wool, and warm. Inducement  
n's Underwear \$1.00  
ool, patent seams. Shirts have  
soft finish, a beautiful pattern  
0. Inducement price \$1.00.

Men's Neckwear 35c  
close out all our old lines of  
neckwear. These come in  
all the latest patterns.  
\$1.00 for \$1.00.

ample Hosiery 25c  
line of men's fancy hosiery,  
effects, embroidered effects,  
na. Most of them are regular  
few fine 75c qualities here  
pick today 25c.

pecial Items.  
Head Chains 49c.  
Chains in Indian and Mexican  
a big variety of styles. Value  
price 49c.

Moline Bows 25c.  
new now so popular. Come in  
white and black effects. Value  
price 25c.

Fancy Plaids 50c.  
black silk plaids in a variety  
of handsome oxidized buckles.  
at price 50c.

Fancy Veils 47c.  
men's veils, hatched. Come  
or with chenille dots. Special

Popular Concert  
Arend's Orchestra

TONIGHT

from 8 to 10 o'clock. All music  
for sale in our Music Dept.

iving Daily

but what our buyers  
if there are so new  
women knowing what  
Los Angeles public the  
tionally low.

n's and misses' sizes; the colors  
are made with double  
s down back and  
Price.....\$6.95

tan, castor or blue. They  
over shoulder and piped  
glit buttons.....\$10.00

most catchy of the new  
stured, materials trimmed  
and contrasting colors  
are exceptionally  
ably priced at.....\$15.00

tan, castor or black; have  
lin lined and finished  
\$20.00

Underwear

making the change  
weight underwear

est.

est and Girls' Wool Underwear  
including vests, pants and  
white only. Vests high  
neck, long sleeves; pants  
ankle length, either  
would be good values at  
priced as a Saturday  
leader per garment.....\$5.00

men's Wool Union Suits—  
ribbed; white only; high neck,  
long sleeves; pants ankle  
length, either heavy weights. Ex-  
ceptional values, suits  
up to \$10.00 at \$2.00

Wurger St

# The Times

XXII YEAR.  
PER WEEK, 20 CENTS.  
PER MONTH, 75 CENTS.  
\$9 A YEAR.

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

Six Parts and Magazine.  
ON ALL NEWS STANDS,  
TRAINS AND STREETS 5 CENTS

## Amusements and Entertainments.

**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**—L. BEHYMER, Manager.  
TODAY—This Afternoon at 3:00 P. M.  
Tonight at 8:00 P. M. Farewell Concert.

## Westminster Abbey Choir

OF LONDON, ENGLAND  
In Sacred and Secular Choral Numbers  
"The Coronation Choir," Who Sang  
at the Coronation of King Edward VII.

HAZARD'S PAVILION—L. BEHYMER, Manager.  
TOMORROW Night Nov. 16, Tuesday and  
Wednesday Night. Bargain Matinee Wednesday.

## Ellery's Royal Italian Band

Manfredi Chiaffarelli  
A BAND OF SOLOISTS AND ARTISTS.  
The Music You Wait For—It Moves a Nation

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra  
FRIDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 20, at 3:00 p.m., First Concert, 7th Season, 1903-4.

Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra  
TUESDAY NIGHT ONLY, Nov. 24, First Concert, Second Season, 1903-1904.

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## LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

YESTERDAY: Maximum temperature, 70 deg.; minimum, 50 deg. Wind, S.W., north-  
east, velocity light; 5 p.m., west, velocity 11  
miles. At midnight the temperature was 58  
deg.; clear.  
TODAY: At 3 a.m. the temperature was 55  
deg.; clear.  
Forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity:  
Cloudy; probably showers; fresh southwest  
winds.  
San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy, with oc-  
casional showers; fresh southwest winds.  
Comparative Temperature, will be found on  
page 2, Part V.

## POINTS OF THE NEWS

### The Times

#### INDEX.

##### Part I.

1. Columbia to Retake Panama.
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3. Llaneros' Tour Ended.
4. Millionaire Buys Divorce for Son.
5. Fifth of New from Middle West.
6. Matters in Old Mexico.
7. Workingman Held Up.
8. Financial and Commercial.
9. Our Neighboring Countries.
10. Los Angeles County News.
12. The City in Brief: Paragraphs.

##### Part II.

1. Public Hall Project.
2. Society Events of the Week.
3. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.
4. The Eagle.
5. The Public Service: Official Doings.
7. Union of Methodist Book Concerns.

##### Part III.

1. Stanford and Berkeley Tie.
2. Offside After New World Record.
3. Triumph of the Trotter.
4. Shooting the Canvasbacks.

##### Part IV.

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2. Weekly Real Estate Report.
3. Liners: Classified Advertising.

##### Part VI.

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2. The Stage—Music and Musicians.
3. Tattlings of a Retired Politician.
5. How to be Healthy and Beautiful.
8. Great Railroad Engineering Feat.
10. The Agreeable Host.
11. Monopoliart in America.
12. Good Stories for Children.
13. Guest Columnist in London Court.

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Great Negro Fills the Eye of Gay City.

Success Rivalled as Object of Popular Interest.

Sketch by Ju's Huxel in La Figaro Has Attracted Much Attention.

PARIS, Nov. 14.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Booker T. Washington has succeeded in capturing the Parisian imagination. The great Negro has been the subject of a veritable craze. Every book stand had a translation of his work, "The Struggle for Life," and all the reviewers and journalists filled columns about his personality and views. But since the recent visit of Booker T. Washington to Paris all the talk is about the "great Negro," and the reviewers have turned their attention from President Roosevelt to him. His autobiography has likewise been translated into French, and is now on sale. Washington's views on the Negro and his capabilities as recounted by Jules Huxel in La Figaro have proved singularly interesting to the French people. The Negro's talent for music and poetry, his power of continued work and his progress along the lines of civilization are all strongly brought out. Washington says the black man's standard of morality is on a par with his white brother. That one is no more a liar and thief than the other. To prove that the Negro's intelligence was as pure as the white man's, Washington cites Paul Dunbar, poet; Dr. Hayden of Liberia; John T. Montgomery of Mississippi; and Kelly Miller, professor of mathematics at Harvard. As to politics, he says the Negro is not ambitious in that direction. The climate of America, Washington holds, is much better adapted to the Negro than his native Africa, and as he did not come of his own volition and wishes to be a hard-working citizen, he should be allowed to stay. After a survey of Tuskegee and its work, Huxel's summing up of Booker Washington himself is interesting. "Washington," he says, "speaks kindly. In this he is perfectly American. He has in his mind very clear notions of things, but very brief ones. He generalizes almost never, for generalization demands drama, and he is a man of action."

## WAS A FRIEND OF ROYALTY.

Mrs. Agnes Wingham Cole, Who Died Recently in Sierra Madre, Had Exchanged Letters With Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Agnes Wingham Cole, a woman of high English birth, and a close associate of many of the royal descendants of Marie Antoinette, died at Sierra Madre November 8, and only a few persons knew the history of this interesting woman. Mrs. Cole was the stepmother of Mrs. Alice Staples and Mrs. Nettie Rice. She was closely associated with descendants of royalty and with prominent public characters in the United States. She had exchanged letters with Queen Victoria, and received letters from Queen England's present King, written when he was Prince of Wales, and also since his elevation to the throne. Among her effects was found a dress which once belonged to Queen Victoria. She also had letters, found among her possessions, from Princess Beatrice, from President McKinley, written at the time of the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, and from the Governors of Vermont and Massachusetts and others in high official positions. Mrs. Cole was famous for her splendid charitable work among the needy in Montreal, Canada, where she resided for twenty years, and for her assistance to distressed people in various other countries. Because of her charity work the Catholic Church, of which she was a member, invited her to become a nun, but she declined. Notable among her good works was the service she performed for Father Perrin, a priest in France who had been excommunicated, because he succored those who were brutally maltreated in the warfare between church and state for political supremacy. Through her intercession Father Perrin was given a pension when he was at starvation's door. She thus accomplished what the bishop of Montreal would not attempt. Her last earthly journey, the one to California, was made in order that her husband might spend his days near his only remaining children. Mrs. Cole's remains were buried in the beautiful Pasadena Cemetery, the funeral services, in charge of Rev. P. F. Parrelly, being held in St. Andrews Catholic Church.

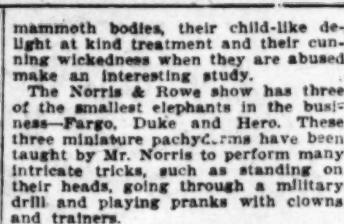
## Automobile Irrigation.

Today, a great demonstration of the Bollerstadt automobile irrigating system will be given at Fortieth and Figueroa streets. It is the real thing for producing vegetables and small farm stuff, irrigating water and soil, not only saving land, water and sun, but a method of irrigating which moistens the ground often and at the same time distributes the moisture evenly. These two points are clearly shown by the Bollerstadt irrigation.

## Gray's Cleaning and Dyeing Works.

Gentle suits cleaned and pressed. 601 South Broadway. Tel. Home 514.

R. FAY MILLS, 230 today, Hagar's Pavilion.



mammoth bodies, their child-like delight at kind treatment and their cunning wickedness when they are abused make an interesting study. The Norris & Rowe show has three of the smallest elephants in the business—Fargo, Duke and Hero. These three miniature pachyderms have been taught by Mr. Norris to perform many intricate tricks, such as standing on their heads, going through a military drill and playing pranks with clowns and trainers. Fargo is the comedian of the trio. He is always looking on the bright side of everything, and if he were human and had the power of speech he would be termed an optimist. He readily grasps the ideas which his trainers convey to him, and is a very intelligent elephant. Hero, the largest of the three, is just Fargo's opposite, as he is somewhat given to melancholy. He often remains for hours in a corner by himself, not even swinging his massive body, which is natural with elephants. Duke is the obstinate one of the herd. His brain is about as thick as his hide, and teaching him to perform was a task that took all the trainers in the show. These three elephants are bright particular stars in this animal circus. A great deal of the entertainment has been derived from them, but it has cost the animal trainers many days of infinite patience and toil. Patience is the greatest thing, indeed, for, contrary to accepted opinions, the elephant is not over-intelligent. In fact, the animal is a paradox, for elephantine wit runs to wilfulness and unheeded ring effects. These, in the hands of any but expert handlers, might bring consternation to the audience.

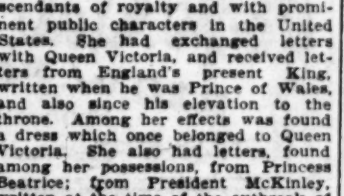
## SEE TOMORROW'S

Did you? Did you notice those suitings in the window last week? Ever see any like 'em? Ever see anything so brimful of real style? The stripes! The colors! The weaves! And fifteen hundred others inside, think of that. One man came near stealing his wife's hat money in order to buy two suits— And we know for a fact that one young father broke open the baby's bank to get extra trousers with. Can't pass 'em by, that's the short of it.

F. B. Silverwood

221 South Spring Street

LOS ANGELES



Every breeze that blows so chill Makes some fellow make his will.

Now is the time for you to think of your winter overcoat. Now is no time to think of getting anything but a Brauer & Krohn made overcoat—the overcoat that always fits all over, that is cut from fabric that is elegant in weave and sturdy in structure, that will cling to its gracefulness despite the rough usage that all heavy overcoats get. Handy overcoats for these chill foggy nights, \$20 to \$40.

Brauer & Krohn

Tailors to the Fastidious 128-130 S. Spring. 114 1/2 S. Main. Phone: John 3116—Home 2065.

"To be tortured by doubt is to travel the pace that kills."

There will be no doubts if you

Call Up

Main 1020...Home 1742

And have us call for your garments, clean, press and alter and deliver them promptly.

THE PANITIORIUM

300 W. Sixth St. bet. Broadway and Hill.

R. FAY MILLS, 230 today, Hagar's Pavilion.

Established 1869.

S. NORDLINGER

...JEWELER...

109 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

...SPECIAL...

MONEY SAVING SALE.

MONDAY morning we will inaugurate a Special Watch Sale, to continue through the week and as much longer as the Public shows an inclination to take advantage of

.....A GOOD THING.....

We have re-marked our entire Watch stock for this Special Sale, and our Prices are Simply Irresistible.

A Suggestion—Buy your Watches now

.....FOR CHRISTMAS.....

You not only have a larger assortment from which to make your selection, but you allow time for proper Regulation, which enables us to put your Gift into the Recipient's hands

.....A PERFECT TIME-KEEPER.....

Also much better Engraving can be done now than is possible during the Holiday rush

Come in and let us show you how good a watch a little money will buy.

Everything in Watches Both American and Imported.

Finest Grade Tame Oats and Barley Hay

W. B. RAYMOND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

1690 S. MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE: HOME 67-WEST 46

We Can Please You in Quality and Price



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INCORPORATED

1690 S. MAIN ST.

TELEPHONE: HOME 67-WEST 46

We Can Please You in Quality and Price

...Beautiful

# HIGHLAND PARK ADDITION

LOTS ARE 40x140

## PRICE

# \$300

### EACH EASY TERMS

On all lots unsold January 1st the price will be advanced to \$400 each.

#### VALLEY VIEW

We will sell one lot in this tract for \$50 to the first person who will build a good substantial house. This tract is only 150 feet from the Pasadena car line and near the Garvanna Villa. We have a few lots left in our LINDSAY ORCHARD Tract at \$60 and upwards. Lots in GLEN ROCK VILLA \$150 each. We have made arrangements to pipe water to all of these lots. Any of the above lots sold for \$20 cash and \$10 per month. LOOK OUT OUT for our ANNANDALE VILLA TRACT next week. These lots are level and near the Garvanna school house. Lots only \$50 each. Water will be piped to all the lots. Deposits for first choice will be received from this date. Only 150 lots in this beautiful subdivision. We also have several choice business properties. The following are some of our bargains in houses and lots: \$800 cash—4-room house on Temple street, lot 50x150. \$1500—4-room modern cottage, only \$300 cash; \$10 monthly, without interest. \$3000—6-room modern house, \$800 cash; \$30 monthly, without interest.

FOR PARTICULARS SEE

## RALPH ROGERS & CO.

MAIN 1862; HOME 1378. 219 WEST FIRST STREET

# OCEAN PARK VILLA TRACT NO. 2

Finest Beach Property on the Market. Choice Lots for Homes : : : : :

## \$100 - CORNER - \$125

LOTS - - -

### \$5 Down; \$5 a Month. No Interest.

This property adjoins the new town of Ocean Park—soon to be incorporated—only a short distance from the ocean. This is the best opportunity to secure a lot close to the best beach in Southern California ever offered. This tract was placed on the market about three months ago. Over 175 lots have been sold. The streets are well graded. Water, gas, electric light and street car service. We now offer the remainder at these most favorable terms. Go down and pick out your lot, or see

## CHAS. W. ALLEN

Rooms 125-126 - - 142 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES. HOME PHONE 1926.

Fine Furniture and Carpets Always in Stock. Lyon-McKinney-Smith Company. 12-214 W. Sixth St. bet. Spring and Broadway.

NEURO-VITAE Makes rich, red blood and healthy nerve and will cure all long-standing and advanced stages of Nervousness, Neurasthenia or Debility of the Nerves, Insomnia, Heart Trouble, Physical Relaxation, Prostration, and Physical Decline, results of violating the laws of health or of poison to the blood, and all diseases of the nervous system of oblique nature. For sale only at GODFREY & MOORE, 118 S. Spring St.

STOCK—In the Merchants Trust Co. of this city, is an investment that is conservative in the realm of absolute safety. With a dividend earning power such as is possible only in a Trust Company, the most highly developed and successful form of financial institution yet devised. \$100. Merchants Trust Company (Capital Stock \$50,000) Temporary offices of the Company, 303 S. Broadway, under American National Bank.

A MAGNIFICENT Steinway & Sons Piano at one-quarter of cost. Slightly used. Beautiful tone. H. ARNOLD, FURNITURE 339-337-335-333 S. Spring St.

November 15, 1903

Frank among the city the Los Angeles Real live, up-to-date, reliable organization it—not only

This fraternity of loving daily, pledged to upbuilding the state business in the and the curbstone

Dangers buying home prices and any adjacent established and company years residence

reasonable, equitable; and, in fact, in all realty sweeter to our city

re matters of business

No. 8697, passed by 5, 1903, that will giving property 100 00 "for permitting loving refuse to inches, hedges or its work does not 1 contract to remain in your neighborhood" of Los Angeles and do your part her properties and and justice are. Encourage its you want the protection

Importance—Statues, ns, libra—could not s now for ver than sive nov—

prescriptions. We are drug stores charge for we

w Line of Fashion

PRICES

Broadway







"The Daylight Store."  
Phones—Main or Home 132.  
**Jacoby Bros.**  
331-333-335 South Broadway.

**Handkerchiefs 2c**  
Special sale of plain hemstitched handkerchiefs; remarkable values; Monday 2c each.  
**10c Hdkfs. 5c**  
A special sale of hemstitched hdkfs. with lace cord or lace insertion. Monday 5c each.

**Special Announcement to Mail Order Patrons**  
On account of the very great reductions we herewith advertise, we suggest that our mail order patrons send their orders as soon as possible. If what you wish isn't advertised, write to us for prices on any other line of goods.

**Toy Department. Bargain Table 25c**  
Visit our toy department on second floor. Special this week one big bargain table of toys. Your choice 25c. Dozens of different things to pick from.

"The Daylight Store"  
Phones—Main or Home 132.  
**Jacoby Bros.**  
331-333-335 South Broadway.

# Wonderful Fresh November Inducements

advertised, we shall offer each week entirely new bargains in every department during our November sale. We have kept our promise and given our patrons the greatest values they have ever had in the history of our store and this week we assure them of the best and strongest inducements yet announced. More new goods have arrived during the past week than any other week of this season, and every department is fairly ablaze with extraordinary values for Monday.

## Buy Your Women's Garments From the Largest Garment Department in California



Our Women's Garment Department has now attained such strength that we are able to offer our patrons more advantages in every way than any other dealer in Women's Garments in California.

We carry the largest stock—our styles are the most refined and exclusive—we show the newest things—we show a bigger variety—and the immense business we transact enables us to quote prices which are not to be duplicated anywhere.

**\$1.50 Shirt Waists 85c**  
This is a lot of very stylish, nobby waists on sale Monday only at 85c. They include oxfords, mercerized materials, Bedford cords, chevrons, etc. Both in white and fancy colors. Elaborately trimmed with tucks and pleats. Designed in the very latest mode.

**\$35.00 Women's Suits \$25.00**  
At this price we are going to sell some of our most stylish \$35 dress and walking suits. They come in the popular Louis XIV style, also in blouse effect. Almost every conceivable color effect among them. Jackets are silk lined, suits trimmed with velvet and velvet buttons.

**\$25.00 Women's Suits \$15.00**  
These \$15.00 suits have all the charm of style and good tailoring to be had in any \$25.00 suit while the materials themselves are of splendid silken, serge, chevrons and novelty mixtures. The come in blouse effect and Louis XIV style. On special sale \$15.00.

**New Women's Suits**  
In this section we continue to show the latest Eastern conceptions, some of them showing an air of Paris, while others are designed to compare with the correct fashions of London and New York. Without doubt, we show twice the number of styles to be seen anywhere else in this community, and our suit prices range downward to fit every purse.

**Women's Suits \$12.50**  
This is a lot we have made up especially to offer at \$12.50. It consists of suits that regularly sell as high as \$20.00. They come in broadcloth, fancy mixtures, zibelines, etc. Jackets in the proper lengths and styles. Every suit a charming bit of good tailoring.

**\$18.00 Cloth Coats \$10.50**  
These nobby garments are made of imported English kersey cloth, with box back, tastefully trimmed with satin down front and back, stylish cape collars, wide puff sleeves, fancy metal buttons.

## Skirts Made in Free Dry Goods Dep't

We have secured one of the most expert men tailors from the East who will hereafter make skirts free of charge for our patrons. These skirts will be absolutely perfect fitting, made in the very latest designs. Call for particulars.

**\$2.00 Suitings \$1.50 Yd**  
36-inch suitings, in black, gray, and brown mixed effects with hair line stripe, choice styles. A popular fabric for making skirts. \$2.00 is the regular price, sale price \$1.50.

**New Suitings \$1.25 Yd**  
A choice new line of 34-inch suitings in checks and mixtures, in blue, tan, gray, black and white. Very desirable for skirts. Price \$1.25.

**Scotch Mixtures \$1.50 Yard**  
New Scotch mixtures in gray, blues and browns. A popular material for making skirts and the coat suits. Comes 54 inches wide. Special, per yard, \$1.50.

**Broadcloth \$1.50 Yard**  
Imported broadcloth, 54 inches wide. Comes in an extra weight and rich finish. A large range of colors is here, including black. Per yard \$1.50.

## Thanksgiving Linen Specials

DO YOUR TRADING IN NOVEMBER.

**\$1 Satin Damask 59c Yd**  
72-inch full bleached satin damask, all linen, some in shamrock, snowdrop, lily, poppy, morning glory and other choice patterns. Regular \$1 value; sale price 59c.

**\$1.35 Satin Damask 95c Yd**  
72-inch full bleached, double satin damask, in large and small designs, extra heavy. Napkins to match. Values up to \$1.35 the yard; sale price 95c.

**\$1.75 Colored Pattern Cloths \$1.29 Ea**  
We have a large assortment of fringed damask pattern cloths, size by 10. Come in white with blue and red borders, also turkey red and other fancy colors. \$1.75 values, special at \$1.29.

**\$2 Satin Damask \$1.69 Yd**  
72-inch full bleached, double satin damask, in choice patterns a beautiful, rich finish, as elegant quality of linen. A napkins to match. Regular \$2 values; special at \$1.69.

**\$2.75 Pattern Cloths \$1.95 Each**  
Made of full bleached satin damask, 8-1 size, with border all around. Come in choice patterns, extra quality linen. Regular \$2.75 values; sale price \$1.95 each.

**\$3 Pattern Cloths \$2.50 Each**  
Full bleached satin damask cloths, size 8-1. This damask has a beautiful, rich finish, as elegant quality of linen. A napkins to match. Regular \$3 values; special at \$2.50.

**\$9.00 Pattern Table Sets \$6.85**  
Full bleached satin damask pattern sets, full 1/2 size napkins 8 by 10 cloths. Come in the best of linen, in new designs. Values up to \$9.00, special per set \$6.85.

**\$6.50 Pattern Table Sets \$4.95**  
8-1 full bleached, double satin damask cloths, 5-8 napkins to match. Extra quality of linen in a splendid range of patterns. Regular \$6.50 values, special at \$4.95.

**\$2.50 Damask Napkins \$1.98 Dozen**  
Full bleached satin damask napkins, extra good quality of fine linen. Come in a smooth finish. \$2.50 values. Special at \$1.98 per dozen.

**\$1.85 Linen Napkins \$1.49 Dozen**  
Extra weight, silver bleached napkins, strictly all linen and very smooth finish. Splendid values at \$1.85; special at \$1.49 per dozen.

**40c Towels 23c Each**  
Satin damask towels, neatly fringed with assorted colored borders, size 20 by 40. Also huck towels with plain and colored borders. Values up to 40c each; special at 23c.

## Women's Skirts 95c Values Up to \$4.50

We consider this by far the most remarkable sale of women's garments that was ever conducted at any store. We have 87 skirts worth as high as \$4.50 which we shall sell Monday morning at 95c each, a price so low, and values so high that every woman will be eager to secure one.

Only one skirt to a customer. These skirts come in walking style, made of all wool cloth in mixtures and in plain colors, all this season's styles, on sale sharply at 9 o'clock.

## \$5 Boys' Sample Suits \$2.85 Extra Pair of Knee Pants Free

It's not often you get a chance to buy boys' clothing at about half-price. That is the attraction which mothers will find here Monday morning. These come from one of the largest makers. They come in sailor or Norfolk styles; in mixtures, Scotch chevrons, cassimeres, and worsteds; ages 3 to 7. These are worth up to \$5.00. Your pick \$2.85; and, in accordance with our usual custom, we shall give away free an extra pair of handsome woolen knee pants with every suit.

## \$1.50 Flannelette Kimonos 79c.

These handsome flannelette Kimonos in French flannel patterns, with turn back revers, wide flowing sleeves, a warm comfort, and easy morning wrap. Special 79c.

**\$1.50 Big Warm Blankets \$1.25 Pr**  
Heavy fleeced blankets, 11-4 size. Come in brown, gray, or blue colored borders. Very soft fleece. Well finished ends. \$1.50 values, special at \$1.25 per pair.

**12c Outing Flannels 8c**  
In stripes and checks, light and dark colors. Heavily fleeced. 12c values, special at 8c.

## Remarkable Sale of Kid Gloves

Want the public to become better acquainted with our glove department, we are sure that every woman who once learns the fine quality of our gloves will forever afterward become a permanent patron. In order to make it easier for you to try a pair of our gloves we offer the following extraordinary sale for our November sale.

**Gloves Worth \$2.00 at \$1.50**  
These are the famous Melrose kid gloves, made especially for ourselves, and fully warranted to give service in the city. They are made of the finest French kid glove style with Paris point em- broidery. Come in all shades. Our price \$1.50.

**\$1.25 Kid Gloves 89c**  
These genuine lamb's skin gloves in over- sized, all the newest shades, Paris embroidery. Every pair fitted and made. Inducement price 89c.

**IMPORTANT—All kid gloves sold by us are fitted and guaranteed.**

**35c Infants' Slips 25c**  
White slips, made of cambric, embroidery trimmed with French silk bands. Others, \$1.25 values, special at 25c.

**Infants' Long Skirts 25c**  
Cotton flannel, nice length and well made. \$1.25 values, special at 25c.

**\$1.25 Infants' Caps 75c**  
Infants' silk caps in cream color, made of a good quality of China silk, well made and nicely trimmed. \$1.25 values, special at 75c.

**75c Infants' Shoes 45c**  
Infants' soft sole shoes and moccasins, in all colors and sizes. Special at 45c.

## Half Price Notions

Silk knit crochet cotton, 4c  
Marshall's Linen Thread (200) yards, 8c  
King's Cotton, 200 yards, 8c  
Dexter's knitting cotton, 8c  
Strip silk garter elastic, 10c  
Hose supporters, all styles, 25c  
Saxony wool Utopia, 7c  
Shetland flax, 10c  
German Knitting yarn, 25c  
Rapid silk, 8c  
Tailored elastic, 8c  
Talcum powder, 4c  
Vaseline, 4c  
Shell hair pins, 10c  
Belt buckles and pins, 10c  
Neck brooches, 25c

## 65c Flannelette Gowns 49c

Women's flannelette gowns, in striped effects, well made. Regular 65c values, special at 49c.

**\$1.25 Flannelette Gowns 98c**  
Women's flannelette gowns in white, pink and blue striped effects in a variety of styles. Trimmed with braid and faggoting. \$1.25 values, special at 98c.

**\$1.50 Flannelette Gowns \$1.25**  
Women's flannelette gowns, in an extra heavy quality, in pink, blue, white, cream, and striped effects. \$1.50 values, special at \$1.25.

**Flannelette Skirts 23c**  
Neat flannelette skirts, in striped effects. Well made, and very serviceable. Price 23c.

**65c Flannelette Drawers 59c**  
These come in white, pink, and blue, neatly made. 65c values, special at 59c.

## 12c Children's Hose 8c

Children's fast black, corduroy ribbed hose, seamless, and very elastic. 12c values, special at 8c.

## 16c Children's Hose 12c

Light, medium, and heavy weight, fast black. Come in all sizes. 16c values, special at 12c.

## Women's Hose 8c Pr

Women's fast black, seamless hose, very elastic. Special at 8c per pair.

## Sale of Pillow Tops.

We offer Monday a big collection of all the latest ideas in pillow tops at about half the prices you would pay ordinarily. The stock includes printed and lithographed effects, in oriental and other patterns. Also woven tapestries and hosts of other styles.

## This Week Fancy Pillow Tops will be made up free of Charge for our Patrons

Sateen and denim pillow tops, in oriental and rose patterns. Regular 25c values 15c. A large assortment of lithographed pillow tops. Regular 50c values, special at 30c. The most complete stock of pillow tops shown this season. Prices 50c, 60c, 75c and up to \$2.50.

## Harris \$3 Shoes \$5 Satisfaction

40 STYLES FOR WOMEN

All the new winter styles are now here. Don't pay \$5 when you can secure any style, any leather, perfect fit, long service, and full satisfaction for \$3.00. Visit our new shoe department rear of main floor and let us show you some of the popular Harris styles.

## A-MINUTE HIGHWAYMEN.

Loans Nearly Round Hundred Dollars.

Micks Fastest Record Searching Victim.

Strong-arm Man Struggles Him.

Remarkable for its daringness of execution occurred last evening at 10 o'clock at the corner of 11th and East streets. A man named John J. Smith, who was making his way home with a silver change, a silver watch and other trinkets, was stopped by a man in a dark place beneath a lamp post.

The man sprang in front of Smith and held him by the collar. Smith was so startled that he dropped his silver change and watch. The man then made a dash for it, but Smith caught him by the collar and held him. Smith then made a dash for it, but Smith caught him by the collar and held him. Smith then made a dash for it, but Smith caught him by the collar and held him.

quickly as he could get to a telephone and several detectives were sent out. From Drees' description it is believed that the criminals are of the hobo class and on the theory that they would immediately attempt to leave town, a close watch was begun at the railroad yards. Drees got a good view of only the robber in front of him, whom he described as being 30 years or more of age, five feet ten inches in height, weighing probably 170 pounds, heavy black moustache, dark clothing and black Fedora hat.

## UNIONIST BOOMERANG.

"Striking" Butchers Send Out "Fair" List and Dealers Declare They Use Non-union Meat Only.

The union butchers, whose strike was promptly "busted" by the retailers pitching in and helping the wholesalers when the walking delegates attempted to run the slaughter houses, are still striking. The union so announces in a circular in which it sets forth that "the Louis Sentes Packing Company, where the trouble was of minor importance, has been declared fair by the union and by the Labor Council." Then it goes on to say that this firm and the following meat markets are "fair" and that union men and their friends will make no mistake in patronizing them to the exclusion of all others, the obvious aim being to convey the impression that these dealers have surrendered to the labor bosses: E. Hicker, Ninth and Lemon streets; W. Muers, No. 1714 San Pedro street; Al Grand, Buena Vista and Alpine streets; Chicago Market (John Wollenshlager) No. 410 South Main street.

The fact is that the dealers named, as well as others, stand pat and are not dominated by union highbandedness. They have not surrendered. They give public notice that the butchers' union circular was entirely unauthorized by them. In their statement the packing company and retailers named above say over their signatures: "We are positively not using any other but non-union meats, and we do not discriminate between any of the wholesalers of the city of Los Angeles." Fairness means so much to these people that they object strongly to being given a place on the unionist "fair" list.

Are You Looking For  
**The Latest in Jewelry?**

Would a store containing \$100,000 worth of the world's choicest and finest novelties appeal to you as being a good place from which to make a selection? We are showing a host of new and exquisite pieces done in solid silver by the most noted silversmiths in America, every pattern being new and distinctly high-class.

**Brock & Feagans,**  
Gold and Silversmiths.  
Corner Fourth and Broadway,  
Chamber of Commerce Building.

**PARIS CLOAK AND SUIT CO.**  
Importers and Retailers of Ladies' Cloaks, Skirts, Hats and Waists. Tailored garments to order. 333 South Broadway. Telephone Red 3234.

**USE California Cream of Lemon**  
INSTEAD OF SOAP.

# BARKLEY'S PORTO RICAN COFFEE

Do you know that Porto Rican Coffee is used exclusively at

## The White House?

President Roosevelt considers it the greatest coffee in the world.

The fact that everybody doesn't drink BARKLEY'S Porto Rican Coffee is due solely to the fact that everybody hasn't tried it.

Packed in 1-lb. air-tight cartons—secure against any deterioration—this splendid Coffee should be in every home where quality counts.

"The Taste Tells"—Try It.

Full Pound 35 cents. Your Grocer Has It.



























HOUSE AND LOT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

have taken deposits on 104 lots, nearly one-half the total tract. This is surely a fine record.

Main Below Pico.

Another little deal in prospective business property that was noted in the Times of Thursday, was the sale from Henry Schaefer to H. L. Gordon of a lot, 50x120 feet, on an alley, on the west side of Main street, 120 feet south of Pico street, with a seven-room frame building, consideration named, \$12,500. This is at the rate of \$250 per front foot. All of this part of Main street frontage will undoubtedly be used for business buildings before many years.

Seventh and San Julian.

T. Wiedenmayer has sold to James W. Smith, through T. W. T. Richards, 45x120 feet, on the southwest corner of Seventh and San Julian streets, with nominal improvements; consideration named, \$12,000.

DOINGS OF BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS.

GROWING ACTIVITY MARKS OPERATIONS IN BUILDING LINE.

Houses Begun and Completed in Various Parts of the City—Some Very Fine Terraced Structures Planned for North Broadway.

The number of buildings completed during the week was as follows:

First Ward	11
Second Ward	11
Third Ward	11
Fourth Ward	11
Fifth Ward	11
Sixth Ward	11
Seventh Ward	11
Eighth Ward	11
Ninth Ward	11

Of these, sixty-seven were dwellings and seven business buildings.

The number of buildings begun was 143, ten of them being business buildings and the remainder dwellings, distributed as follows:

First Ward	14
Second Ward	14
Third Ward	14
Fourth Ward	14
Fifth Ward	14
Sixth Ward	14
Seventh Ward	14
Eighth Ward	14
Ninth Ward	14

The activity of operations in the building line continues without abatement.

The number of permits issued last week by the Building Superintendent was 124. The improvements authorized amounted to \$268,894, and were divided as follows:

First Ward	10
Second Ward	10
Third Ward	10
Fourth Ward	10
Fifth Ward	10
Sixth Ward	10
Seventh Ward	10
Eighth Ward	10
Ninth Ward	10

The number of permits issued so far this month is 1,245, and the value of the improvements authorized aggregates \$725,425, and are classified as follows:

Structure	2
1-story brick building	2
2-story brick building	2
3-story brick building	2
4-story brick building	2
5-story brick building	2
6-story brick building	2
7-story brick building	2
8-story brick building	2
9-story brick building	2

Elsewhere in this review will be found a sketch from the architect's perspective about the terraced block that is to be erected by The McCarthy Company of San Francisco on the northeast corner of Court and Broadway; the Jones Block east of Santa Monica on the northeast corner of McCarthy buildings; and the Forest-Block that will stand on the lot adjoining on the north.

The McCarthy buildings are to have four stories each. The Broadway frontage will have three stories, with plate-glass fronts and marble staircases. The second floor is to be fitted up for offices, and the other floors are to be in rooms arranged in suites.

The Forest-Block will be a four-story building, with plate-glass fronts and marble staircases. The second floor is to be fitted up for offices, and the other floors are to be in rooms arranged in suites.

As planned, an electric elevator will run to the roof and will be connected with a roof garden; and connection with the second building will be had through a covered way from the corner portion to the third story of the second building to the third story of the second building.

Similar facilities for connection will be provided. This construction is undoubtedly unique, but it is one that will be built upon.

The second of the McCarthy buildings will be fitted up for light housekeeping or bachelor apartments and will be provided with modern conveniences.

The third of the McCarthy buildings will be arranged in apartments of two, three and four rooms each, with buffet kitchen and bath.

The other floors will be finished in the same way.

Building Permits.

Following are among the permits issued by the City Superintendent of Buildings:

For Joseph Wood, at No. 2101 South Hoover street, six-story cottage, to cost \$2,000.

For M. E. Copeland, at No. 441 Kensington road, an eight-room cottage, to cost \$2,000.

For R. C. Smead, at No. 2314 Union avenue, a studio and two four-room flats, to cost \$10,000.

For G. W. Stimpson, at No. 968 Westlake avenue, a nine-room residence, to cost \$7,000.

For same owner, at No. 742 Westlake avenue, a ten-room residence, to cost \$12,000.

For Cribb & Sinclair, at No. 2215 Leoti avenue, an eight-room residence, to cost \$12,000.

For M. L. Canfield, at No. 1647 Rockwood street, a seven-room residence, to cost \$2,000.

For W. D. Oak, at No. 4254 Central avenue, a two-story brick store and rooming-house, to cost \$10,000.

For Robert and M. J. Jones, at No. 1508 Oxford avenue, an eight-room residence, to cost \$2,000.

For Robert and M. J. Jones, at No. 207-211 North Broadway, four-story office building, to cost \$45,000.

For McCarthy Company, at No. 307-

with broad stairs and an elevator to each. The elevator of the Broadway entrance to run to the roof garden. The building will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and it will have a private telephone system connecting every room in the house with the office. The main entrances are to have mosaic floors and Italian marble wallcovering, and the inside finish will be in Oregon pine. The plumbing throughout will be of the latest pattern, and all exposed pipes will be nickel-plated.

The plans of the building were prepared by Architect C. H. Brown, and the work of construction will be under his supervision.

The improvements will cost about \$170,000.

E. Avery McCarthy, who will have charge of the erection of the McCarthy buildings, and Robert J. Jones have applied for a franchise for an inclined road to extend along Court street from Broadway to Hill street; and if the application is granted another novel and useful device will be added to the inventory of the city for this portion of North Broadway.

Building Notes.

Architect Morgan & Walls are to supervise the erection of a two-story brick warehouse building for J. W. Frey's mantle and tiling establishment. It will be located on the north side of the east side of Los Angeles street, about 150 feet north of Twelfth street, and will be about 100 feet wide.

Edward H. Mason is having a six-room cottage erected at No. 1635 Wall street, by Contractor W. W. Anderson.

Robert Pollock is having a six-room cottage erected at No. 1635 Wall street, by Contractor W. W. Anderson.

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THE WEATHER.

COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES.

	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.
Boston .....	42	48	54	New York ..	56	44
Washington ..	42	47	53	Buffalo .....	41	39
Pittsburgh ..	51	36	43	Cincinnati ..	48	38
Chicago .....	38	34	36	St. Paul .....	51	39
St. Louis .....	44	35	42	Kansas City ..	41	32
Los Angeles ..	70	54	63	Jacksonville ..	50	44

The maximum is for November 12; the minimum for November 14. The mean is the average temperature for the two days.



















FOR SALE—

[illegible]



















## Liners.

## REAL ESTATE

## FOR SALE—

## Suburban Property.

## FOR SALE—11 ACRES, 20 FT. FROM CITY

## LIMITS, 800 ft. from electric cars, 5-cent fare

## and 15 minutes ride to city for subdivision

## and will divide into fifty-four 30-foot lots

## this is a great deal and offered for \$300

## for a quick sale, BORUPP &amp; BAYLES, 419

## N. Main St., Room 404, 4th and Broadway

## Home Phone 202.

## FOR SALE—SMALL CHICKEN RANCH IN

## Pasadena, 1 block from car line, 1 acre, with

## best of soil, level, plenty water, might cut

## in smaller tracts at less than \$100 per

## acre, this is very fine and a genuine bargain

## SEXTON BROS., 305 S. Broadway.

## FOR SALE—BURNING REAL ESTATE.

## See me before you buy here. I know every

## lot, farm and acreage in the county, and

## their values. I've been here 27 years. Call

## me before you buy. I can save you money

## and get you the best deal. Call me at

## Burbanck, 1000 N. Main St., Room 404.

## FOR SALE—IF YOU WANT THE SAFEST,

## surest and best buy at one-half the value of

## other lots, call me at 1000 N. Main St.,

## Room 404, 4th and Broadway.

## FOR SALE—20 ACRES ON CORNER OF

## the monument of land, 10 minutes ride from

## downtown, 15 minutes ride from downtown

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## FOR SALE—

## Lemon and Orange Groves.

## FOR SALE—

## Orange Grove, 1/2 acre, 1/2 acre, 1/2 acre,

## what they sold for in New York recently.

## G. White, think of that and remember that

## we have orange groves to sell all sizes, all

## ages, all prices and all around here. We

## are the people for you to see. "Lemon,"

## we sell you all sizes of orange groves as

## you will see in California, with a 2-room

## house, barn, etc., near a nice little town,

## on a good old road, with 10 shares of water

## stock, there being 10 acres in this tract, all

## for \$1000, and the crop now on the trees

## and with the place, another house tract

## with a large town, "10 minutes walk"

## with 2 acres of fine orange grove, the last

## and in orange and grape, with 100

## 2-room house, well, tank and windmill, nice

## place, chicken house and yard, lot all

## fenced with front yard full of flowers and

## ornamental trees, and all for only \$1000,

## the orange grove on the trees will pay

## nearly 10 per cent. on the purchase price

## we have merely mentioned these two groves

## to show you that we are in position to save

## you many dollars by coming to us for an

## orange grove or a walnut orchard either, for

## we are headquarters for both, come in and

## let us about what you want; we will do the

## rest; our time is yours. Command us."

## W. P. LARKIN &amp; CO.,

## 224 W. Fourth St.

## FOR SALE—

## 20-25 ACRES AT COVINA.

## ALL IN BEARING WASHINGTON

## NAVY AND VALENCIA CROP

## YEAR ESTIMATED AT

## 600 PACKED BOXES

## NICE 4-ROOM HOUSE

## BARN, PLANTY OF WATER

## WELL LOCATED, WILL

## EXCHANGE FOR CITY PROPERTY

## AND PAY \$1000 TO \$1500.

## CASH. THIS SHOULD BE

## OVERLOOKED. CALL AND SEE

## ME AND GET PARTICULARS

## S. C. E. NORTON, 141 S. BROADWAY.

## FOR SALE—

## I have for sale some of the finest orange

## groves in the county, and I have a large

## orchard, and I have a large

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## FOR SALE—

## Beach Property.

## FOR SALE—

## OCEAN PARK.

## FOR SALE—

## The finest location for suburban homes

## and the most beautiful beach in the county

## today. Do not be misled by those

## who say that the beach is not good

## and that the water is not good. You

## will see that the beach is good and

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**WANTED—**

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**TO LET—**

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## STOCKS AND BONDS—

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# RELIGIOUS.

## FAMOUS EVANGELIST TO HAVE BIG RECEPTION.

LOS ANGELES COUNTY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION NEXT.

A Fisher Will Talk on Fishing—Entertaining Programme to be Presented on Thursday—Rumor Concerning Central Baptist Church.

Elaborate arrangements have been made for the reception to Rev. B. Fay Mills at Hazard's Pavilion this afternoon at 3:30. The Olive-street entrance will be open to holders of reserved seat tickets at 2 o'clock, while the general public will be admitted at the main entrance at 3 o'clock. There will be seats on the platform for ministers.

As an evangelist and author on religious subjects, Mr. Mills has been a power in the land and he now comes with a new message which he calls "The Gospel for an Age of Unrest," or "The Message of Brotherly Love."

There is likely to be considerable curiosity to hear the noted speaker and a great crowd is looked for. It is expected that he will be introduced by the audience by Hon. William E. Smythe of San Diego, with a brief review of the recent work of Mr. Mills.

The musical programme is in charge of Fordyce Hibber and is as follows: Piano numbers, Fordyce Hibber, tenor solo, "Thro' Peace to Light," Charles Pease; violin solo, "Cavatina," Miss Rita Craft; soprano solo, "Twentieth Century Vision," Mrs. Birdie Carter.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.** COUNTY WORKERS WILL MEET. On next Thursday the Los Angeles County Sunday-school Association will hold its annual convention in the First Congregational Church this city.

The officers of the association have been holding a series of institutes throughout the county with the result of inspiring an unusual interest in the coming meeting and in interdenominational work.

The programme contemplates the business end of the Sunday-school almost exclusively, with the idea of producing the best practical results with the best possible equipment. The principal feature of the evening session will be an address by Rev. Robert S. Fisher of this city, on "Scientific Fishing."

Mr. Fisher is an interesting speaker and is a young minister who has made rapid progress in his calling. Other addresses will be made by active Sunday-school workers from all parts of the county, and the entire convention promises to be of more than usual interest.

The first session will be held at 8:30 a.m. The officers are: C. B. Messenger, president; Gail Borden, secretary; Newman Eslick, treasurer.

# BAPTIST RUMOR.

**SANTA PAULA MINISTER COMING.** The announcement comes from Santa Paula that Rev. M. S. Howes, who preached in the Central Baptist Church of this city, on last Sunday, has resigned his pastorate at Santa Paula.

Bethel Baptist Church to come to Los Angeles, "to accept a call to a larger field of service."

The natural inference was that he has received a call to the vacant pulpit of Central Church, but inquiry shows that such is not the case, and is not one of the probabilities. G. Rupert Brown, one of the officials of the church, said last night:

"Mr. Howes preached for us on last Sunday, but he has not been called to Central Church, and so far as I know, is not likely to be called. He told me that he intended to resign his charge at Santa Paula, and would probably go East after spending the winter in Los Angeles."

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted in the action of the Santa Paula congregation:

"Whereas, Rev. M. S. Howes, pastor of Bethel Baptist Church of Santa Paula, has resigned his pastorate, we now, after unanimously requesting him to reconsider his resignation, reluctantly and regretfully release him November 20, in order that he may accept a call to a larger field of service."

"Resolved, that we most sincerely regret to sever the cordial relations existing between pastor and people; that we recognize his loyalty to the church, his faithfulness in preaching the gospel, his disinterestedness in the work of the church, and that we are sincere in wishing that he might remain with us many years, but we bid him Godspeed in his new field open before him; that we likewise regret to lose Mrs. Howes, who has done efficient work as superintendent of our Sunday-school, and has applied herself to this and other labors of our church with untiring care."

# COUPID IN A HOTEL.

Van Nuy's Romance Culminates in Wedding of Bookkeeper Stanley and His Assistant Miss Goodwin.

A quiet wedding in which two popular young attaches of a downtown hotel were the principals was solemnized at 7 o'clock last night. Miss Mary Agnes Goodwin, for six years cashier and for the past two years assistant bookkeeper at the Van Nuy, was married to Henry Will Stanley, head bookkeeper of the same hostelry.

The ceremony was performed by Father Murphy of St. Vibiana's cathedral, at the home of the bride's mother, Hope and Sixth street. Miss M. Potter, the young groom's employer, stood with him as best man, and Miss Agnes Estelle Stanley, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid. Few even of the happy pair's hotel acquaintances knew what was happening.

Anybody who has been about the lobby of the Van Nuy will recall the young lady who is now Mrs. Stanley. She is that slender, pretty, dignified, brunette, who used to flit so busily back and forth from the private of the Van Nuy.

Mrs. Stanley will no longer attract admiring eyes to the region of the lobby. She will remain at the old stand without interruption.

# NEGRESS BURNED.

Her Clothing Catches from Out-door Fire and Half of Her Body is Cooked. No Witness to Accident.

Behind her lonely little shack on Pico Heights, beyond the end of the car line, a poor negro woman was fatally burned yesterday. Her name was Mrs. Alexander Barr. She was a widow, 49 years old, and used to work as a barber at Third and Los Angeles streets. She was brought to the Emergency and General Hospital by two white laborers in a brickyard near the scene of the accident.

The woman was suffering tortures.

# The Importance of Experience of the Right Kind of Great Value. "Exact Cause" Counts for Much.

Experience and training of the right kind is of great importance in all branches of Medical practice. It counts for much in the treatment of chronic disease. It proves by the results obtained, that a knowledge of different diseases, their successful treatment and cure cannot be had by guess work, without a varied experience along these lines, as accurate diagnosis will be lacking, which is the foundation for "Exact Cause" treatment and cure. Those consulting me have the assurance that my diagnosis will be correct, because I do not guess. I use such means as will preclude the possibility of an error. Twenty years enables me to determine with accuracy the cause and condition requiring scientific treatment and to say definitely whether or not I will be able to effect a cure.

Those who take my treatment are cured because I do not guess. My treatment for men touches every chronic condition. The cures are permanent—there are no evil after effects.

# Functional Decline

Fagging of Strength, Termed Weakness By Some

The success which has attended my "Exact Cause" treatment in functional derangements has been little less than phenomenal. It is a direct method, and is personally applied. I search out the special condition, or part of organ responsible for the derangement and make direct contact. In this I accomplish more than could ever be achieved by inferior machines nor ordinary apparatus. The X-Ray reveals to me in many cases what others guess. When I make an application I am certain it is properly made, and feel assured it will be effective.

# Hemorrhoids or Piles Cured Without Operating

Piles are the outcropping of pathological conditions which can be treated surgically for years without cure. I treat these conditions for real and permanent results by local personal application, which restores the normal circulation in the abdominal and pelvic organs. I prevent hemorrhages, which at the same time cures the hemorrhoids. My method is direct, effective with minor like which come from wrong living, too much support. There is too much operating. Too much surgery. No matter how long you have suffered, I will cure you. My treatment is of every case that comes to me. My examination consists of something more than you usually get, and is such that you can be sure of the exact condition, which is susceptible to my personal and exact cause treatment.

# Stricture Urethral Obstruction

A million men or more have suffered, treated and failed to get permanent cure. I have devoted years of the hardest kind of work on the formation and complete eradication of urethral obstructions, and I claim that my "exact cause" treatment is the most perfect and speedy cure for this trouble ever devised. It's the right treatment, applied the right way, this is the essential point in every case I treat. It removes all obstruction, subdues the inflammation, relieves the painful irritation and soreness. I am confident I cure these conditions more quickly and with less inconvenience than any one claiming to treat them. Ten to fifteen days is usually sufficient for my treatment.

# Contracted Diseases Failure to Quickly Cure

There are many reasons why contracted diseases are not cured under the usual plan of treatment. I treat for quick, permanent and lasting results. By my direct method the "exact cause" can be eradicated, and a cure effected in less time than is required by some to even subdue the inflammation. My method is the most clearly that has been used, and it is only by such a method that a speedy cure is possible. I often make cures in one week that look almost impossible to accomplish in less than three to four weeks. This is the direct result of the right treatment personally applied the right way, which will always bring the desired results.

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# Not by Mail

Why I Do Not Use The Method

Medicine is a progressive science, the application of an art and it is before all things necessary that "EXACT CAUSES" and conditions should be attacked with greatest accuracy. Complicated troubles involving symptoms and conditions not always present to the mind of the patient cause much mischief unless properly understood, and many chronic and painful disorders are the result. How many times have you seen rapid signs of improvement only to be disappointed later on? No one can release you from your suffering unless the exact cause can be seen and treated, no matter how simple or plain the directions as to treatment may be.

# Many Are Interested

In My Methods. The Right Treatment Personally Applied the Right Way

Which accounts for the results I am getting every day. It's personal attention to each individual case that brings satisfactory results both to patient and to myself. I claim it's the only way to cure chronic conditions that have proved too much for the average treatment. I remove the "EXACT CAUSE," and give you what you most desire. When I commence the treatment of your case you will note improvement from the first, and it will not be a temporary relief, either, but the beginning of a permanent cure. I am never satisfied until the results are what you expect, and all I claim for my treatment. Reliable means and methods acquired during TWENTY years' experience is the foundation on which I've built my practice, and upon which I expect to maintain it. I will not treat or supply my treatment for any case unless I am thoroughly conversant with all conditions requiring the exact treatment.

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Fagging of Strength, Termed Weakness By Some

The success which has attended my "Exact Cause" treatment in functional derangements has been little less than phenomenal. It is a direct method, and is personally applied. I search out the special condition, or part of organ responsible for the derangement and make direct contact. In this I accomplish more than could ever be achieved by inferior machines nor ordinary apparatus. The X-Ray reveals to me in many cases what others guess. When I make an application I am certain it is properly made, and feel assured it will be effective.

# Hemorrhoids or Piles Cured Without Operating

Piles are the outcropping of pathological conditions which can be treated surgically for years without cure. I treat these conditions for real and permanent results by local personal application, which restores the normal circulation in the abdominal and pelvic organs. I prevent hemorrhages, which at the same time cures the hemorrhoids. My method is direct, effective with minor like which come from wrong living, too much support. There is too much operating. Too much surgery. No matter how long you have suffered, I will cure you. My treatment is of every case that comes to me. My examination consists of something more than you usually get, and is such that you can be sure of the exact condition, which is susceptible to my personal and exact cause treatment.

# Stricture Urethral Obstruction

A million men or more have suffered, treated and failed to get permanent cure. I have devoted years of the hardest kind of work on the formation and complete eradication of urethral obstructions, and I claim that my "exact cause" treatment is the most perfect and speedy cure for this trouble ever devised. It's the right treatment, applied the right way, this is the essential point in every case I treat. It removes all obstruction, subdues the inflammation, relieves the painful irritation and soreness. I am confident I cure these conditions more quickly and with less inconvenience than any one claiming to treat them. Ten to fifteen days is usually sufficient for my treatment.

# Contracted Diseases Failure to Quickly Cure

There are many reasons why contracted diseases are not cured under the usual plan of treatment. I treat for quick, permanent and lasting results. By my direct method the "exact cause" can be eradicated, and a cure effected in less time than is required by some to even subdue the inflammation. My method is the most clearly that has been used, and it is only by such a method that a speedy cure is possible. I often make cures in one week that look almost impossible to accomplish in less than three to four weeks. This is the direct result of the right treatment personally applied the right way, which will always bring the desired results.

# My Examinations

consist of something more than you usually get; they are thorough and searching; they reveal what others guess at. When I have finished, I will know just what to do, and you will know just what you can depend upon. This is the reason I never treat by mail; it's all left to you and guess work. On the other hand, when I make an application or give a treatment for the "Exact Cause" I feel assured of its effectiveness and you will note improvement, also.

# Not by Mail

Why I Do Not Use The Method

Medicine is a progressive science, the application of an art and it is before all things necessary that "EXACT CAUSES" and conditions should be attacked with greatest accuracy. Complicated troubles involving symptoms and conditions not always present to the mind of the patient cause much mischief unless properly understood, and many chronic and painful disorders are the result. How many times have you seen rapid signs of improvement only to be disappointed later on? No one can release you from your suffering unless the exact cause can be seen and treated, no matter how simple or plain the directions as to treatment may be.

# Many Are Interested

In My Methods. The Right Treatment Personally Applied the Right Way

Which accounts for the results I am getting every day. It's personal attention to each individual case that brings satisfactory results both to patient and to myself. I claim it's the only way to cure chronic conditions that have proved too much for the average treatment. I remove the "EXACT CAUSE," and give you what you most desire. When I commence the treatment of your case you will note improvement from the first, and it will not be a temporary relief, either, but the beginning of a permanent cure. I am never satisfied until the results are what you expect, and all I claim for my treatment. Reliable means and methods acquired during TWENTY years' experience is the foundation on which I've built my practice, and upon which I expect to maintain it. I will not treat or supply my treatment for any case unless I am thoroughly conversant with all conditions requiring the exact treatment.

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MEN'S DISEASES.



O. C. JOSLEN, M.D.  
The Leading Specialist.

My Methods Are My Own

WHEN I FIRST ANNOUNCED my discovery that "weakness" in men is not a disease, but merely a symptom of chronic inflammation of the prostate gland, I was met with a skeptical attitude. I have since then treated thousands of men, and the results have been so successful that I have been able to prove to the satisfaction of the medical profession that my method is the only one that will cure the disease.

My Fees are Fair; My Cures are Permanent. You Can Pay When Cured.

Weakness is not a nervous disease, demanding a tonic course of treatment, but is merely a symptom of chronic inflammation of the prostate gland. It is the result of a bacterial infection, and the only way to cure it is by the use of my special method.

DR. O. C. JOSLEN

414 and 416 W. Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Standard of Value—Standard of the World.

GROVER PIANOS ARE STANDARDS

Judged from every point. None are better as your critical inspection will determine. Easy terms of payments if desired.

Geo. P. Bent, Manager

Los Angeles Representative, Pacific Music Co., 437-439 S. Broadway.

Derma-Ro

Insures Pure, Safe, and a Beautiful Skin. Cures Eczema, Dermatitis, and all Skin Diseases.

INSTITUTION

Give you the "Barnes" method, but it's a mighty one. Ask Grocers for Barnes.

Wanted to Know

Doctor Wise: Did that patient come in a carriage? Office Boy: No, sir; she walked.

Wanted to Know

Doctor Wise: I was in doubt as to whether she had appendicitis or not, but from what you say I know she's merely suffering from cramps.

TATTLINGS OF A RETIRED POLITICIAN.

BY FORREST CRISKEY.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

PUPPETS AND PULLS.

WHEN I FIRST ANNOUNCED my discovery that "weakness" in men is not a disease, but merely a symptom of chronic inflammation of the prostate gland, I was met with a skeptical attitude. I have since then treated thousands of men, and the results have been so successful that I have been able to prove to the satisfaction of the medical profession that my method is the only one that will cure the disease.

One day a member came in and said: "Jim, how in Tunket am I going to get that bill of mine through creating the office of State Oil Inspector?"

"Well," replied Tom, "my goose is cooked if I don't get that bill through. I can't support you for the post, when it's made; but I won't do anything in particular, to keep you from getting it."

"There's just one bluff that may work," said Jim, "if some member of the legislature sticks out and catches on the same. Spring a resolution for a conference committee of five members of the House and three from the Senate."

"This is the strongest endorsement any man ever had for any appointment," replied the Governor, "and the request of this delegation will be granted if it is within my power to do so."

Next day, while the man with the pull of practically a solid party ally back and working overtime was pondering and guessing, he was called to the chamber.

"Your State needs you," said the Governor, "in another capacity, sir, and I shall not take 'No' for an answer. I am about to make up a commission to exploit to the world one of the greatest industries of our commonwealth. You know industry, as few of our citizens do; true, there is no salary attached to the position, but your labors will bring you in contact with the great captains of finance and the way will speedily open for you to make a great deal of money. Your sacrifice in letting the other position pass will be only temporary and you will soon come into your reward."

Some Birds of Argentina. Among Argentina's greatest treasures are her birds, which abound there in great number and variety. One peculiarity of the birds is their gaudy plumage, brightest scarlet, orange, olive, yellow, pink and green—painted perhaps by the southern sun.

In color they are beautiful and in song wonderful. Let us go to the woods bordering the river and see how many we can find. Your bird is called the "arm of fire" on account of its bright color. He appears to take great pride in showing himself. There is the cardinal with the scarlet crest, white breast and dove-colored back also the yellow cardinal with yellow body and black crest.

There is also the black bird with white beak. From the grassy marsh comes the discordant cry of the heron, and the green parrots are chattering in the trees over our heads. They think their scolding will frighten us. See that lovely golden wren creeping up the tree, hunting spiders. He does not seem a particle afraid of us. Hear that sweet voiced robin. They are much finer singers than the robins of our country. Here we find a dove's carefully made nest, with two white eggs lying on the ground. This dove is very small, not much larger than a canary. That modest little gray bird is the bullfinch or nightingale, which keeps his sweet song for the night.

There is a tree that appears to be covered with balls of cotton, but instead of cotton it is a flock of magpies sunning themselves. They drop their wings and fluff out the feathers of the back until they resemble balls of cotton. They are singular birds. One will catch a frog and run around before the others, apparently to tantalize them. When they bathe they jump into a pool of water, then out and roll in the dust. They sit on the water again. They impose on each other by several hens laying eggs in the same nest. The eggs are very pretty, green and white mingled. Hear the mournful call of the rain-bird, a kind of crow, which is almost incessantly the day before a storm while there is no apparent evidence of its approach, yet they are unfailing. Here comes a scissor-tail, another peculiar bird, one of the flycatchers. Ah! the beautiful bird! We hear their glad songs as they fly through the air, seemingly without a sorrow, but they have their sorrows, too, for they will go to seek food for their young birds and come back to find them devoured by snakes or some other marauder. But perhaps their greatest enemy is women, for the adornment hundreds of thousands are destroyed annually, especially of the white heron, a bird whose feathers, or albatross, which are much used in trimming. [Montreal Family Herald.]

Drilling a Rock. For rhythmic and unerring surety of motion, command me to three stanzas, fellows boring a hole in a piece of rock. Maybe you have never watched jockeys drilling rock, so that you can't exactly realize the physical skill necessary to do this thing, the long practice of hand and eye required for it. One man sits upon the rock which is being drilled, and holds with his hands, between his knees, the drill which is the pierce the rock. Two companions stand above him and relentlessly raise and fall their heavy hammers upon the drill's head, at a hair's breadth from his fingers.

A deviation of a fraction of an inch could mean a broken wrist or a maimed hand to this man. He does not seem to think of it, or of the ponderous hammers crashing through the very heart of the rock. Before each stroke of the hammer descends he turns the drill in the hole, so that the stroke will not bear twice at the same place, for the hole must be bored round and in order to insert the dynamite stick. The perfect record, the perfect rhythm of the motions of the three men is a fascinating sight.

Were they machines these men could not keep strict time in the undulating turning of the drill under the ceaseless falling blows. It is music, rude and primal, if you will, but music to an ear alive to musical tempo and rhythm. Who knows but it was this harmony of successful blows, of measured repeated blows upon a sounding stone which first awoke the primal man to the musical value of sounds related at stated and fixed intervals? I thought these things as I listened to the flawless tempo and rhythm achieved by my three liegemen, tempo and rhythm seldom attained by modern "executants," too often lacking the tempo rhythm. I thought these things, and there was no prehistoric gentleman around to rudely contradict my surmises. The gold of the Nome region has hitherto come from the sea beaches and from gulches and beaches at most ten miles from water transportation.

THE ONLY CURE FOR BLOOD POISON. It is the marvelous SERUM TOXIN treatment taken privately at home. All pimples, eruptions, rashes, etc., are removed during the first month of treatment. The treatment is simple and easy to take. It is the only cure for blood poisoning.

WANTED TO KNOW. Doctor Wise: Did that patient come in a carriage? Office Boy: No, sir; she walked. Doctor Wise: I was in doubt as to whether she had appendicitis or not, but from what you say I know she's merely suffering from cramps.



20 Per Cent. Off Dining Room Furniture

From now until Thanksgiving we offer a uniform reduction of 20 per cent. on all dining room furniture. This reduction does not apply to only a few pieces, but on the contrary, includes the entire stock of these goods. The reduced prices apply to Extension Tables, Side Boards, China Closets, Dining Chairs, Side Tables, Buffets.

This reduction of 20 per cent. means a saving of one-fifth on every piece you buy before Thanksgiving. For instance, if a table is marked \$50.00, you buy it for \$40.00. All prices are marked in plain figures. In addition to the 20 per cent. we offer some special prices on a number of pieces which compete with each other in style. These reductions average more than 20 per cent. and each piece so reduced is marked with a price card. By the way, our credit system is fair alike to the purchaser and to ourselves.

BARKER BROS. Largest Stock of Pictures in Los Angeles

420-424 S. Spring St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Results Count. What Some of the Leading Business and Professional People of Southern California Say.

Go and see them. What we have done for them we can do for you. Mrs. B. H. DeNies of Ventura was cured of cancer of the lip without the use of the knife, and is today well and strong. Mrs. M. S. McCord of Santa Barbara says: "I am glad to testify that the Anglo-American doctors have cured me of consumption."

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

The Combined Efforts and Opinions of Seventeen Doctors Are Better Than One. This explains why thousands of patients have been cured by the Anglo-American Doctors after all others failed.

They have such confidence in their ability that they are willing to wait for their pay until after they are thoroughly cured.

The Anglo-American Doctors is an association of seventeen medical specialists. Each one has become renowned in certain branches of medical science. The Institution has accommodations for 240 private patients, with all modern appliances and devices that wealth can purchase. Today it is possible to get as fine medical attention as in New York City or European cities. The Doctors are genial to meet and very charitable. Should you or any of your friends not be able to pay a reasonable fee, by presenting a letter from any clergyman or justice of the peace you will be treated absolutely free.

CONSUMPTION

We have shown above the dangers of catarrh and how it frequently leads to consumption. Fortunately, recent methods of treatment make possible a cure in many cases to kill the growth of these deadly germs. However, we make no promise of a positive cure in all cases. We urge the majority of consumptives who come to us, and in all cases we are able to greatly relieve the suffering and strengthen the system. The important point is to defeat the disease at the early stage, and those who have the least idea of their being affected may save their life by a prompt consultation with our specialists. No charge is made for examination.

Diseases of Women

Two members of the staff of the Anglo-American Doctors have devoted their lives to relieve suffering women. One of them, a lady doctor, who has been many years without the aid of the knife where other physicians claimed nothing could be done, has been able to cure many cases of catarrh and other diseases of the female system without a dangerous operation. DELAY MAY BE DANGEROUS. Many have learned this to their sorrow. If you have an ailment, do not labor under the delusion that it will get well itself, such a thing unfortunately for women, seldom occurs. Nature decrees that you should be sound and healthy; if you are not, you are doing an injustice to yourself and family by not being cured. If you are troubled with any affection of your sex, do not increase the danger, but consult the Anglo-American Doctors, who have become famous by curing women.

Anglo-American Doctors

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE ALWAYS FREE. 245 1/2 South Spring Street. Office Hours: Daily 9 to 12, 1 to 4; Evenings 7 to 8; Sundays 10 to 12.



## Special Inducements for Thanksgiving Trading



## Thanksgiving Sale of Millinery

An Advance Opportunity to Secure Thanksgiving Headgear at Cut Prices

Society demands all sorts of recreation for Thanksgiving, and the various forms of amusement call for different modes of millinery. If you attend the game or go for an auto ride, a tailor-made hat will be the proper thing; if you attend the theatre or go out to dinner, something more dressy will be needed. For this Thanksgiving Sale we've prepared an immense variety of new, mid-winter styles in trimmed and ready-to-wear hats. Those who have been waiting long enough to see them, pronounce them superb. Each one is a late model, possessing individuality, distinction, and the smart appearance only found in the highest grade millinery. Here are some special prices for Monday:

## A Group of Trimmed Hats at \$4.69

VALUES UP TO \$6.98

In this collection you will find some ultra-fashionable affairs styled and modeled after the lines of the higher priced millinery. A broad assortment of shapes and colors. Every hat a special bargain.

## A Group of Trimmed Hats at \$5.89

VALUES UP TO \$8.50

This assortment includes some of the newest numbers ever displayed in Los Angeles at anything like the price. Stylish creations from New York's most popular milliners as well as some strikingly handsome numbers from our own model workshop. Every single hat priced at a saving of \$2.00 or more.

## A Group of Trimmed Hats at \$6.98

VALUES UP TO \$10.00

In this lot of millinery you will find some of the most fashionable and decidedly original creations imaginable. Many of them direct copies of the high priced French pattern hats. These shapes are the season's models for all-winter wear. Materials, ornaments and trimmings of the very best. Chances to save any where from \$2.00 to \$5.00 each on these splendid hats.

## \$11.98 Black Dress Skirts \$8.98

New black dress skirts, made from nice quality cheviot, chambray, granite cloth or broadcloth; some made with yoke effect and lapped seams; others seven-gore hand-somely trimmed with applique and mohair braid; newest and most popular designs; full sweep; splendid values at \$11.98; choose from the lot Monday, each \$8.98.

## \$3.25 Flannel Waists \$1.98

French flannel waists, made with box-plait, tucks, straps, etc.; all colors and sizes; splendid styles, worth up to \$3.25; Monday, each \$1.98.

## \$2.50 Wash Waists \$1.25

A lot of colored madras, pique, oxford and duck waists; pretty stripes and figures; made in a variety of good styles; these represent short lines of our best selling waists; not all sizes of each style, but all sizes in the lot; excellent values up to \$2.50; Monday, each \$1.25.

## Stunning New Suits Just in From New York

The maker of these suits had a few pieces of his finest imported cloths left, enough for just a few suits of each style, about 50 in the lot. He made them up in four of the best selling styles of the season. They are rightly made, well lined, and are priced far below their real worth. We've purchased them at fully one-third below value, and pass them on to you at a proportionate saving. If you're interested in a real stylish, thoroughly up-to-date suit for Thanksgiving here's an opportunity. Monday they go on sale at

\$25.00, \$27.50 and \$30.00

The materials used in these suits are fine broadcloths, Scotch tweeds, fancy cassimeres, manish suitings, and fancy zibelines; the actual values are from \$35.00 to \$45.00.

## Monday's Basement Bargains

- Decorated China cake plates, floral decorations; gold edges; cheap at 50c; Monday each 29c
- Decorated China salad or berry sets; seven pieces; floral decorations with gold tracings; large bowl and six saucers, well worth \$1.75; Monday, per set \$1.24
- Extra thin decorated China cups and saucers; fancy shapes; set of six; a positive bargain at \$1.75; Monday, per set \$1.00
- Set of six breakfast plates, to match above cups and saucers, regular price \$1.50; Monday, set of six plates for \$1.00
- Large blue Japanese salad bowl; artistic design; beautifully finished; excellent value at 50c; Monday, each 29c
- Covered sugar bowl and creamer; made of China; medium size; neat decorations; priced for Monday the pair 39c

## Embroideries and Trimming Laces

- Embroidered edges and insertion on good quality cotton; latest variety of patterns; widths up to 4 inches; quantities that sell regularly up to 5c; Monday, per yard 5c
- Cherry lace, both edges and insertion; white; neat and new; widths vary from 2 to 4 inches; good values at 5c; Monday, per yard 15c
- Trimming laces, floral and Venice, in black, white and navy; good values; widths up to 3 1/2 inches; good 2c value; Monday, per yard 15c
- Venetian lace, in floral and conventional designs; at the special price for Monday, at 25c

## Our Optical Dept. Saves Eyes and Money

Our optician makes no charge for examining your eyes. His time is yours. If you experience difficulty in reading, are troubled with constant headaches, or your eyes run water when exposed to the bright rays of the sun, they require attention. Come here and have them examined, all it will cost you is the time.

Gold filled frames, guaranteed for 10 years, fitted with first quality crystal reading lenses, guaranteed to suit the requirements of your eyes and give perfect satisfaction; these frames are the patent of our price complete \$2.50

First quality crystal reading lenses fitted to your eyes and inserted in your own frames; guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction; our price per pair \$1.00

Aluminum frames, fitted with first quality crystal reading lenses; guaranteed to fit the eyes and give perfect satisfaction; our price complete \$1.50

First quality lenses, in nickel frames, either eye glasses or straight frames; specially priced for this week, while they last per pair 75c

## Very Special Prices

- 38-inch metal print. Monarchs, for waists and shirt waists; suits; both black and blue grounds in small dots and figured effects; excellent value at 75c. Monday, 65c per yard.
- All wool plaids, 42 inches wide; in an assortment of desirable colors for children's and misses' wear; excellent duplicates of the imported Scotch goods; on sale Monday at, per yard 75c
- 42-inch navy cloth; in a good range of colors for street wear; good weight; sold in most stores at \$1.25; here Monday 98c

## 27-in. Nonpareil Velvet \$1.25

Nonpareil velvet for women's full costumes, deep, rich black, guaranteed color, very fine weave. 27 in. wide; a quality usually priced at \$1.50; Monday, per yard, \$1.25.

## \$2 Black Taffeta Silks \$1.48

6 pieces of black dress taffeta, extra weight, oil boiled; brilliant, permanent finish, absolutely guaranteed. We will make good every yard that fails to give satisfaction. They vary in width from 24 to 27 inches; quantities that sell regularly at \$1.75 and \$2.00. Monday, per yard, \$1.48.

## \$1 and \$1.25 Fancy Silks 58c

Fancy silks for waists, suits and trimmings, from 19 to 24 inches wide; lace striped novelties, striped and checked taffetas, fancy corded taffetas and striped Louisines; an assortment of the season's most popular colorings; quantities that sell ordinarily at 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25; Monday only, per yard, 58c.

## \$1.65 Black Silk Grenadine \$1.25

10 pieces of black silk grenadine in a variety of popular styles for evening costumes, also for street wear; these come with plain mesh and small dot stripes; have the wide satin stripe also; all pure silk; 13 inches wide; worth up to \$1.85; Monday, per yard, \$1.25.

## ON DRESS GOODS AND LININGS

- 38-inch mercerized cotton, brilliant permanent face, mellow kid finish; perfect colorings to match all the new dress goods; worth 25c; on sale Monday only at 23c per yard.
- Black cotton, mercerized, 36 inches wide; crisp finish; medium weight; has the effect of a silk; very popular for petticoats, ruffles and flounces; splendid value at 20c; on sale Monday at per yard 12 1/2c
- Suave, weighing in all the daintiest shades; we have the high colors which are so scarce which we sell at a sheet and the white or gray two sheets for 5c

## THE "DESIGNER" FOR DECEMBER IS NOW READY.

And contains very instructive and entertaining reading matter on Christmas Fashions and Costumes. Yearly subscription 80c, SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS.

## Cosy Bedding Conveniently Priced

These for Monday Only

- Heavy comforts, good clean filling, strong covering, sizes 63x72 inches; closely tufted; good line of colors; worth \$1.00; 85c
- Silkline comforts, size 72x78 inches; pure white corded cotton; well finished edges; best quality silkline; regular price \$2.00; Monday each \$1.59
- Silkline comforts, both sides figured; corded edges; filled with pure white cotton closely tufted; regular price \$2.25; Monday each \$1.79
- Extra heavy comforts, both sides figured, size 72x78 inches; fine white filling; splendidly finished; regular price \$2.00; Monday each \$1.69

## Wool Mixed Rugs or Art Squares

Cut Prices for Monday Only

For Monday's selling we offer an extra heavy wool mixed art square perfectly reversible; a large line of patterns and colors; just the thing for dining rooms and bedrooms; our regular prices are lower than any in town and Monday we've made a still lower reduction.

- \$3.75 Art Squares, 2x3 yards.....\$3.25
- \$5.00 Art Squares, 3x3 yards.....\$4.50
- \$4.25 Art Squares, 3x3 yards.....\$3.75
- \$5.50 Art Squares, 3x4 yards.....\$5.10

## Demonstration of "Nemo" Corsets.

Miss Worth from New York, an expert corset fitter will demonstrate the methods of the celebrated "Nemo" corset in our corset department all this week. This lady's expert knowledge and experience are yours for the asking.

## Toy Department Now Open

Doll Congress Now in Session

We do not claim the largest Toy Department on earth, nor the greatest collection of holiday goods ever gathered in America, but we do claim the most complete and comprehensive assortment of absolutely fresh toys ever shown in Los Angeles. We haven't an old toy in our stock; each Christmas we sell out every toy, plaything, game and knock-knock and close the department. This assures new, fresh toys every season. Last year we undoubtedly sold more toys than were ever before sold by any one house in this fair city, and this year we have made still greater preparations, having nearly doubled the quantity purchased. Bring the children in this week. Give them a foretaste of the good things that are coming later on. Let them revel amongst the toys and playthings; it will do them good and will cheer the parent's heart. There's no end of mechanical toys; there are wheel goods in profusion, and there's a big family of dolls than Los Angeles people have ever before seen. Dolls of every nationality and every condition—rag-muffin dolls, happy Hooligans; foxy grandpas, yellow kids, and all the way up the line until you approach the realm of royalty.

Children's Reception Every Day from Now Until Christmas



## Young Men's Suits, Ages 12 to 20 Years, \$10.00 Values

Youths' suits, made from good strong mixtures and all wool materials in plain blues, blacks, and fancy mixed patterns, some worsteds in the collection; some of these suits come from our regular \$10.00 and \$12.50 lines; there's a large number of styles to choose from; not all sizes of each style but all sizes in the lot for boys and young men from 12 to 20 years of age; choose from the assortment Monday at per suit \$4.98.

## Books For the Holidays

Anticipate Your Wants and Save

Our book department is doing a thriving business. It's an excellent opportunity to make your book selections now while the assortments are at their best. You will save a deal of trouble and possibly disappointment by making your choice this week.

## \$1.50 Copyright Novels \$1.18

ALL THE MOST POPULAR TITLES.

"The Sponder," by Harry L. Wilson; "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London; "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox; "The Adventures of Gerard," by Conan Doyle; "The Lions of the Lord," by Harry Leon Wilson; "The Master Rodeo," and "The Golden Fleece," by David G. Phillips; "The Southerners," by Cyrus T. Brady; "The Jewel," Clara Louise Burnham; "The Three Graces," Gabriel Jackson; "Daniel of the Blessed Isles," Irving Bacheller; "Gordon Keith," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Tarry Thou Till I Come," George Croly; "Maid of Paradise," Robert Chambers; "The Maid at Arms," Robert Chambers; "The Pit," by Frank Norris; "The Story of My Life," Helen Keller; "Lin McLean," Owen Wister; "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," Hamlin Garland; "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," Conan Doyle; "If I Were King," Justin McCarthy. The above and scores more of the popular copyrights, published to sell at \$1.50, on sale in our book department at \$1.18.

## Cloth Bound Books at 25c

A splendid line of handsomely bound books with gilt titles, good paper and clear print; hundreds of the most popular works of the standard authors, including such popular books as "Nicholas Nickleby," "Domby and Son," "Our Mutual Friend," "Tale of Two Cities," and others by Dickens. "The California and Oregon Trail" by Francis Karkhan; "The Henty Books" for boys and girls; "The Egyptian Princess" by Geo. Ebers; "Windows in Throm" by Harter; Irving's Sketch Book and "The Shipmates"; "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" by Dumas; and hundreds of others equally popular, splendidly bound in cloth at 25c.

## French Pattern Hats

IMPORTED NOVELTIES—WORTH FROM \$20.00 TO \$25.00

High grade imported French pattern hats; not many in the collection, possibly 15 or 20 in all; some novel colorings; millinery of the very highest type, reflecting every desirable feature of the season. These hats were imported by us to be used as models, and every hat is worth the price asked. They have served their purpose, and Monday we will close out these splendid hats at \$25.00 French hats at, each, \$10.00.

## \$7.00 French Beaver Body Hats \$3.98

French beaver hats, finest imported qualities in the softest and most beautiful colorings; these are sold in the exclusive shops at prices ranging from \$7.00 to \$10.00. These make up the either dress or street hats. Specially priced for this Thanksgiving sale, each, \$3.98.

## Street Hats \$1.98

worth up to \$3.50

A special grouping of odd lines of street hats. Most of them only one of a kind or color. Hats that have sold finely throughout the season at prices ranging up to \$3.50. These come in black, gray, blue, brown, etc. Monday a new price on this lot and remarkably low; choose from this lot, each \$1.98.

A small lot of ready to wear hats, odd lines which we wish to close out, both black and colors; different styles and qualities; none worth less than \$1.50; many worth up to \$2.25; Monday while they last each, 98c

Excellent quality felt shapes, black and colors; very pretty models; worth \$1.50 and \$1.75; Monday each, \$1.00

## 30c Fancy Silk Ribbons

Fancy ribbons, pure silk, in stripes, plaids and all the latest patterns; some corded, suitable for trimmings, pillowcases and fancy work; widths up to 5 inches; excellent value at 30c; Monday, per yard, 15c.

## 25c Taffeta Silk Ribbons

Best quality taffeta silk ribbons, in all the popular widths up to 4 inches, qualities well worth 25c; per yard 15c.

Dainty Hdkfs. 2 for 15c. Good 25c Values for 20c. Pretty lace trimmed handkerchiefs that are embroidered, some in fine quality material; attractive quality that sell in most places; specially priced for Monday at 2 for 15c.

## Values Like These

Keep Our Shoe Section Crowded

These Prices for Monday Only.

- Women's shoes, made of select kid, either light or heavy extension soles; coin or round toes; kid or patent leather tips, stylish lasts; no better shoes in town at \$2.00; Monday per pair \$2.00
- Girls' winter weight shoes, made from box calf, hand welted extension soles, two-piece heel, round or coin toes, sizes 12 to 2, splendid value at 50c; Monday per pair \$1.50
- Men's shoes, made of select satin calf; good heavy extension soles; straight or wing lasts; all sizes; \$2.50 values; Monday per pair \$1.75
- Boys' shoes, made of good stout calf skin, heavy oak tanned soles quilted with steel studs; sizes 12 to 4; cheap at \$1.75; Monday, per pair \$1.50
- Boys' calfskin shoes, made over good-fitting lasts; round capped toes; wide backstay that will hold together; solid leather throughout; sizes 12 to 4; excellent value at \$1.50; Monday per pair \$1.25
- Men's \$1.50 Slippers \$1.25
- Men's \$1 Slippers 75c

## Thanksgiving Clothing Sale of...

Values You Can't Afford to Overlook

## Men's Winter Suits and Overcoats, All Wool Materials, Sterling \$10 Values

Monday we offer some of the greatest clothing values ever offered in this busy store. Our clothing buyer, who is now in New York, has just shipped us a lot of men's suits and overcoats, which we have priced at just one-half the market price. Monday these go on at an equally liberal concession. Though there's a large quantity and selling will be spirited. First choosing will be best, so it is decidedly to your advantage to time your trading as early in the sale as possible.

Men's Winter Suits Made from all wool tweeds, broad breasted sack styles; coats finished with hand padded shoulders; snug fitting collars; lined with double warp serge; there are blacks, plain blues, plain browns, and fancy dark mixed patterns; all well tailored suits which cannot be judged by the price; did values at \$10.00 and some worth \$12.50; choose from these suits Monday at, each, \$4.98

Men's Overcoats In black, or blue kersey or good vicuna in oxford gray or black with close fitting silk velvet collars; lined with excellent quality cloth; many of these have satin sleeve linings; they are stylish and carefully tailored; there's a complete range of sizes; good gentled appealing garments that represent splendid values at \$10.00; Monday, while they last, each, \$4.98

## Boys' Winter Suits, Regular \$3.50 and \$4.00 Values

Knee pants suits for youngsters from 3 to 14 years of age; broad breasted styles, Norfolk and vestee suits; in plain blues, blacks, and browns; some with wide notched lapels and neat patterns; lined and trimmed in an exceptional manner—splendidly styled garments; all well tailored; did values at \$3.50 and \$4.00. Monday, while they last, suit, \$2.48.

## Fleeced Fabrics for House Wear

Materials for Kimonas, Wrappers, etc. Very Pleasant Prices.

- Figured flannel, in a wide range of color combinations; strikingly attractive patterns; suitable for wrappers and kimonas; an extra value at per yard 12 1/2c
- Fancy shrank flannels, a wool fabric in pink, blue and gray with neat white and black stripes; especially desirable for children's dresses; 22 in. wide; sale price per yard 29c
- Pleasant flannel, a heavy warm fabric much in demand for kimonas and wrappers; has a heavy thick fleece and comes in pretty color combinations; excellent value at 50c; Monday and Tuesday, per yard 12 1/2c
- Domest flannels, good quality; unbleached; soft finish; nap; extra value at per yard 5c

## 20c Snowflake Gingham 10c Yd

Snowflake gingham, fine quality, 22 inches wide, in solid colors of light and dark blue and dark blue, also green; these have a tiny dash of white here and there; snowflake effect; especially desirable for children's school dresses; excellent value; Monday per yd. 10c.

## Fancy Oxford Waistings 12 1/2c

Oxford waistings, white grounds with black and colored dots, figures and patterns; firm quality; will launder perfectly; especially desirable for shirt waists and dresses; specially priced for Monday and Tuesday only per yd. 12 1/2c.

## Three Specials from the Drug Section

- Compulsion brushes, solid backs, pure full round packs; proof; regular price 50c; Monday, each 15c
- Bicarbonate of soda, absolutely pure; full round packs; pure; Monday only, per package 8c
- Kramer's hair cream, blackly tinted; jar price 10c; Monday only, per jar 5c



















# Thanksgiving since Pies

No reason in the world why you shouldn't have delicious Thanksgiving this season.

## Condensed Fruit

entirely different from other packages richer—when you open a can fairly makes your mouth water. It cannot be other than the filling, has a fine, making three but fifteen cents.

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...800 to 1,100  
...1,100 to 1,350  
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## MUNICIPAL ART.

America Slow in Its Aesthetic Development—Sculpture in New York. Sieges Allee.

BY FREDERICK STYMETZ LAMB.  
(President of the Architectural League of America.)  
(SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK possesses some of the finest sculpture, yet from the poor provisions made for it the public at large is hardly aware of its existence. Years of labor have been expended in its preservation, yet it is so situated as to be almost invisible. The subjects have been selected at random, and the statues placed without reference to any general plan in the city's development. The criticism made of New York is equally true of other cities, and, up to the present time, the nation, as a whole, has shown little interest or taste in the history of its art. Good men have been produced, good works have been executed, but the results when compared have little or no effect, owing to their haphazard location. It is true that within the last decade a public library has been made in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the Appellate Court of New York, as well as in a few other important buildings, to carry out a logical scheme of subjects suitably executed, either in painting or sculpture, but these few buildings are insufficient to redeem our

enough to call for comparison. But one example exists which, in the ability of its execution and the grandeur of the effect obtained, exemplifies what can be accomplished by individual effort.

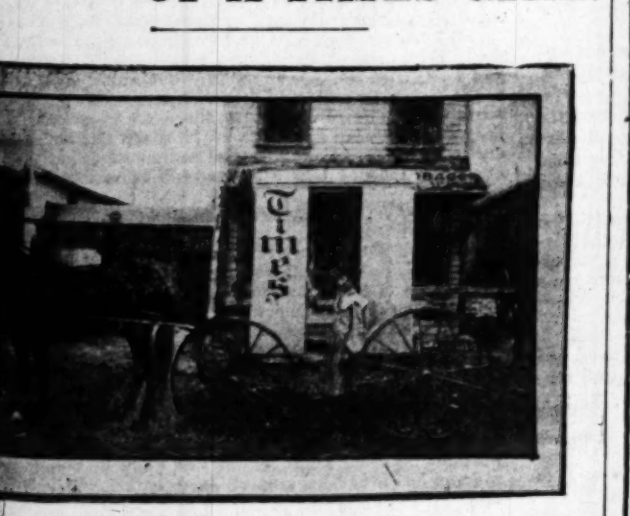
The German Emperor, in the Sieges Allee, has placed before his people not only a record of the great rulers of his country, but a work of art which must command the attention of his people and for all time act as an inspiration to their patriotism. From the Sieges Allee to the Kaiser Platz he has placed on either side of the avenue a series of statues which portray not only the principal rulers of the country, but recall the important epochs in its history. The Emperor, in presenting this gift, said: "One quarter of a century has nearly passed since the union of the different German provinces to resist foreign aggression and to build up the new German empire. My capital city, Berlin, has so nobly performed her part that I want to give her something as a mark of esteem and respect. This gift is to represent the building up of the empire, from the beginning to the present time, and especially to record the work of the province of Brandenburg. My suggestion is to have an avenue lined

## PERSPECTIVE OF SIEGES ALLEE.

with statues of the margraves, kings and emperors who from the time of Albrecht the Bear to Emperor Wilhelm I have contributed to the honor and glory of their country, and, as well as the portraits of the soldiers, statesmen and citizens who have aided in obtaining this result." What a noble work was defrayed by the Emperor from his private purse, and it stands as a most valuable example of the judicious expenditure of private funds for the public benefit. Beginning with Margrave Albrecht the Bear and ending with the Emperor Wilhelm I, this series includes thirty-two of the important rulers who have contributed to the success and prosperity of their country. Each statue is placed on a dignified pedestal in the center of a semi-circular seat, in the details of which it is endeavored to carry out the spirit of the time.

Portraits of two important men of each reign—usually the leading warrior, and the most prominent statesman—complete the composition and aid in making apparent the forces which contributed to the success of each of the rulers. Thus, from the time of the crusades to the consolidation of the present empire we have in the personage of these rulers and their able advisers a constant reminder of the many changes through which the country has gone to achieve its present development. The costumes and accoutrements are historically correct, and the quaintness of their details brings vividly to the mind each age and its environment. Each of the statues is happily placed against a background of green foliage. They are located directly opposite each other, and at equally distant points, making the effect of the avenue, as a whole, one of exquisite beauty. The Emperor has not only enriched by his gift the Thier Garden of Berlin, but has placed there a work of art which is representative of the age, and which will be famous for years to come. The same scale has been retained throughout, and the details, while modified to give individual character, are so placed as to retain the decorative effect desired. While no less than thirty different sculptors have been employed, the work has a unity which is surprising, and shows the controlling force of the mind which projected the scheme. We are repeatedly told in these

## "GET UP AND GET" OF A TIMES GIRL.



HER picture of a real "Times Girl" is an off-repeated but about the best sample of the variety in Margie Bush, a thirteen-year-old Hynes' girl who is a Times route. Her work is all done before school time, and the last deliveries are finished near the school that she attends. At 9 o'clock she gets her faithful old horse loose, and he goes home alone! Miss Margie is in the seventh grade, and is making excellent progress in her studies, according to her teachers.

modern days that great works are not possible because of the short time allowed for their execution, and that the greatest work can only be performed by one individual. Here is an example which completely disproves this contention. Many sculptors have collaborated, and, working under a uniform plan, with limitations as to scale and treatment, have in a marvelously short time produced this wonderful result.

Critics may disapprove of the architectural style selected, exception may be taken to the treatment of the pedestals, but, minor details excepted, the completed work, as it stands today, has never been surpassed, for it combines not only the dignity of composition and the charm of artistic treatment, but appeals to the patriotism of all who behold it.

Here the history of Germany may be traced, from the first Margraves of Brandenburg to King Karl IV, the last of the Kings, and on through that long series of rulers to the Emperor William the Great. The personality of the conquerors seems to speak in the statues, the charming picture of Johann I and Otto III, twin brothers, ruling for thirty years in perfect unity, and inspired with renewed respect for the rulers of the country and its present ideals.

Why should Germany be the only country to have such a series of rulers? Are there not in this land donors sufficiently generous to be found with equitability to the Emperor? Or, in lieu of this, is there not sufficient public spirit to force our government to place a similar record for the benefit of the people? Consider for one moment what this would mean. The Presidents of the United States, the leading statesmen and warriors, who from the time of the Revolution have contributed to the glory of our country. What citizen can even mention in proper sequence the names of the Presidents? How many citizens are familiar with more than one or two of the prominent figures? And yet, if such a memorial were erected, it would be a fitting tribute to the men who have contributed so much to our greatness.

What is true of the Presidents is equally true of those who in other ways have aided their work to the glory of their country. What a noble group could be made of the leading inventors who in the last hundred years have placed this country in such an enviable position in comparison with the countries of the world at large! What interesting personalities would be included in the poets, authors, and playwrights who have, through their works, contributed so much to English literature! Why should our country be flooded with isolated statues, our buildings be covered with cold copies of classic models? Greek and Roman Pagan myth be the subjects selected, when there is so much in the history of our nation and the personality of its leaders to call for recognition? Is it too much to hope that the present spasmotic and unrelated works are but the forerunners of a strong impulse which will place our country on a par with the countries of the Old World? Is it too much to hope that our public spirit, so generously displayed in gifts to schools, libraries and museums in the near future create an Avenue of Fame?

Ingratitude. John B. Van Every, the vice-president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, tells this story of W. C. Homer, the Bard of Avon in the Genesee Valley, whose habitual situation was that of poverty, for he was not a provident man. He asked an acquaintance for the loan of a dollar one day, and the gentleman, knowing Mr. Homer's habit, decided to make the loan. "Here," said the Bard of Avon, "the man who has thrown a halo over your cursed old valley, and yet I can't borrow a dollar from one of its inhabitants," snarled the poet angrily. (New York Times.)

## THE SHOE that

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## FOR SAFETY OF THE CZAR.

Extraordinary Precautions to Protect Russia's Ruler.

Surrounded on His Travels by Hosts of Guards.

Scout Train Precedes the Royal Special—Other Monarchs Are Not So Careful.

(STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 27.—Whether M. Lopoukhin, director of the Russian police, really found in Rome the evidences of an unpopular reception for his imperial master, or whether the director's visit to the Italian capital and its result are none the less significant, for they show clearly that instead of relaxing any of the tireless vigilance which has surrounded Russian rulers for so long, the government is depending even more upon its secret police for the sovereign's safety. It is doubtful if the authorities of any other nation would have sent fifty special police agents to Rome six weeks ahead of their ruler to feel the public pulse, and probably no other monarch would surround himself with such hosts of guards as have accompanied the Emperor during his recent trip to Darmstadt. With the countless enemies, which Nicholas II. is supposed to have, much of this precaution may be accounted for; but people who are accustomed to stand within reaching distance of their chief executive, when he travels, may be astonished at the arrangements which always are incident to every journey of the Emperor. Emperor may choose to take in his own country.

Two days before the Emperor's expected in any part of "Holy Russia," which is to be honored by a glimpse of the sovereign, the police thoroughly search every building which is frequented or not, standing within twenty yards of the line over which the royal train is to pass. The details selected to do this, composed of men who have been tried in loyalty. After satisfying themselves that the poverty-stricken peasants have no bombs concealed in their dwellings, the compulsion closes and again with the government stationed in the neighborhood, not in actual use, and the owners are forbidden to open these until the train has passed. After the commission leaves, no one not a member of the household's immediate family may occupy any of the buildings, and no visits may be received from strangers.

STRANGERS ARE EVICTED. Forty-eight hours before the arrival of the imperial train strangers must leave all villages through which the train is to pass, and twenty-four hours before the special is due, two policemen are stationed in every house, and every building within the line to prevent any suspicious-looking person from entering the premises. In order that there shall be no guerrilla work from inside the houses on the railway line every window facing the track must be securely boarded up. All cauldrons, and every door must be shut out of sight. After the inhabitants have complied with all the rules regarding their homes, they

are not allowed to remain in them while the train passes, but must assemble at a place which the police designate, arranging themselves on either side of the track at least ten yards away. These groups must consist only of actual residents, and should any stranger be found in the crowd the police have strict orders to arrest him as far away as possible before the train arrives. After the cars have passed, the regulations require that the villagers shall stand in their tracks until notified to disperse and they are never notified a minute before the train is out of sight.

Hundreds of officials line the railway, the signalmen standing within smoking distance and often an exact duplicate of the imperial train precedes that containing the Czar to encounter any mines that may have been placed under the track. Sometimes the scout takes the form of an expert riding a railway tricycle, who closely examines every foot of the line before the royal train comes along. While every precaution is taken to insure the sovereign's safety while traveling, the Russian and Turkish courts to estimate "The Sultan has not been outside Constantinople for many years, and he refrains to go even to the baths at the palace, unless surrounded by some 20,000 armed guards."

OTHER RULERS LESS CAUTIOUS. As King Edward places every confidence in his people, his journeys are not marked by ostentatious preparations for safety, but among the men who are sure to accompany him are found one or two suspicious movements, and a pilot engine always precedes the royal train, and all station-masters must see that their stations and surroundings are in proper condition. All avenues are padlocked, and all regular trains abandoned while the royal special is on the line. Leopold II. of Belgium probably is the most energetic of European royal travelers, and one of the most difficult to follow. He has been known to leave Ostend in the morning, to spend a couple of hours in Brussels transacting business of state, and then get back to his shooting-box in the Ardennes in time for dinner. Sometimes he plans trips so suddenly that the police have little time for preparations, and the sovereign goes almost unaccompanied.

Those who had a glimpse of King Victor Emmanuel in Paris probably saw a tall, conspicuous and devoted individual who seldom left His Majesty's side. This was a sergeant-major of the Italian army who has been the King's personal attendant for several years. The sergeant sleeps outside the King's door at night, and accompanies his master wherever he goes by day.

Though He Was Killed. A workman in a big building company's yards nearly died of fright a few days ago. The foreman heard a yell and much commotion among a lot of carpenters in the yard and rushed to the scene. He found one of the men on the ground with a two-inch bit apparently stuck through his side, white as a ghost, and practically out of his mind. His fellow-workmen had sent for an ambulance and were about to leave when the foreman, seeing the man took out his knife and slit the man's jumper and shirt down the back. The bit of wood was found to have penetrated the man's spine, and the man was absolutely unscathed. It appeared that he had been standing against an unfinished casement in which two-inch holes were being bored. The bit was run by compressed air, and when it came through the planking was very hot. It was the heat from the bit which made the workman think it was in his body.—(New York Post.)

## DR. DE FORD FRIEND OF THE SICK.

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## Dr. DeFord's Homoeopathic Remedies.

Because the cure is absolute—positive. "They Do Not Fail." Homoeopathy is the truest method of treating disease. It does not resist the impulse of one force of the human organism against the other, or act adversely on any part of the system, which generally occurs after the ordinary drastic treatment of drugs. It does not advocate, or it is composed of one prescription, because each particular illness has its own peculiar or special remedy, and like the shot of the experienced marksman, the homoeopathic remedy goes straight to the spot, slowly but surely healing the diseased and weakened tissues, and builds one up from a hopelessly maddening condition, to pulsating, radiant health and bodily comfort. The remedies consist of

- Dyspepsia and Indigestion Cure, 25 cents.
- Rheumatic Cure, 25 cents.
- Cough Cure, 25c.
- Nerve Cure, 25 cents.
- Kidney Cure, 25c.
- Bladder Cure, 25c.
- Blood and Skin Cure, 25 cents.
- Skin Ointment, 25c.
- Regenerator, 50c.
- Asthma Cure, 25c.
- Cold and Grip Cure, 25 cents.

(Put up in handy vials.) There are also specific remedies for: Catarrh; Special Cough and Consumption Cure; Female Remedies; Heart Cure; Special Blood and Private Disease Cure; Headache Cure; Liver Cure; Constipation Cure; Diarrhoea and Dysentery Cure; Baby's Remedy; Croup Cure; Chills and Fever and Malaria Cure; Neuralgia Cure; Worm Cure; Measles Cure; Cholera Infantum Cure; Whooping Cough Cure; Sore Throat Cure; Hoarseness Cure; General Debility Cure; Erysipelas Cure, and Cholera Morbus Cure.

Every head of a family should keep some of the remedies in the house. No telling when some slight trouble will arise—perhaps in the stillness of the night—and by resorting to the Dr. DeFord remedies, pain and expense will be averted. These remedies have been

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In Hospital, private and public practice. No other medicine has the MERIT OF THE DR. DE FORD MEDICINE.

No matter what your disease may be—No matter how many doctors have treated you—No matter how hopeless your condition may seem—

Tell Your Troubles to the Dr. De Ford Physicians. Consultation is free—not a penny will be charged you.

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## Of Special Interest to MEN

It is impossible to give a clear idea of the special features of our work through a public announcement. For this reason we have published a Journal giving full details and all necessary information needed by a patient on all the conditions in our specialty. It also gives an infallible way to distinguish a genuine specialist from a pretender. Call and help yourself to a copy of our Journal at our street entrance.



The public always judge a man by his success, this should especially apply to the physician, whether he be in general practice or a specialist. Dr. Harrison & Co., are very glad to have the public judge them by the results and success of their work. We have now been in Los Angeles ten years, during these years we have been very busy men; building up a very large business on the merits of our work. The success attending our practice is bringing us the largest share of our patients. Men who have been cured by us are sending their friends to us. This would not be the case, were we pretenders, or did not thoroughly understand our professional work. As specialists in genito-urinary diseases, we are firmly established in the public mind as thoroughly reliable and conscientious physicians, and we trust, we shall at all times be able to prove our skill, and ability. Our aim is to deserve in the fullest sense the confidence of the people and to benefit and help suffering humanity. If you come to us for treatment you can have the assurance of the right methods; given scientifically and rationally by experienced physicians. We treat conditions as they exist. In the great majority of troubles, the primary cause has passed away, to talk of treating the exact cause in every disease is absurd; the cause no longer exists, it is existing conditions that must be cared for, to every man that comes to us, these conditions are clearly and definitely explained, he is made to understand his exact condition. Our treatment for disease is not secret, we explain it to all who come; we are conscientious in our work and our methods open for inspection to all.

## Varicocele

Our talk on this serious trouble is always plain, honest and to the point. We make the positive assertion that we can cure varicocele, but that we have never failed in a single case. We treat it by a method that is entirely new, and we guarantee to cure it. We have given over twenty years of experience in treating this trouble, and we give very little attention to the cause, it is always serious. Going to drug stores for medicine in these troubles is the worst possible thing a man can do; they know nothing of conditions that positively require the attention, care and skill of experienced physicians, who are making a specialty of just these troubles. Dr. Harrison & Co. are men of experience, having given over twenty years of active work and close attention to the genito-urinary diseases. Our education and experience peculiarly fitting us for the successful cure of all cases we treat. Consultation is always free.

## Weakness

This term may either mean functional disorder of nervous decline, in either case it should have prompt treatment, and by skillful as well as experienced physicians. It is now well understood by every educated physician that weakness is usually the result of some internal disease of the prostate gland. To allow this condition many physicians resort to tedious stimulants. It should be unnecessary to tell any thinking man that local treatment as advised by Dr. Harrison & Co. is the very best, being a rational, common-sense treatment, based on scientific principles, and the result of years of experience, are always uniformly successful, which is convincing proof of the correctness of our improved methods; by no other treatment can you get such desirable and lasting results.

## Kidney and Bladder Troubles

If you have the slightest suspicion that you have either of these troubles, call and have your urine examined; we will make the analysis free, giving you the exact truth of the results of such analysis. Dr. Harrison & Co. have had phenomenal success in their treatment for these troubles. If there is any stone in the kidneys we will cure in every instance. We have no matter how inflamed the bladder in mind that kidney and bladder troubles are always serious. In these troubles it is essential to have prompt attention, prevention is worth a pound of cure, it is positively applicable. Immediate care is always urgently demanded. Our physicians of experience, and our education and experience peculiarly fitting us for the successful cure of all cases we treat. Consultation is always free.

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## GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN--By Walt McDougall

### Weird Punishment Which Came to Boys and Girls Who Played Truant and Fell Into the Hippodankus' Clutches

VENTURE to assert that no more than ten people have ever heard of the twelve-legged, fan-tailed Hippodankus, and scarcely half as many know anything about the splay-footed, flap-eared, pop-eyed Pedunculus. The reason for this lack of knowledge regarding animals that once were much talked of is that for many years, sixty or seventy years very likely, neither of these creatures has appeared in any civilized country, although it is, perhaps, quite probable that in such remote and thinly populated lands as Madagascar, Patagonia or East Timbuctoo they may have often existed without attracting the attention of newspaper correspondents or travelers.

Thus when Sam Meeker first heard of the Hippodankus he was naturally very curious, indeed, and wished to know much more than most people were able to tell him about its appearance and habits.

Sam Meeker and Harry Grant were two boys, who, although very unlike in all respects, found much to admire in each other, and were constantly together. They were also partners in an enterprise that engaged most of their spare time. This was the breeding and raising of carrier pigeons, and they had several dozens of very fine birds which they had themselves raised and of which they were very proud.

Neither of them went to school without having a bird in hand to release at the school door so that it might fly swiftly home and thus practice in order to develop speed and endurance, and they were constantly making journeys to distant places for the same purpose, for a carrier pigeon, as you may perhaps know, thus learns how to wing its way home from a distance of hundreds of miles, and the ones that fly the farthest are very valuable indeed.

While both boys were very much absorbed in this pursuit Sam never neglected his studies, but Harry was often guilty of playing hooky in order to devote more time to birds, especially in the autumn, which is the favorite time for speeding carriers. Many another boy was guilty of the same fault, for the brown and red of the woods tempted them to go where the rattling nuts were falling down in the brisk winds and the squirrels were making away with them fast. Not a few girls, also, I regret to say, fell victims to the temptation, although I do not believe there is another town anywhere of which such a thing could be said, for very few girls are truants.

But I fear that there were in Edgerville-on-the-Creek many girls who were tomboys; wild, hard-acorn lasses who did not fear a cow any more than a boy does; at any rate, they played hooky as did the lads and suffered the same punishment for it, too.

For the punishment came upon the little town, and it came without warning or prediction of trouble, just when the teacher was beginning to believe that an epidemic of truancy had broken out, and was seriously contemplating resigning his position. One morning more than a dozen boys and girls were missing from their beds, which, however, showed that they had been slept in, and when nightfall came without one of them appearing at home the whole town was in an uproar.

People stood at the street corners and speculated or talked of dragging the creek, for many supposed that the lost ones had been drowned, or searched the woods near town with lanterns for traces of the missing children until far into the night; and then a greater uproar broke out, for it was then found that many more children were not in their beds where they had gone early in the evening. There was something so mysterious in this that nobody knew what to think or do.

Fathers and mothers hurried excitedly through the town with candles, lanterns and lamps seeking for their offspring, and there was an awful wailing when at last it was seen that they had really vanished.

Next day nobody worked or talked of anything but this disaster.

Forty-two children were missing, and every boy and girl was frightened almost to spasms, but it was discovered later in the day by a philosopher named Quigg, who kept the paper stand at the station, that only those children who played hooky and were generally disobedient to their parents were missing, while all the real good children still remained. He said he didn't think it was such a disaster as people supposed, provided the lost children remained lost. But, of course, none of the parents who had lost their children could see it in that light, and the scene that morning was simply indescribable.

The grief increased to a mighty woe when at evening an old man named Smithers, a venerable, white-bearded man of ninety-nine years, was reminded of a similar calamity that occurred in his youth, and after much reflection he managed to recall all the circumstances, as well as the names and dates. This is what he said:

"When I was about eighteen, or it might be a-bin nineteen, I dunno, there war a precisely similar happenin' right here in Edgerville, only they called it Nigger Hill in them days. All the children that played hooky were took off in a night or two, same as now, and we never got 'em back neither."

"What got them?" asked Sam Meeker, eagerly.

"The Twelve-legged Hippodankus, 'em, the fan-tailed, twelve-legged Hippodankus, that's what got 'em, and that's what's got these 'ere kids, too, I reckon. Nothin' else could have ketcht so many youngsters all at once. I remember the old folks a-sayin' that several times afore that it had happened, and 'Squire Langdon, who ueter own all these parts, lost eight boys at once. They did say that this ere creeper came a swoopin' down in the dark and yanked the children right out o' bed and whisked away with 'em afore you could say 'Jack Robinson'."

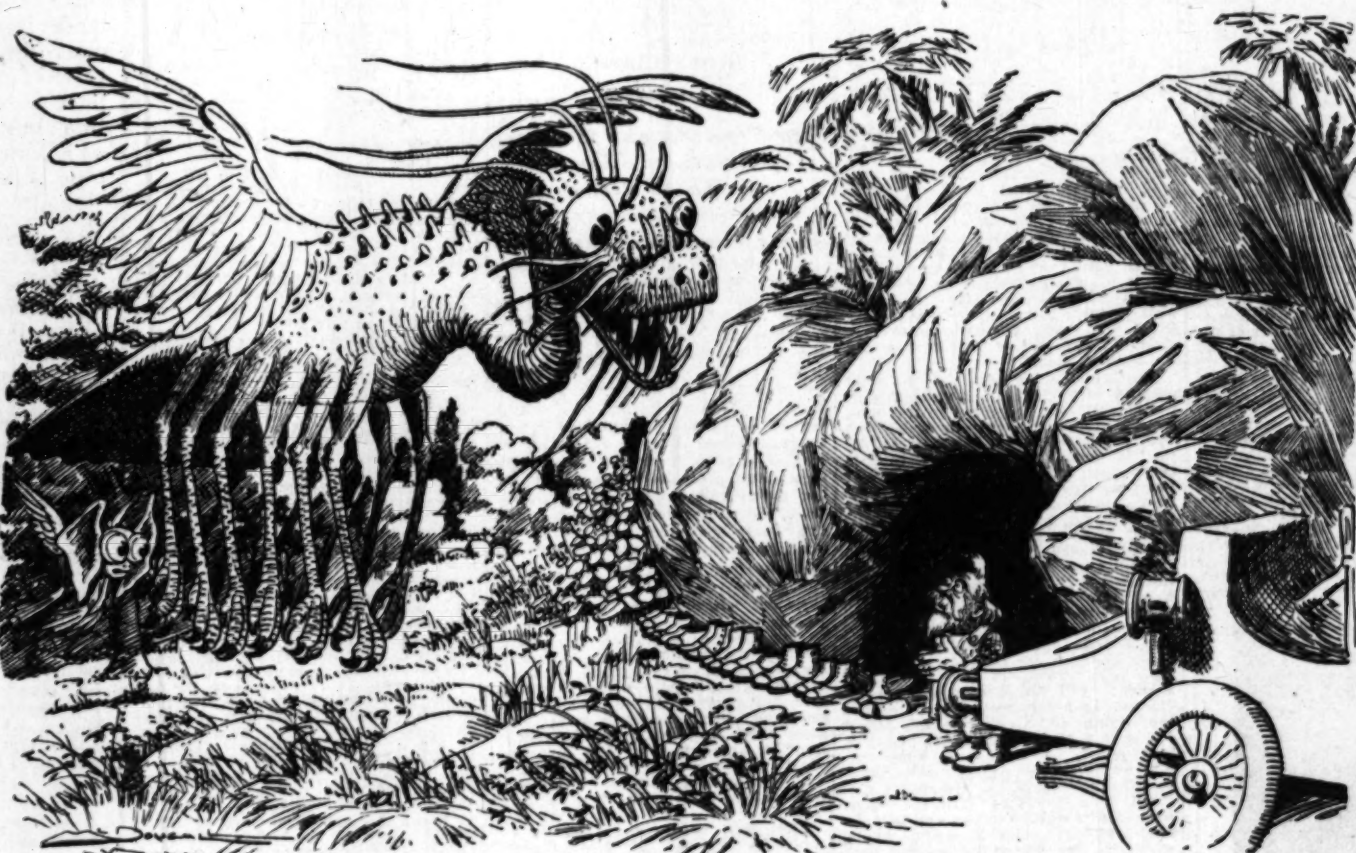
"They's another curious anamile that goes along with the Hippodankus, so they say, and it's name is splay-footed, pop-eyed, fat-eared Pedunculus, and its job is to sneek around and spy out all the children that play hooky and report 'em to the Hippodankus so's he don't lose time a-seekin' and a sortin' 'em out."

Sam was but half convinced by the old man's statement, for it seemed very improbable that such an animal could exist without getting into the Natural History book at school, and he went to work upon an investigation of his own that soon, however, proved the old man to have been correct.

Sam found many footprints of an enormous animal in the back yard of the houses that had lost children, tracks as broad as a dining-table pressed deeply into the soil, and all indicating that the creature had been traveling in a southeasterly direction, picking up the ill-fated boys and girls as it went. He saw the tracks, too, of a smaller animal, sometimes in advance and again in the rear of the other, as if it had been gytting around in glee.

Resolved to pursue his investigation to the end, he requested Mr. Beasley Titters, the richest man in Edgerville-by-the-Creek, to lend him his big red automobile in order to follow the tracks to the animals' lair. Mr. Titters readily agreed to, and even hinted that he might go himself, but he backed out at the last moment and Sam started off alone, cheered by the encouraging words of all the townspeople.

He had an ample supply of food, most of it consisting of



### "I Smell Fresh Boy!" Cried the Hippodankus

such provender as would keep well, such as pretzels, frankfurters, doughnuts, cheese, lemon-pies, ham-sandwiches and chocolate, for he was not sure of obtaining supplies on the road.

Just as he was about to depart he observed a pigeon fly in an almost exhausted condition to the coop, and immediately examining it he discovered that it bore the following letter from Harry Grant:

My Dear Sam:

I am in the power of the Hippodankus away up on top of a mountain plateau somewhere south of Edgerville. There are seventy-nine other children here, and the animal goes off every night for more. There is such a steep and awful cliff around us that we can't escape, and at the foot of that a wide stream of hot water, so you see we are in an awful scrape.

We have to work all the time polishing, with our hands, diamonds and rubies out in the forms of fruits, and when the children's hands get hard and callus the Hippodankus throws them over into the hot water and they are drowned. Every night before he sends us to bed he searches every boy's pockets to see that he hasn't stolen any of the diamonds, but he doesn't search the girls because they have no pockets. I happened to be landing this pigeon when the thing got me and so I brought it with me. That's all from your partner, HARRY GRANT.

It was unfortunate that Harry could not have furnished Sam with more definite directions, but he started off to the south-east, as all the tracks pointed in that direction, and traveled all day without seeing anything of interest. In fact, the country was almost a desert, and traveling became very monotonous after several days had passed without his meeting a human being of seeing a house, but when at last there loomed up on the horizon a tall, flat-topped mountain, he was cheered by the hope that at last he was nearing the abode of the animal.

Increasing his speed he hastened along, but suddenly stopped on observing ahead of him a high mass of white rocks that gleamed like glass. When he was abreast of them he stopped, seeing a sort of cave at the entrance to which there lay several rows of children's new shoes. This was a surprising circumstance, and he had seen so little of interest that it aroused more than ordinary curiosity. He jumped out of his automobile and examined the shoes, when he heard a voice within the cave shout:

"Don't go yet, once. I have here a goopie of pairs more, alretty."

While he stood in surprised silence there ran out a little dwarf dressed in faded red leather, who almost fell over backward on seeing the boy and his automobile there.

"Oh!" he cried, "I didn't think it was you. I tinked it was dot Hinkydinkus feller! He comes around about dis time for dem shoes fer dem shildrens. I guess you have somethings to do mit him, ain't it?"

"Not yet," replied Sam, "but I expect to pretty soon. I am looking for the Hippodankus, right now. So you make shoes for his captured children, do you?"

"Yes, dot's my job. I am de dwarf of der Crystal rocks. I am a prisoner yet shoost like de dwarf of dem."

"Is there no way to slay this animal?" asked Sam.

"Vot! Kill dot Hinkydink! Impossibleness yet! It can't be didded. Notting can touch him; dot is, notting but a sudden and very severe shock to his feelings alretty a goopie of times."

"I don't see how that can be done," said Sam, doubtfully.

"Nexder did I, but I tole you about it, once."

"Well," said Sam, "I will have my lunch here in the shade of these rocks." He produced some pretzels and frankfurters and began to eat, whereas the eyes of the dwarf popped out in hungry desire.

"Py Chiminy, I ain't seed a pretzel nor a frankfurter for two hunter years alretty! Giff me yet a bite, once."

Sam readily gave him all he could eat, which so delighted the dwarf that he danced in glee.

"Now, you are a nice feller, unt I will help you owet. Dot Hinkydinkus comes back here pretty quick, unt ven he gets here you are a goner alretty. Now I haf got me a magicalis umbrellah vot makes you mit a complete invisibility ven you raise it once. Den he can't see you and you schmile at him in your arms yet; I mean up your sleeves. I get it quick."

He ran into the cavern and emerged instantly with a small yellow umbrellah, which he suddenly opened and instantly vanished from Sam's view.

"How's dot for a going away yet?" said his voice from the empty air, startling Sam immensely yet delighting him, too.

"Now dot's how it works," added the dwarf, appearing as suddenly with the closed umbrellah in his hand. "Dot's yours, my son."

"But why do you not use it to escape from the Hippodankus?" inquired Sam, as he took the umbrellah.

"Vat's de use I can't cross the streams mit it, und so I only could go as far as the next river, once."

"You could go home with me in my automobile," suggested the boy.

"I can carry you across rivers, for I go by the bridges," the dwarf reflected, but suddenly started and whispered:

"Put up dot umbrellah, quick, I hear dot Hinkydink coming."

Sam raised the umbrellah in a hurry, and just in time, for through the air came a monster as large as forty elephants, its bat-like wings spreading out for yards and yards. Its head was somewhat like that of an enormous lizard, all warty and with long, stiff bristles projecting from it, and its fan-shaped tail spread out behind like a cloud, while its twelve long legs hung down, wriggling like a spider's. It was a terrific spectacle, and

Sam was thankful, indeed, for the umbrellah that made him invisible when the thing swooped down before the cave and roared out:

"Who is here? I smell fresh boy!"

"There is nothings fresh to-day, but look around for yourself, as I have been too busy to watch over. Moppe der is popy around, and I don't know it yet," said the dwarf, as he piled the shoes up before his master, the Hippodankus.

"What is this thing?" asked the monster, looking at the automobile.

"Dot is yooost what I was going to ask you, alretty. It came here dis morning, unt I tink it is some kind of a queer animal."

The Hippodankus inspected the automobile very carefully, but could make nothing of it, and seeing that it was not alive he took up the shoes and darted into the air.

"He is mad!" whispered the dwarf, "because he didn't ketch any shildren to-day, once."

Sam was already in the automobile when a shrill voice called out:

"Hippodankus! There's somebody here whispering! Come back!"

It was the little Pedunculus, which had sneaked around unseen, for its sense of smell was keener than that of the big animal, and he was sure that there was a boy somewhere. Even now he could not tell where, but he wished the Hippodankus to assist him to find the concealed lad. But Sam started the automobile and moved off after the monster, and the little one simply had to follow the big one.

They flew along like the wind, and entered a marvelous forest in which Sam would have been pleased to remain for a space, but he feared to lose the animals.

In this wondrous woods grew trees that bore, instead of ordinary fruit, although he could see that there was plenty of that, also, all sorts of cakes, cookies, buns, chocolate-eclairs, tarts and cream-puffs. In fact, everything that is made in the finest bakery could be found growing there in abundance. Here were trees with gingerbread or jelly-cake bark, there were bushes bearing lady-fingers or macarons or sponge cakes, trees with chocolate leaves or whole pumpkin pies almost breaking down the branches.

Suddenly he saw spreading before him a wide sheet of smooth water, from the surface of which he discerned clouds of steam rising, which revealed that it was hot water and which he knew must be that which Harry had mentioned in his letter. Beyond it rose sheer into the air an awful cliff, with sides as smooth as glass. Away at the top he discovered specks of color which he concluded were children watching for the return of their captor. In another instant the Hippodankus disappeared beyond the verge of this cliff, followed by the little Pedunculus, and Sam was obliged to halt at the edge of the hot stream.

He was now as near as he could get to the retreat of the monster, and nothing more could be done, at least while he remained there. Sam turned to the forest of cakes, where he sat down to a perfect feast of fresh goodies that were far finer than he could buy, even were he rich, anywhere in Edgerville-by-the-Creek.

He now waited for night to come, thinking that was the time that the monster would go forth again, but toward sunset he was delighted to see it flying away swiftly to the north. He had already formed a plan of communicating with the prisoners on the plateau above, and had made a big megaphone of the linoleum that lay upon the floor of the automobile. When he reached the shore of the hot river he shouted through the megaphone, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing numerous heads show over the edge of the cliff.

He called for Harry Grant, and in a moment the boy appeared, and recognizing Sam's voice was amazed and delighted. Harry told him to get some cardboard and make a big megaphone for himself, and in a few minutes this was done and the two lads were holding an animated conversation. Harry said that they were suffering from their diet of cake and wished for some bread and meat, almost falling over the cliff when Sam told him that he had frankfurters in his automobile.

He said that already his hands were growing horny with polishing the diamond pears and apples, and when Harry suggested that he toss some down to him, he said that was impossible as the Hippodankus always carefully searched every boy's pockets before they left the diamond-room.

"You say he never searches the girls?" asked Sam.

"Certainly not," replied Harry. "They have no pockets."

"Good! I have an idea!" shouted Sam. "Have the girls sew pockets inside of their dresses, and they can carry out all they want if you think he won't miss them."

"He will never miss them," Harry replied. "He has millions of them. I think he must have been getting them for hundreds of years."

"All right," said Sam, "get the girls to work at once, so as to be ready by dark. Have every girl stitch herself a pocket."

"Aw, what's the use," Harry replied. "We couldn't do anything with them. We never expect to get away from here."

"You do as I say," said Sam, "and leave the rest to me. I will get you all away from here in a few days, if you have patience and do as I tell you. I will go away now," he continued, "but I will return as soon as possible, and when you hear me whistle, you come to the edge of the cliff with some other strong boys and be ready to take the rope that I will send to you."

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" yelled Harry, with a note of despair in his voice, "nobody could get a rope up here. Are you crazy?"

"Never mind how I will get the rope to you, but be ready for

### How an Inventive Boy Saved His Friends Were Captured From and Won a Great Reward

it when it comes, and keep it to yourself, appear happy or contented, for that will make the Hippodankus suspect something, and about it, either, among yourselves, or else the animal will overhear you and spoil the whole thing.

"Don't forget to grab all the diamonds you can. Good bye, now, for I am off."

With a feeling of deep disappointment watched the automobile move rapidly away toward the river's edge and thread its way through the forest, but this feeling was suddenly changed to alarm as he detected the sly, agile Pedunculus following the machine at some distance to the rear, evidently keeping out of sight from the monster's vision or fear.

Harry shouted in loud tones, for much better than he that danger threatened him, whom that slippery little creature followed, though it was perfectly harmless itself, it failed to bring its enormous companion to assistance.

He rushed through the cake forest. Soon his pursuer disappeared among the branches of the woods, and Harry went back to the company, many of whom had heard of the plan he had proposed to do, and were so blue-eyed with excitement that they were almost blind.

The full that he feared the Hippodankus would do something the very moment he returned, though he was buoyed up by their confidence in himself to some degree, he cautioned them to be on their guard.

Sam was well aware that his chum was an inventive mind, and down in Harry's heart the conviction that he would succeed in his plan, but because he could not conjecture how Sam possibly got a rope way up to the top of that cliff he was willing to readily admit that it could be done, and he was a trifle mortified that Sam did not inform him of his plan.

Sam knew that Harry, while a good-hearted sort of fellow, did not hold his tongue and was very fond of boasting, but he had wisely refrained from telling his purpose, because he wanted every kid in the prison of the ravaging monster to feel its feasibility among themselves, so that perhaps the wily Pedunculus would hear them.

As Sam whisked along at full speed, which with the automobile means sixty miles an hour, over the warty roads, he thought out all his plan and failed to find a way in it, provided the monster remained away long enough to rescue the children.

He reached home at ten o'clock next morning, having the distance in eighteen hours, although he had taken four half days to go to the Hotwater River. He immediately wrote one of those red box-kites and a thousand feet of twine of best quality, and a strong, well-made rope that would stand many pounds weight. These he placed in the automobile, which he procured all the ham sandwiches he could get, and he started off without revealing his purpose to any one in Edgerville-by-the-Creek.

When he reached the Crystal Rocks he called out to the latter said, with a chuckle:

"Chiminy, cripis, but you haff given dot Hankipanki a regular twister alretty! He has got him a shock and a goopie, or meppe only one, will giff him a finishing yet. He moser cry because dot Fiddlehead King has tofe him dot wate talking mit a phunnygraft to dot ody pop up dere. He flyt up and down mit rage and curiosness, unt dot Fiddlehead wink ting is waiting for you in de middle of de road up dere afore you git to de wasser."

"Do you mean the Pedunculus?" asked Sam.

"Dot's it. It's waitin' for you once."

"If I do hope it stays there and I'll run over it," cried Sam.

When the swiftly moving machine was almost upon the waiting Pedunculus took fright and sprang up to escape as agile as he was, the automobile was faster and it struck him mid-air. He was thrown a hundred feet ahead, rolling over and over along the roadside, a mere mass of fur and blood, and he suddenly was he stricken that he never uttered a cry to the monster whom he arrived.

On they were arriving at the river in a few minutes, Sam took up the megaphone and summoned his comrades to the cliff. In an instant the cliff was edged with children's heads, all peering down in curiosity and hope. Sam raised his kite and the strong wind carried it aloft, up and up, until it swept along the edge of the cliff and Harry grasped the rope as Sam directed.

"Now haul up the cord!" shouted Sam. "There's a rope to the end!"

Then Harry saw how it was to be accomplished, and he was much mortified that he had never thought of so simple a plan.

The children hauled heartily and soon the rope reached the top. Then Harry fastened it to a stout tree there, and one by one the children slid merrily down the rope and vanished into the forest, until only Sam and Harry remained on the cliff.

They really enjoyed it, that is, all but a few timid ones who had little courage, and these Harry had to almost beg them threatening to go away and leave them behind with the enraged Hippodankus before they dared make the attempt.

When they were all over Sam spread out the feast of ham sandwiches, and you should have seen those children pile into the automobile, which Harry had brought with him, and how the little girls presented Sam with diamonds and ruby pears and apples as big as life, the most marvelous things anybody had ever seen in all the world. Each girl had about a half dozen, and many of the boys also had a supply, gathered at various times the day before by the girls from the vast storehouses above.

But while they were laughing and rejoicing as they started for home, an awful yell rent the air. All eyes instantly turned to the frowning cliff, and there they saw the head of the Hippodankus hanging limp and with gasping, wide-open jaws over the precipice. He had fainted from the terrible shock of finding that his prisoners had escaped, and even as they gazed convulsed after convulsion swept his frame, until with one last quiver he died.

Sam, watching him expire, felt also a keen sense of disappointment that he had not left Harry up there until the animal had died so that he could have lowered down many a bag of precious diamond fruits, for he well knew that nothing so magnificent had ever been seen on earth before, but now it was too late.

However, when at last the children reached home—and you may be sure they did not, like Sam, linger in passing through the cake forest, having far too much of such provender—all the people were crazy to know what the Hippodankus looked like, and so Sam has organized a balloon expedition to try to procure the monster's body and bring it back to Edgerville-by-the-Creek in order to have it stuffed and placed in the museum there. If this attempt succeeds, and I do not see how it can fail, the charge of so clever a lad, all will then be enabled to see just what used to snatch the boys and girls who hated to go to school in chattering time.

WALT McDOUGALL



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om as they gazed convulsed  
still with one last quiver be

WALT McDUGALL

OLD CEREMONIAL  
IN LONDON LAW COURT.

PAID TO KING IN HORSE-  
MOSES, NAILS AND KNIVES.

of the Time of Henry III Still  
Vague in England's Metropolis.  
for Certain Leases Paid in

CONFERENCE OF THE TIMES.)  
LONDON, Oct. 11.—Even in London,  
as so many quaint old ceremonials  
still in vogue. It would be hard to  
more picturesque and useless one  
that carried out solemnly at the  
Court the other day by the  
"Horse-moses," and the City  
and his so-called "Secondary."

remarkable procedure, by means  
which six horse-moses, with nails  
to put them on, and two  
to the King's representa-  
the London corporation, is  
through with every year, and its  
is in vogue.

horse-moses, nails and knives  
entirely as the rent of cer-  
property in London, which the  
No one knows definitely  
it is, and the ceremony  
with its royal landlord,  
of "selecting" Lon-  
Mayor, is a mere formal-  
The Henry III gave to a bur-  
Henry III gave to a bur-  
in the parish of St. Clement  
a yearly rental of six horse-  
moses, and in 1346 the  
gave a similar lease of  
property in Shropshire to a man  
Nicholas de Wren, in consid-  
which the latter was called  
to render annually to the royal  
two knives, "one very good and  
one very bad."

of these queer "quit rent"  
has been changed to the  
and the service of the king  
because St. Michael's day  
during the long vacation  
the courts, but, otherwise,  
might be taking place  
of the Henry, Lord  
Mayor's. Remem-  
being assumed his wig, and  
and, and Sir Homewood  
the City Solicitor, and his  
assumed the horse-moses, nails  
and knives brought into court by the  
it was made certain that  
numbered exactly six, and  
the nails were counted, and  
it was exactly sixty-one for  
one and one over. Then it was  
try to try the two knives, and  
several small bundles  
had been provided. And  
though, whereas one of the "cult-  
to the old parchment calls them,  
added by the City Solicitor  
straight through the sticks, the  
made a dint in the wood,  
it was evident that the King  
was exactly that for which his  
possessions had bargained.

A Woman's Idea of Hell.  
The dominion of the whole land  
he finally got the better of us,  
like a magnet, so, finding that  
can be made from Sorrento,  
as anywhere, we gave a day  
road, an ascending spiral,  
the great black mountain  
toils of a serpent. At first it  
rough pleasant vineyards; when  
the great black mountain  
looms behind the dreadful lava  
and one over. Then it was  
try to try the two knives, and  
several small bundles  
had been provided. And  
though, whereas one of the "cult-  
to the old parchment calls them,  
added by the City Solicitor  
straight through the sticks, the  
made a dint in the wood,  
it was evident that the King  
was exactly that for which his  
possessions had bargained.

A Yankee Trade.  
The Yankee skill at driving a bur-  
not being lost. A woman vis-  
a fashionable resort on the  
last summer went to the  
Charm in the place the  
morning of her stay, and  
she took, however, but the  
of the new hotel her reached  
out in her hands. At  
of the service the visitor  
and changed the person, saying  
to attend that church all  
"I want to buy a hymn  
book," said the other woman.  
"You can have that book if  
you want to," said the visitor.  
"I want to buy a hymn book,"  
said the other woman. "I want  
to buy a hymn book," said the  
other woman. "I want to buy a  
hymn book," said the other woman.  
"I want to buy a hymn book,"  
said the other woman. "I want  
to buy a hymn book," said the  
other woman. "I want to buy a  
hymn book," said the other woman.

# LONG BEACH

## The Most Popular and Progressive City in Southern California...

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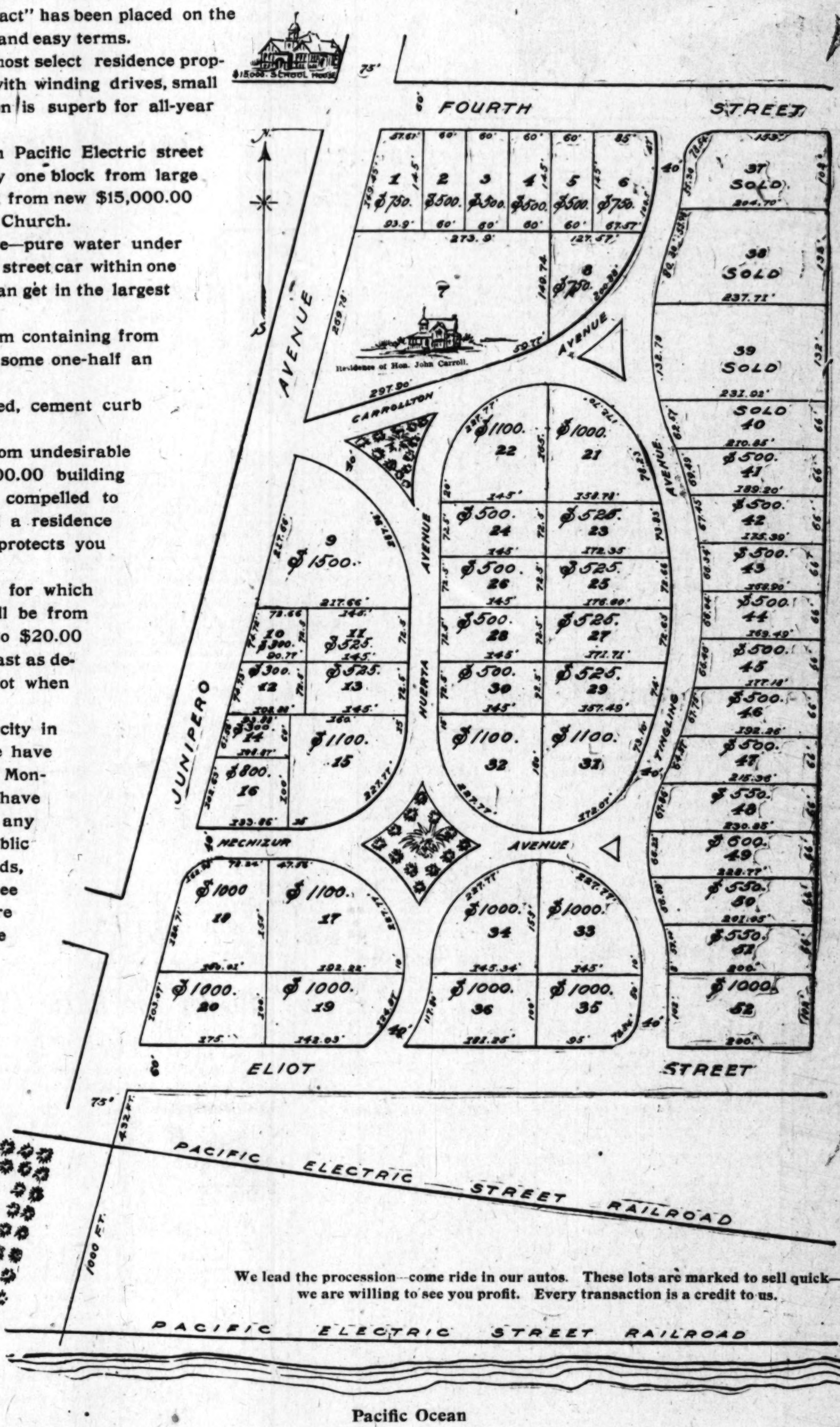
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WANT

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Cor. First and Pine, Long Beach, California.





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**\$12.50**

# HAMBURGER

127 to 147 N. SPRING ST.  
LOS ANGELES

## Annual Christmas Sale of Books

Our annual sales of Christmas books are seldom if ever duplicated by the largest stores in Eastern cities. This sale was planned months ago. From the majority of the great publishing houses visited we purchased all of the new books which have received commendations of literary critics; as well as all of the old and popular standard books, both singly and in sets and covering all subjects—fiction, poetry, religious books, books for children, books for boys, for girls, toy books. The sale is started early in order to give you an excellent chance to select your Christmas presents, for though our lines of gift books are exceptionally full, they are of such high character that they will possibly be pretty well sold out long days preceding Christmas. Teachers and superintendents of public and Sunday schools will find an almost limitless list of books from which to select for their pupils and students. Parents can find what their children want and supply them accordingly.

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Maggie Miller—By Mary J. Holmes.  
Meadow Brook—By Mary J. Holmes.  
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The people at present of absorbing in-  
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men is the number is constantly in-  
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trotting horse, the time he first ap-  
peared from the time he first ap-  
peared almost unnoticed, if not de-

1870, both brilliant stars of their time,  
could not hold a candle to the beloved  
Lou Dillon the queen of the turf.  
Even Major Delmar, the wonderful  
bay gelding of E. E. Smathers,  
who shared Lou Dillon's laurels  
very long ago, appears to be out of it  
altogether. American sportsmen con-  
sider it exceedingly doubtful that the  
mare's record will ever be broken un-  
less she breaks it herself.

When George Ketchum's stallion,  
Crescens, carried off the laurels won by  
Lou Dillon in her two-minute trot, by  
breaking the record in 1:39, the de-  
voted of the track shook their heads  
and declared that the limit had been  
reached. But they had been mistaken  
before, when Lou Dillon won her glori-  
ous victory in her two-minute trot, and  
it remained for that same little mare to  
show them that they could be mistaken  
again.

The training of a trotter, such as Lou  
Dillon, and keeping her in good condi-  
tion, is no simple task, for these thor-  
oughbred, highly-strung equines are as  
nervous, whimsical and susceptible to  
heat and cold as the most delicately-  
nurtured child, and it is only by keep-  
ing these facts in mind that owners of  
these horses have been able to bring  
them to their present perfection. Their  
homes are luxuriously fitted up stables,  
where the sanitary arrangements are  
all of the best and where the floors,  
stalls, etc., are flooded with antiseptic  
solution each day. The stalls are kept



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LOU DILLON TRYING TO  
BREAK RECORD.

EXCITING FINISH.

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NEW YORK  
SPEEDWAY.



CRESCEUS WHO  
UNTIL A FEW DAYS  
AGONE LARGELY  
FOR TROTTERS A  
MILE IN 1:59-3/4.



BLANKETED TROTTERS ON WESTERN  
STOCK PARK.

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YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT HE HAS  
BEATEN THE BOOKIES.

Others Have Won as Much, but He Is  
Still Able to Write Big Checks and  
Get Money—His Nickname's Origin,  
May Now Retire.

Racing in America has produced  
rather more than its share of specta-  
cularly eccentric characters, but of the  
entire group not one is more impres-  
sive or more widely known even outside the  
gambling fraternity than George E.  
Smith, better known because of his bet-  
ting operations as "Pittsburgh Phil."  
Of about medium height, rather  
square in fact, distinctly head, with an  
austere air about him that would lead  
one to believe rather that they were  
addressing a clerical man than a race  
track "plunger." Pittsburgh Phil, ex-  
cept by those who know him, would  
never be taken for what he is—the most  
successful gambler in the history of the  
American turf—not so much because he  
has made fortunes at a stroke, as many  
a man has done that; but because he  
has kept them, and is now conceded to

curacy and promptness of Pittsburgh  
Phil's information are marvelous. He  
knew of The Fiddler coup almost before  
any one else, and his money went down  
at good prices. Other great killings  
usually found him one of the first pas-  
sengers. How he gets his "tips" from  
outside tracks no one but himself and  
his confederates know, but they usually  
come as reliable as they are quick. He  
has implicit faith in all his informants,  
having his own clockers, and he figures  
form, believing in the long run it will  
show true.

How George E. Smith could ever be  
converted into such a nickname as  
Pittsburgh Phil is a story of length,  
best answered by the plunger himself.  
Years ago, when he first began betting  
on the track, Smith went into a pool-  
room with another man of the same  
name and initials. Both laid bets, and  
the man behind the window, knowing both,  
remarked the difficulty of distinguish-  
ing them by name.

"Why not call me 'Pittsburgh Phil'?"  
remarked he who afterward became fa-  
mous, and the name has "stuck" ever  
since.

Every season somebody starts a tale  
that Pittsburgh Phil has at last been  
beaten by some plunger, but his con-  
tinued presence with coin has every  
time dispelled the story. It is un-  
derstood that Mr. Whitney gave the  
jockey \$2500 as a retainer fee.

**WHITNEY'S JOCKEYS.**  
William C. Whitney has engaged the  
Italian jockey, Romanelli, to ride for  
him next year. As Mr. Whitney al-  
ready has Rodgers and Hicks under  
contract, it is presumed he is taking  
Romanelli under his wing in the hope  
of developing the ability which the boy  
has shown this year. Romanelli has  
been riding for five or six years and  
has served apprenticeships under Tony  
Asta and "Pittsburgh Phil." This  
summer he has been free lancing in  
the West, and has had more than his  
share of success, being on some tracks  
in fact, the crack jockey. It is un-  
derstood that Mr. Whitney gave the  
jockey \$2500 as a retainer fee.

**W**hat particularly re-  
flect the patron-  
age of men who  
are considered  
"too parson-  
lar" by the ordi-  
nary tailor. We merely ask you  
to pay us for our ability and atten-  
tion.  
**Smith & Esposito.**  
JOHNSON BLDG.  
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Factory still unable to meet demands for  
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"PITTSBURGH PHIL."

be worth anywhere from \$500,000 to  
\$1,000,000. Year in and year out he has  
been seen at all the tracks, quietly, im-  
maculately laying his bets, some-  
times in person; more often through  
regularly-appointed commissioners who  
until they become recognized, can se-  
cure better odds than their dreaded  
proprietor. Meeting after meeting he  
has beaten, finding occasional reverses,  
but finishing ahead of the game  
through a marvelous judgment of form  
and conditions. And he has be-  
come a common and little saying  
among the bookmakers that "Plungers  
may come, and plungers may go, but  
Pittsburgh Phil goes on forever." The  
knights of the black and chalk, who  
have watched the roller Drannah rise  
into fame and fade into obscurity to  
"piker" out an obscure meal ticket, liv-  
ing at the nearest track, have wondered  
at this man—wondered that he could  
persistently beat the strongest clinch  
game of them all; have set traps for  
him, framed up deadfalls for his money,  
only to see him let others do the losing.  
Pittsburgh Phil early learned that he  
could not beat every race, and some-  
times he lets days go by without laying  
a large bet, waiting until something  
strikes his fancy. The bookmakers he  
lets alone, preferring the better odds to  
be obtained at the track, but he is  
often seen in the various "holes in the  
wall" where New York's underground  
betting is done.



You are invited to  
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some new Edison bat-  
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mobile. In all our ex-  
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mobiles we have nev-  
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The long-looked-for 100-mile EDISON BATTERY is now here. Ev-  
eryone in Southern California is interested in this remarkable new bat-  
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be charged in 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Has 8 nickel-plated storage cells, each  
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154, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, thirty-ninth;  
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158, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, forty-third;  
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164, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, forty-ninth;  
165, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fiftieth;  
166, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-first;  
167, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-second;  
168, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-third;  
169, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-fourth;  
170, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-fifth;  
171, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-sixth;  
172, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-seventh;  
173, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-eighth;  
174, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, fifty-ninth;  
175, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixtieth;  
176, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-first;  
177, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-second;  
178, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-third;  
179, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-fourth;  
180, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-fifth;  
181, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-sixth;  
182, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-seventh;  
183, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-eighth;  
184, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, sixty-ninth;  
185, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventieth;  
186, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-first;  
187, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-second;  
188, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-third;  
189, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-fourth;  
190, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-fifth;  
191, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-sixth;  
192, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-seventh;  
193, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-eighth;  
194, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, seventy-ninth;  
195, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eightieth;  
196, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-first;  
197, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-second;  
198, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-third;  
199, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-fourth;  
200, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-fifth;  
201, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-sixth;  
202, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-seventh;  
203, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-eighth;  
204, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, eighty-ninth;  
205, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninetieth;  
206, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-first;  
207, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-second;  
208, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-third;  
209, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-fourth;  
210, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-fifth;  
211, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-sixth;  
212, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-seventh;  
213, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-eighth;  
214, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, ninety-ninth;  
215, (W. Daly) 23 to 1, one hundredth.

JUST BEFORE THE RACE

Latonia Summary.  
CINCINNATI (O.) Nov. 14.  
One-half furlongs: Gold  
Trot second, Webster  
1:20.  
Five furlongs: Judge  
Riedel second, O'Brien  
Handicap, six furlongs: O'Brien  
won, Tam O'Shanter second,  
ter third, time 1:16.  
Club members' cup, two  
ter miles: Reservation  
second, Judge Hines  
4:05.  
Six furlongs: Ben Adkins  
moderate second, Rainland  
1:14.  
One mile: Ethel Wheat  
second, Goo Goo third, time  
2:14.

Win-up at Jamaica

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.  
racing season came to a  
halos today. Summary:  
Six furlongs selling: O'Brien  
won, Alpaca second, time  
1:16.  
One mile and a sixteenth  
won, Lady Potomac  
Homestead third, time 1:40.  
The Riverside handicap, six  
Dolly Spangler won, Gre  
St. Valentine third, time 1:40.  
The Continental handicap, six  
and a sixteenth: Harman  
Sheriff Bell second, Man  
time 1:58.  
Five and one-half furlongs  
Rob Roy won, Red Man  
Dome third, time 1:30.  
One mile and a furlong  
River Pirate won, Br  
Colony third, time 1:50.

CHEAP AUTO

Prof. Sackett of Richmond, Ind.,  
distance automobile  
Last week he be-  
can more than ninety  
cent's worth of gas  
can were beaten in  
Prof. Sackett has gone  
this summer with a  
billion that can beat  
touring without a

warm in winter with steam heat, while  
electric fans create cool breezes in the  
hot summer months. Veterinary sur-  
geons are constantly in attendance, and  
every precaution is taken against dis-  
ease.

After a speed trial, as soon as the  
horse leaves the track, the trainer and  
grooms stand ready with bucket, water  
and sponge, and after quickly rubbing  
the animal down cover him with a  
blanket and lead him up and down  
until he cools off.

Before a public appearance great  
care must be exercised to keep the  
horse calm, nothing must ever be done  
to irritate or excite him, all his whin-  
s are entered to, and he is humored as  
handed as any spoiled child, for the  
trainer realizes that if his horse's  
temper becomes ruffled before the race,  
he will not get the best from him when  
he goes upon the track.

**RECORD OF CRESCUS  
MAY BE THROWN OUT.**

**DISPARITY IN THE OFFICIAL AND  
SPECTATORS' TIMING.**

Grave Doubts Expressed by Horsemen  
as to the Authenticity of the Per-  
formance, as There Were Suspicious  
Circumstances About It.

It is said to be practically settled  
that the alleged record of 1:39, made  
by the champion trotting stallion Cres-  
cens at Wichita, Kan., on October 19,  
will not be accepted by either the  
American Trotting Association, of  
which the Wichita track is a member,  
or the American Trotting Register As-  
sociation.

The men who officiated as timers were  
A. C. Jordan, of Lyons, Kan., who had  
acted as starter at various meetings;  
Fred Stearns, railroad conductor, and  
H. T. Eames, High School student. It  
is claimed that not one of these men  
had a stop watch. The watches were  
handed to the timers by officials of  
the race track, and they timed Cres-  
cens in 1:39.

But other watches in the hands of  
men who were presumably more expert  
in their use, registered all the way  
from 2:04 to 2:06. Among the out-  
siders who timed the mile George Peck  
is quoted by the Chicago Horseman,  
which sent a man to investigate the  
performance, as saying that his watch  
registered 2:04. Charles Mosbacher, a  
jeweler, is reported as having timed  
his watch and found it ran correctly,  
the mile in 2:06. Afterward he tested  
it is learned from persons familiar with  
the whole matter that plenty of out-  
side watches showed around 2:06. Sec-  
retary Knight of the American Trot-  
ting Association, is investigating the race.

HARES AND HOUNDS.

DOUBLE CARD FOR TODAY.

Two stakes will be decided by the  
hares and hounds at Angeles Park to-  
day, the card consisting of a twelve-  
dog champion stake and a sixteen-dog  
reserve stake. The first animal will  
have a consolation, so there will really  
be two champion events. Gallop is in  
the champion, and as he has had a  
rest for several weeks, he is in good  
shape. The drawings are as follows:  
Champion stake—St. Louis and Mollie  
Haskins, Acolus and Galveston, Rock  
Island Minnie and Miss Brummett,  
Wapee and Real Pusha, Tom King and  
Golden Garter, Boodle Boy and Bright  
fortune.

Reserve stake—Buxing Girl and  
Loyal Lad, Bona Fide and Medea,  
Hagged Rascal and Pitty Pat, Dingwall  
Dix and Racy Rose, Joe's Pride and Red  
Butterfly, Matters Much and Romping  
Girl, John's Wildwood and Swiftwind.  
After Freedom and Gen. Fremont.  
The probable winners are St. Louis,  
Galveston, Miss Brummett, Real Pusha,  
Tom King, Boodle Boy, Loyal Lad,  
Medea, Pitty Pat, Racy Rose, Joe's  
Pride, Humping Girl, John's Wildwood  
and After Freedom.

The first course will begin at 10:30  
o'clock.

STEINFELD'S COSTLY FOUL.

A foul tip from the bat of "one Stein-  
feldt" is the basis of a suit for \$10,000  
damages entered in Pittsburgh by  
George Ridge against the Pittsburgh  
Athletic Company, owners of the Pitts-  
burgh Baseball Club. In his statement  
Ridge says that he paid 25 cents for  
admission to Exposition Park Satur-  
day, September 4, and took a seat back  
of the wire screen in the grand stand.  
Pittsburgh and Cincinnati were playing  
when the foul tip from Steinfeldt's bat  
struck the grandstand through the screen.  
The ball hit Ridge in the face, breaking  
his glasses, permanently injuring an  
eye. He says he has since been treated  
by a physician ever since. Negli-  
gence in not having a proper screen is  
charged.

NEW CORRIGAN STORY.

A new story is told on Ed Corrigan.  
When he was fined \$100 for passing a  
shouting race goer in the jaw last Au-  
gust at Hawthorne, one of the officials  
of the track called him aside and said:  
"Mr. Corrigan, if please me greatly to  
inform you that you have been fined  
\$100 for striking that man on the grand  
stand yesterday." Without changing a  
muscle the old timer asked: "Where  
does it pain you most—in the head,  
back or center?"

# Goodrich Tires

....Best on Earth....  
Proven Once More  
at the Meet at Ingleside  
Nov. 6 and 7

## All Machines Driven by Barney Oldfield

Equipped with Goodrich Clincher Tires  
A Branch of the Gorham Rubber Co.  
(Pacific Coast Representative)  
will be established at  
326 East Third St., Los Angeles,  
after December 1, 1903.  
Office now of Representatives at 407 Laughlin Building.

### Insist on Goodrich Tires on Your Automobiles



**Southern California a Rich  
Field for Camera.**

*Best Light and Atmosphere for  
Animal Photography*

**Wild Quadrupeds and Birds Are  
Plentiful and Not Hard**

When the hunter fires of the small  
of powder or the spring-time breeding  
season birds shooting over the  
Southern California marshes and hills  
outside life for him who enjoys it is  
by no means at an end. The click of  
the magazine shutter is not unlike the  
snap of the hammer, while the tro-  
phy of the duckroom are no less  
valuable in den and hallway than those  
of the successful chase. No game law  
man cut off the light from the lens  
and the eye only to no way oblige

An 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x10 $\frac{1}{2}$  is desirable, while even the 10x12 camera is not too large, save for the trouble of carrying it and the weight of the plates."

Noted big-game photographers, such as Hallahan and Leek on the eastern slope of the Rockies, and Dugmore, the bird-photographer of the Atlantic seaboard, use large cameras.

"Never go without a tripod," says the same authority, "for it is impossible to focus without one and only snap shots can be made unless a steadier support than the hand be provided. Neither is it wise to attempt to take pictures of the subject's behavior. Better have a small, clear image of some animal on your plate than the blurred, indistinct picture of one which led in terror on your close approach. Time is required to make a good picture of any animal, and the animal must be in a position of the former should be not less portraits than those of the latter. The picture made in a medium light, with your diaphragm stopped down to thirty-two, and an exposure of half

one of the main subjects with the diaphragm wide open and a speed of, say, one-hundredth of a second in bright light. Different developing is also required for each different kind of exposure, but that rather comes under another head—picture making."

**"TRICK OF THE TRADE"**

Most of our animals, four-foots and the birds, are shy and cannot be too closely approached by the photographer in person. In such cases, the camera should be set up, focused on a spot over which the animal or bird must pass, and the shutter set for the

parks of Los Angeles and in the local zoo and private menageries.

**BEACH BEGINNING.**

The best place for the beginner to make pictures of animals is at the beach. Between old Santa Monica and the long wharf, is a stretch of rather broad beach, where any one who is reasonably quiet and knows how to handle a camera noiselessly may make excellent pictures of gulls, terns, surf ducks and innumerable shore birds. All that is necessary is to stand upon refuse food which seems to be cast up to a greater extent at this particular place than at any other nearby beach. There the large white gulls may be photographed at a distance of fifteen, or twenty feet, and the shore birds and terns are but

**SMELTS AT PLAYA,  
FISHERMEN'S PROSPECT.**

Big smelts made their appearance at Playa del Rey in considerable numbers and of unusual size last week. They were taken from the bottom of the anglers' repeat during the present month. A few resident rodgers, who have been out early of mornings and at dusk, were from the party of the excellent sport, and one reports taking nearly a hundred fish, fair silver-sided fellows running from eight to ten inches in length. The sport consisted on both the morning and evening runs, and exhibited proof in the case of the fish, who were coming in all that could be desired by any smelt fisher. When the silver-sided run in summer, the rodgers are not likely to find the sport difficult.

*An Uncrowned King and His  
Dainty Habits.*

*Herriest of All Ducks, and Most  
Delicate in Flavor.*

*Swiftest Flyers in Their Tribe,  
Being Tough Hard to Hit,  
and Hard to Kill.*

Peerless among his kind, the swift-  
flier, the hardest to find, heaviest of  
ducks, the canvassack is the uncrowned  
king of all water fowl, unrivaled in the  
minds of sportsmen by any other duck  
with the possible exception of the mal-  
lard. Game as the greenhead may be,  
delicate as is his flesh when a fall of  
good living has larded his ribs with  
fat, he is a lumbering, ungainly fowl  
in comparison with the regal red-  
headed aristocrat of the deep wild cel-  
ery ponds, and is never capable of test-

be begins diving for the soft, and pulpy weed, bringing it to the surface and gorging on it. Other ducks, the widgeon in particular, have been accused of robbing the "cans" of their hard-earned food by grabbing the weed from their bills as they come up half-blinded by the water, but it is doubtful if they ever do anything more than eat the leavings of the bigger birds.

**A FEARLESS BIRD.**  
The canvasbacks are the swiftest ducks in the air, the handiest in the water, and the most ungainly on land. Their flight usually lies in the short-

are lines between two points, and once under way they often display a disregard for blinds that would turn other hunters' heads. They are capable of a great amount of shooting without forsaking a favorite resort, but when in places with which they are not familiar, no bird is more wary. Often they pay no attention to decoys. They are a persistent imitator of their call, which is a sort of half grunt, half quack. To knock them over as they come whizzing in to light with wings tense and set in a quack not unlike that of a quail is a very differently different problem from that given by birds of slower motion. One must lead well and shoot true to stop them, for their muscular, densely-feathered bodies will swoot their way through the air with a surprising accuracy. One duck, No. 3, called out is a general favorite.

Canvassbacks when winged often make their escape by a succession of dives and long swims under water with just the bill exposed. They have been known to lay hold of weeds at the bottom, when mortally wounded, and die there, practically committing suicide.

with abundant fresh water, more or less wild celery and all manner of food. Large bands of widgeon have been described on the various clubs, some coming in and pitching down from a great height, and showing every evidence of being northern birds. Their long, serrated ranks and the V-shaped formation distinguish them from the resident birds, which seldom come out of the line-abreast formation for their trips to and from the sea. Then, too, local birds are wiser; the newcomers are usually very thirsty and eager to plunge into the first promising pond

They strike for a drink. As they come along, the teal are being killed in bigger flocks, and before the month is out it will probably be possible to bag thirty or even forty ducks in a limit striding through the water in the sloughs rather than the level prairie and larger ducks.

The local wildgeon are beginning to get thin again, although about half of those killed are in flocks. The wildgeon is really the last of the fat birds are the very recent arrivals, however. For some reason the wildgeon start every season by being in uniformly good shape, but after a week or two of shooting they seem to deteriorate, being at their worst just as the grass has sprouted after the first rains. They are not fat in the grain feeder made manifest by the poor flavor of their flesh.

On the Carritos Club in the weather-  
day morning shoot W. W. Lovett killed  
six canvasbacks, some bluebills and a  
redhead or two out of a big string. An-  
other member of the same club had five  
"cans," and two good-sized flocks of  
them were seen.

The Greenwing contingent had a first-  
class midweek shoot. Everybody got

**LOCAL BOXING**  
George Siler, the actor

Chicago Tribune, assess  
ing situation:

"Too many cocks spe  
tic broth at Los Ange  
the past in other cities  
club, the Century, unse  
ment of McCarey, the  
and fighters with pro  
were well paid for the  
according to the figur  
McCarey's fingers were  
financial pie. They th  
enough of this pie to  
were determined to  
McCarey, who was practi  
the field, and who su  
before he declared a divi  
be brought around to  
thinking, with the real  
ization was formed with  
former refers to the C  
his head. With the ne  
came the wielding of the

**WRESTLING F**  
**TOM JENKINS AN**  
Tom Jenkins and Dan  
their winter campaign  
alleged wrestling match.  
As was to be expected  
taking two falls out o  
pretty nearly time the  
bell was rung on this p  
he undoubtedly is, Mak  
for the Cleveland, a  
onstrated time and ag  
called matches between  
are merely exhibitions,  
lack interest and novel  
gullible public will sta  
question hard to solve  
identified philosopher  
tutenance to a great

NDAY, NOVEMBER

An illustration of an eagle perched on a branch, with the word 'EAGLE' written in large, stylized letters below it. The eagle is shown in profile, facing left, with its wings slightly spread. The background is a simple, dark, textured area. The word 'EAGLE' is rendered in a bold, serif font, with the letters 'E' and 'A' being particularly large and prominent. The entire illustration is framed by a decorative border.



**BIG DUCKS COMING  
IN VERY RAPIDLY.**

GOOD PROPORTION OF CANVAS-  
BACKS IN MID-WEEK SCORES.

**San Joaquin Valley Storms Continue to Drive in Northern Birds—New Sprigs, Widgeon and Teal and Sprinkling of Gadwall Seen.**

Continued storms in the San Joaquin Valley have had the customary effect of making the weather more variable. Southern California, and all parties were well represented in the chumpeño midweek bogs. The last killing of convensachos made this season was recorded by the Comodoro, who reported bridges and lead with a sprinkling of mallards and geese, while it was noticed on all the ponds. The limit was scored on most of the preserves by the Comodoro.

From now on the northern migrants may be expected in force, according to the proverb of the valley, "the birds will come from the north." Without unusual disturbances and severe weather there is little cause for the worry which has been felt lately, which began at Alviso and Salton, and runs south to the Buena Vista lakes near Bakersfield, where they are still in the middle of grain fields.

# EVE

Get a house in a land where life is easy where there is never a snowdrift nor a sunstroke. Bring your family out to Vernon Park and see their cheeks grow rosy with the flush of health and their eyes sparkle with the happiness of open-air freedom.

# BLAIR'S SHOE STORE

311 South Broadway

If our....

**\$3.50 Shoes**

Windows  
for

not fine enough to  
you, we have high

OUR \$3.50 SHOES  
you are convinced that  
no one can give you  
better shoe at that price

W. L. DOUGLAS  
MADE IN U.S.A. NEW YORK

It will pay you to consider the W. L. Douglas shoes, and see for yourself that they are just as good in every way as those for which you have been paying \$5 to \$7. For style, comfort, and service, they cannot be surpassed by custom-made shoes.

Your foot is full of shoes and you appeal to the eye as well

Wear Like King

BLAIR'S  
FOR  
SHOES

# R N O N

## TITLE GUARANTEED.

The Title Guarantee & Trust Company guarantees to us our title, and unlimited certificate from them goes with your deed.

Remember in taking transfers of these lots are in no way affected by. We simply wish to show you the title and allow your own judgment in deciding whether you purchase not.

# PARK

## Buy Property in the Sixth Ward

## Fifty Thousand Dollar

Growth every seven days in dwellings alone. Adding the above facts and figures to the structures, public school buildings, the immense electric railway barns and shops and the

## The Two Million Dollar Mark

For full information and illustrated map showing many fine homes in Vernon Park can be had by sending or calling. Go out Sunday. Office open.....

225 W. Second St. Sunset Main 766 Home 1100 Los Angeles, Cal.







## THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

The award of a contract for 5000 feet of fire hose interested the Council yesterday. The Finance Committee listened to arguments at a special session in the morning, but the members failed to agree.

The Fire Commission instructed the Chief yesterday to take steps for the removal of the pile of dry-goods boxes on a lot near Franklin street.

A Syrian woman spat all over her landlord the other day when he served her with a notice, and was brought up in court yesterday.

A new trial was asked for in the Crocker vs. Garland case yesterday. Mike Devine and Mike Dalasanto, on call for assault upon one of their countrymen, were yesterday brought into the Police Court and sent to jail in default of heavy bail. Their victim may die.

**AT THE CITY HALL.**  
**FIRE HOSE AWARD IS DIFFICULT PROBLEM.**

**FINANCE COMMITTEE LISTENS TO HOSE ENCOMIUMS.**

The Three Members Arrive at Three Different Conclusions and at an Executive Session Fail to Agree—Entire Council Will Make Award Tomorrow.

If appearances counted for anything the Finance Committee had a harder time trying to settle the fire-hose award yesterday than did the Fire Commission last August. Bids for furnishing the fire department with 5000 feet of 2½-inch hose were before the committee. About a score of fire-hose agents appeared to argue the merits of their several brands. As a rule, these agents contented themselves with making a perfunctory appearance, but one or two seemed convinced that what they had to say might influence the result.

A time limit was put on the agents and the representative of each brand of hose was allowed two minutes to address the committee. The Warren Bailey Manufacturing Co. presented the "Imperial" hose at 80 cents a foot. Stress was laid on the fact that the hose was seamless.

T. E. Burke, agent for the Eureka Fire Hose Co. for which C. Ducommun & Co. are the local agents, presented "Paragon" hose for 90 cents a foot; "Los Angeles Special Jacket" for 70 cents a foot and "Trojan" for 80 cents a foot. "Paragon" was declared the best hose manufactured and a 400-pound pressure test and a five-year guarantee were offered by the manufacturer backed by a guarantee bond. Harper & Reynolds for the Bowers Rubber Co. urged the merits of "Victor Jacket" at 75 cents, "Reliance" for 65 cents and "Guardian" for 55 cents a foot, provided the entire order was given. For less than the full 5000 feet the price on each of the hoses was 5 cents a foot higher.

The Pacific Coast Manufacturing Company expounded the virtues of "Bay State" hose at 80 cents a foot, or 70 cents for the entire order, and "Paramount" hose for 60 cents or 55 cents for the entire order. Corry B. White represented the company, of which the Valentine Peyton is president. The hose is manufactured in Massachusetts. James W. Hellman told the committee why the city should purchase "Glenwood" hose at 70 cents a foot. He said he would guarantee his hose to withstand a pressure test of 500 pounds or 100 pounds more than the other bidder. He also offered a five-year guarantee on the durability of the hose. "Glenwood" hose is manufactured in New Jersey.

"Mastiff" hose was presented by L. Thoothe & Sons at 80 cents a foot. It is manufactured by the Beyer Rubber Co. of Massachusetts and is highly recommended. By special privilege Walter D. Walsh was permitted to discuss the merits of wax and gum treated hose. He presented the "Keystone" brand for 80 cents and "Patrol" hose for 80 cents a foot. The "Dragon" brand of cotton jacket hose was offered for 45 cents a foot. Walsh was caught in a wreck down in Texas and was unable to reach the city in time to file his bids with the Council last Monday. The City Attorney ruled that the Finance Committee might consider any bid he chose to present and there is nothing in the charter or ordinances which compels the Council to advertise at all. It is possible for the Council to buy hose in the open market and under such circumstances the act calling for bids and considering offers is purely at the discretion of the Council.

Walsh explained the manifold merits of wax and gum treated hose, so ably that Superintendent Weidlin promptly put a stop to some improved work that was being made on Innes avenue north of Sunset boulevard yesterday, when he discovered that Contractor C. W. Shafer had been proceeding without an inspector. Unless the cement work is strictly first class the contractor will doubtless experience trouble in getting it accepted.

**AT THE COURTHOUSE.**  
**RAINCOAT NEEDED BY SYRIAN LANDLORD.**  
**TENANT SPAT ALL OVER HIM WHEN HE GAVE NOTICE.**  
**In Revenge Against This Rude Woman He Attached All Furniture Whether Attachable or Not—Case Came to Trial Before Justice Young.**

There is no Syrian Ella Wheeler Wilcox, else it would not have been necessary to have solved this question of ethics for a Syrian damsel in Justice Young's court yesterday. It is etiquette to spit on your landlord when he serves you a moving notice? Sad to say that it was Mrs. N. Murr did to her landlord, another Syrian named G. S. Malool. The episode came out in connection with a little suit for rent tried yesterday.

Fire Commission, when bids were under consideration by that body three months ago. Commissioners Dies, Yates and Thomson voted at that time to purchase "Paragon" hose at 90 cents a foot. The Mayor, Commissioner Kuhrt put in a minority report favoring "Victor Jacket" hose at 75 cents a foot. Although Kuhrt had favored the "Bay State" brand in the executive session.

Following the heated meeting at these recommendations were adopted. Mayor Snyder gave out an interview in which he referred to the Commissioners who differed with him as "jackasses." This did not tend to promote the general peace and eventually the Council decided to ignore the recommendations and readvertise for hose.

Because of this incident politics has entered into the present fight to an unusual degree and both sides of the former controversy are anxious for a vindication of their course by the Council. The brands of hose in dispute are offered at the same figures as before and the lines of the fight are closely drawn.

Most of the prominent merchants and manufacturers who have been induced to take a hand in the controversy one way or the other and the Councilmen are more than heartily in sympathy as well as by the ever-present hose agents.

**DANGER IN BOXES.**  
**FIRE RISK INCREASED.**

Action was taken by the Fire Commission yesterday morning to request the management of the People's Store to remove from a lot on the south side of Franklin street an immense pile of dry goods boxes.

Similar action was taken regarding a big stack of baled hay at the corner of Olive and Seventh streets.

The commission denied the application of John Burke, who desired to operate a gasoline engine in the manufacture of asphalt roofing at No. 933 Alameda street.

John Owen, a hose driver, had some difficulty with the Chief regarding the length of his vacation, and the board accepted Owen's resignation yesterday.

A petition from the Tufts-Lyon Arms Company and the W. H. Hoogen Company for a change in the laws regarding the storage of calcium carbide was referred to the Chief and Fire Marshal, with instructions to confer with the Board of Fire Underwriters and report.

The board decided that a merry-go-round could not be operated at the west end of the Third-street tunnel. Councilman Parish, referring to the recent prize-fighting episode, declared that there appeared to be an organized effort to force some objectionable form of amusement upon the people in that section.

**BAKING POWDER QUESTION.**  
**LEFT TO HEALTH BOARD.**

President Jacques of the Jacques Manufacturing Company of Chicago, which turns out the "K. C." brand of baking powder, was in conference yesterday with City Attorney Mathews, Health Officer Powers and Inspector R. E. Drummond, with a view to finding out what is to be done about his powder, which the Health Office has threatened to throw out of the market because of the large percentage of alum which it contains.

Mr. Jacques came from Chicago in response to the earnest requests of a number of local dealers handling the "K. C." brand. He is trying to have the difficulty arranged.

After the conference Dr. Powers announced that he would leave the solution of the matter to the City Attorney and the Board of Health.

**Tax Collections.**  
To date the collections of city taxes have amounted to \$24,585.87, out of a total for the year of \$1,416,000. The first half of the taxes will be delinquent on the 20th inst., and a 10 per cent penalty will then be added. Of the \$1,416,231 which became due as additional personal property tax by reason of the increase in the city population this year, about \$12,000 has been collected. This tax will also become delinquent on the last day of November.

**Had No Inspector.**  
Street Superintendent Weidlin promptly put a stop to some improved work that was being made on Innes avenue north of Sunset boulevard yesterday, when he discovered that Contractor C. W. Shafer had been proceeding without an inspector. Unless the cement work is strictly first class the contractor will doubtless experience trouble in getting it accepted.

**AT THE COURTHOUSE.**  
**RAINCOAT NEEDED BY SYRIAN LANDLORD.**  
**TENANT SPAT ALL OVER HIM WHEN HE GAVE NOTICE.**

In Revenge Against This Rude Woman He Attached All Furniture Whether Attachable or Not—Case Came to Trial Before Justice Young.

There is no Syrian Ella Wheeler Wilcox, else it would not have been necessary to have solved this question of ethics for a Syrian damsel in Justice Young's court yesterday. It is etiquette to spit on your landlord when he serves you a moving notice? Sad to say that it was Mrs. N. Murr did to her landlord, another Syrian named G. S. Malool. The episode came out in connection with a little suit for rent tried yesterday.

She did a very thorough job. Malool went around with a deputy constable to serve the notice. She the officer coming with an official looking paper, and her face took on a look of pleased importance.

When the idea gravitated through her head at last, she gave a yell of rage and began showering the hapless landlord with her sweet liquid breath. He couldn't back away as fast as she could follow, spitting.

Van Houghten was arrested and arraigned before Justice Young, for alleged battery. He says that he never touched Caswell. They had a controversy over a matter relating to the rent. Van Houghten says he simply said to Caswell, "Go on, you old miser! If you were not on your own property, I would lick you."

**DIVORCES.** The following divorces were granted in the Superior Court yesterday: Ellen Schoonmaker. It against Harry Schoonmaker, desertion; Kate A. Hamer from J. N. Hamer, cruelty; Lillian Morgan from Robert Morgan, desertion.

**WANTS NEW TRIAL.** A motion for a new trial in the case of Crocker against Garland was made before Judge Courcy yesterday, the motion being made of course on the part of the Crockers. It will be argued further.

**DAMAGES ASKED.** Elizabeth Devey, who claims to have been injured in a trolley car accident, sued the Los Angeles and Pacific Railroad Company yesterday for \$5000 damages.

**THE INTERIOR COURTS.**  
**ASSAULT MAY YET PROVE TO BE MURDER.**

**DEFENDANTS REARRESTED AND HEAVY BAIL DEMANDED.**

Police Turning Attention to Relieving the Blockading of Streets by Vehicles. Dangerous Dangerfield Again in the Tolls—The Woman Pays.

Mike Devine and Mike Dalasanto, who were arrested last week and charged with assault with a deadly weapon, were released on \$300 bail each for examination on Monday. It developed yesterday that their countrymen who had suffered from their attack was likely to die and the defendants were rearrested and sent to jail, bail being asked in the sum of \$2500 for each. It is hardly likely that the injured man will be able to appear in court tomorrow, even if he should escape death.

**Blocked the Street.**  
John Musella and Peter Telluto were each fined \$2 yesterday for obstructing the street at the corner of First and Spring, with a wagon. A buggy stood at the curb, the wagon of the defendants outside of it and another outside of that, completely blocking the street between the curb and the cars. They refused to move the wagon when ordered, and as they were in the lead no others could move. Blockades of this kind are very common on the streets, but they will prove expensive at \$4 each.

**Dangerous Dangerfield.**  
Charles Dangerfield, an old offender and an off-arrested negro, was yesterday fined \$25 for committing a battery on Mrs. Ida McCauley. His "charm" hastened from court to get the cash. It was but a month ago that Dangerfield was fined \$30 for battery on the same woman.

There are better gas cook-stoves than coal stoves nowadays. People are thinking more about gas cookstoves than coal cookstoves nowadays.

That's the reason why inventors have done their best work, have made their latest improvements, in gas stoves, not in coal.

Ask your gas company: Is it true?

If it is; and it is; do you want particulars?

True to Life  
Unique Photography.

Something very unique and exquisite for a Christmas gift. Secure sittings for your photographs taken at the Schumacher Studio, 107 North Spring St. This Studio has lately been remodeled and fitted up with the latest and most improved methods of executing the highest grade photographs.

After a recent trip through Eastern cities Mr. Schumacher returns with many new ideas and his studio is now equipped with all the newest wrinkles in a photographic way.

Get your orders in before the holiday rush.

**Schumacher Studio.**

**TOILET CUTLERY EVERY BLADE WARRANTED**

**Oliver Visible Typewriters**

Lead them all.

E. M. CRIPPEN, Agent, 407 1/2 La Grange Bldg.

## TIP OF THE TOP

The very best among the best—the perfection in tailoring

## Alfred Benjamin's Famous Hand-Tailored Clothing



No business grows without a reason. Pick out a rapidly growing store and you are safe in trading there.

This concern, in two years' time, has jumped to the very top pinnacle in the clothing business of the West. Wherever Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing is sold this same immense and quick popularity is invariably the result.

We alone are the exclusive distributors of this highest grade clothing in Los Angeles.

Any clothing can claim to be best—but this distinction is given both to our clothing and to our store by the most discriminating men in the community.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the favorite evening clothes among well dressed men are made by Alfred Benjamin & Co.

Take a look at our wide range of high class novelties in business suits, long overcoats and short top coats.

## JAMES SMITH &amp; CO.

Exclusively Exclusive Clothiers,

137-139 South Spring Street, Bryson Block.

## For Sale

(In Bankruptcy)

S. P. Creasinger's  
Matilija  
Hot Springs

An ideal mountain resort only five miles from Nordhoff, in Ventura County. Four hundred acres with improvements. \$25,000 and \$80,000 has been expended by S. P. Creasinger on this place. Store, post-office and large dining hall. Separate cottages. Sulphur and plunge baths. Delightful mountain scenery. In every way a thoroughly up-to-date mountain resort.

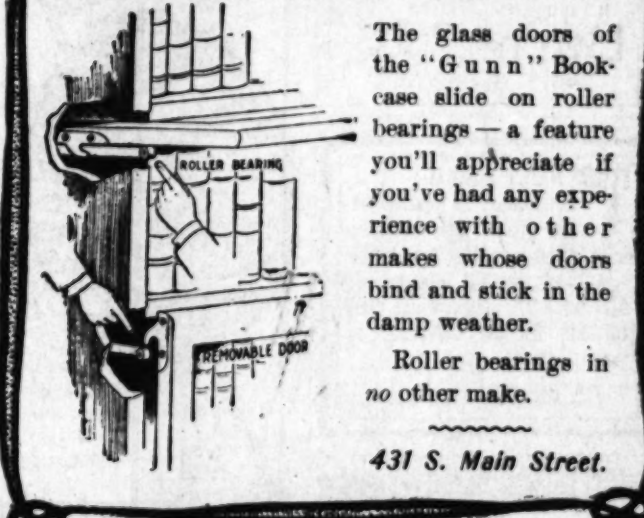
For Further Particulars Apply to the

Los Angeles Trust Co., Trustee

Second and Spring Sts., Trust Dept., Down Stairs

## R.D. Bronson Desk Co.

## "GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



The glass doors of the "Gunn" Bookcase slide on roller bearings—a feature you'll appreciate if you've had any experience with other makes whose doors bind and stick in the damp weather.

Roller bearings in no other make.

431 S. Main Street.

## WALL PAPER

25c Embossed Glits 12c to 15c  
7c value.....5c  
10c value.....7c

Tapestry effects very low. Burlap lower than anybody in the city.

## GOODWIN BROS.

Phones—Main 2552; Home 2745. 623 S. Spring St.

## WHOLESALE HAY....

L. A. Hay Storage Co., 335 Central Ave. Phone 2488.

## Featherweight Trunks

Whitney-Woodling Trunk Co. 248 S. Spring St.

## Graves, Nance &amp; Co.

Systematizing Advertising Laughlin Bldg. Both Phones 2750

## Los Angeles Furniture

Inasmuch as it is in the hall that first impression is formed, wouldn't it be well to have some Furniture on Thanksgiving Day?



**Finest of Dining-room Furniture For Thanksgiving Day**

Rugs, Curtains and Draperies of every sort desirable for dining-rooms.

225-29 South Broadway

## Everything Points to the Certainty

That patrons of these parlors are perfectly satisfied with the results of their treatment. I have had hundreds of teeth treated and I can say that I am more than satisfied with the results. I cannot praise the work of Dr. Hutchason enough. I have been treated by him for a long time and I can say that I am more than satisfied with the results. I cannot praise the work of Dr. Hutchason enough. I have been treated by him for a long time and I can say that I am more than satisfied with the results.

MR. H. C. DECKER, Los Angeles, Cal.

I give no great pleasure to testify for Dr. Hutchason's high-class work. I have an unusually hard mouth to fit and Dr. Hutchason's plate is worth its weight in gold. It is absolutely perfect and satisfactory in every way.

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MR. H. C. DECKER, Los Angeles, Cal.



## SHIRTS FOR MEN.

The "Masthead" knows all good dressers as the top-notch shirt. But some men, along to the custom made, think a shirtmaker won't fit them. Now you can be a hundred who can't be PERFECTLY fitted. Under \$10 to three dollars. Special values in other makes at 50c to \$1.25.



## Men's Suits

No use attempting to describe the many new fabrics. One thing you can bank on—the wearing quality of every suit we sell is backed by a satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee.

**Business Suits \$10 to \$37.50**

In nobby Scotch effects, bright worsteds and no end of modest but rich woollens in both single and double-breasted fashions.

**Black Suits \$10 to \$50**

Single and double-breasted sacks and full dress suits of excellent woollens. Many a well-dressed man whose clothes you admire makes this store his source of supply.

## Men's Trousers

Trousers for work, for business for dress-up occasions. Trousers to fit the long slim man, the ponderously fat man and every size between.

Cassimeres, Tweeds, Cheviots and Worsteds with a shape and hang to them that no tailor could better.

**\$2.50 to \$10**

## CONSOLIDATION THE KEYNOTE.

Union of Methodist Book Concerns is Proposed.

Dr. Board Stated for Promotion to High Position.

Important Questions of Church Policy to Come Before General Conference.

In less than six months the Methodist book concerns will be in Los Angeles to attend their great quadrennial General Conference, which opens May 4. Four hundred and twenty-four delegates have already been elected from nearly every country.

Many foreign countries will be represented. Liberia, the "Black Republic" will send two delegates. India is expected to send several delegates. China, Japan, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, South America and Mexico will all send representatives. Practical delegates will attend from England, Ireland, Canada, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and various national Methodist churches.

Interest will center chiefly in the business, and a few vital questions of church policy now being discussed by church associations and the annual conference. No doctrinal question will be raised, as the Methodist Episcopal Church has no power to change its constitution. The constitution was so amended at the General Conference of 1892, and with the concurrence of all the churches, it has been so maintained.

Every part of the church machinery will be reviewed by the board of trustees, and the annual conference will make more radical changes in its constitution than in the past.

The relation of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., and the Board of Christian Education, to the General Conference will be discussed. Several resolutions have been introduced for consideration by the conference.

These conferences have been held in the past at various places, and have been of great value in the history of the church. The conference at Chicago, Dr. Thoburn, are also widely discussed in this connection. Bishop Vincent will be retained in the active list by reappointing him to the task of superintending the conferences in Europe.

There will be a movement to elect six new men for the United States and two new men for India and Burma. For the home work the most prominent names mentioned are Dr. James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University; Dr. Joseph F. Berry, editor of the Epworth Herald; Dr. Henry Spellmeyer, pastor of Centenary Church, Newark, N. J., and chairman of the commission to arrange all the details of the General Conference; Dr. J. W. Baughman, president of the Ohio Wesleyan University; Dr. W. F. McDowell, corresponding secretary of the Board of Education; Dr. B. P. Raymond, president of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., and Dr. T. B. Neely, secretary of the Sunday-school Union.

The election of Dr. Day and Dr. Baughman is practically conceded. Dr. Berry and Spellmeyer stood so near victory four years ago that the feeling grows that they will win out this time.

## ELECTIONS.

The election will be unusually interesting. The editors of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the various Advocates will probably be reflected, the redoubtable backing of the New York Tribune, the leading list. The secretary of the great benevolent association will be transferred from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The election of Dr. Day and Dr. Baughman is practically conceded. Dr. Berry and Spellmeyer stood so near victory four years ago that the feeling grows that they will win out this time.

## Store news from your greatest clothing house

Our new Fall stock is so vast that it demands an extensive newspaper announcement. Our window displays speak out loudly of our supremacy in the clothing business, but they can't show the variety of styles, nor the downright excellence of the tailoring. Every seam, every buttonhole, every stitch in every garment will serve to maintain the prestige and reputation of this house. Every garment in our stock is of reliable quality, and the prices quoted are eloquent of economy.

## Boys' and Youths' Dept.

Hardly think there is an article in boys' wearing apparel—other than shoes—that is not to be found here in greater variety than anywhere else in town.

Almost our entire second floor devoted to boys' clothing—an enormous salesroom with the very best of light and every arrangement for the comfort of patrons.

Take elevator at left of main entrance.



Sailor blouse Suits, ages 2 1/2 to 12 years, \$2.45 to \$15.  
Russian Blouse Suits, ages 2 1/2 to 6, \$5 to \$15.  
Sailor Norfolk Suits, 3 to 8 year sizes, \$2.45 to \$10.  
Plain Double Breasted Suits, 7 to 16 years, \$2.45 to \$15.

Three-piece suits, 10 to 16 year sizes, \$4 to \$15.  
Youths' single-breasted suits, ages 13 to 19, \$7.50 to \$25.00.  
Youths' double-breasted suits, 14 to 19 years, \$10 to \$20.  
Overcoats for boys of 2 1/2 to 20 years, \$3.50 to \$25.00.

All out in the very swiftest styles.

## Boys' furnishings, hats and caps

Shirts of every description, neckwear, underwear, hosiery, night shirts and pajamas; sweaters, collars, cuffs, waists, and last but not least, the largest stock of boys' hats and caps in Southern California. Not an article priced a penny too high.

**Harris & Frank**  
London Clothing Co.  
117 to 125 NORTH SPRING STREET

## Men's Overcoats

You don't buy an overcoat every day. Pays to find out what's what before buying. Sure to find just what you want in this extensive collection—not a stylish cut or cloth missing.

Among the stock are:

**Covert Cloth Overcoats**  
32 to 44 inches long.  
Prices \$10 to \$30

**Gray Oxford Overcoats**  
Of different weights. With and without velvet collar; serge and silk lined; 40 to 54 inches long.  
Prices \$10 to \$40

**Black Unfinished Worsted Melton and Kersey Overcoats**  
38 to 50 inches long; with and without velvet collar; cloth, serge and silk lined.  
Prices \$15 to \$40

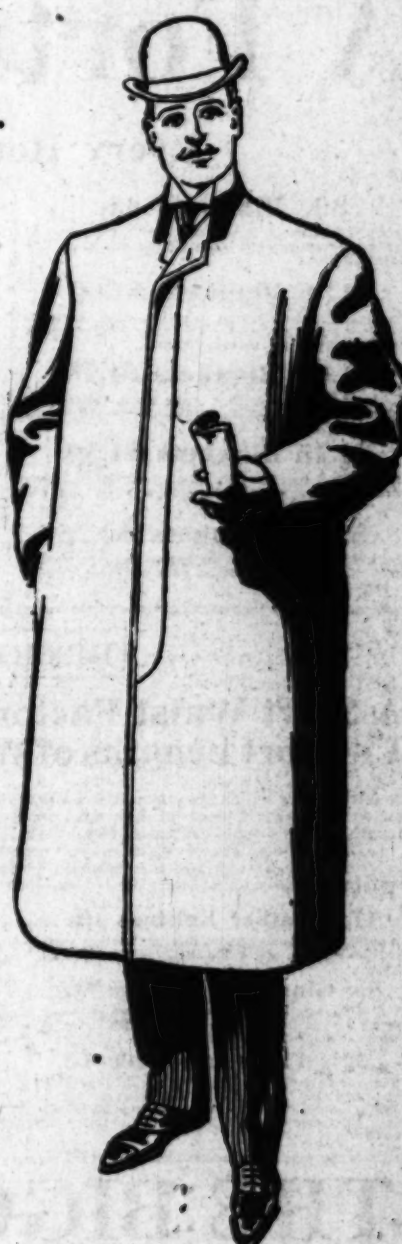
**Fancy Mixed Colored Cheviot and Worsted Overcoats**  
44 to 52 inches long, cloth, serge and silk lined, style single and double-breasted.  
Prices \$15.00 to \$40.00

## Rain Coats

Every weight of a rain coat is here—Cravenette, Martinettes and Mackintoshes—black, Oxford. These coats are in many instances fine enough for dress as well as for business or storm use. Every well-dressed man should have one.  
Prices \$7.50 to \$32.50

## Smoking Jackets, Gowns

Christmas just around the corner and the wearing season already upon us. We're ready with the largest assortment ever shown in this town. Fabrics strictly up to date. Values extra strong.  
Jackets \$5.00 to \$25.00 Gowns \$5.00 to \$30.00  
Bath Robes \$3.50 to \$10.00



## Men's Hats and Caps

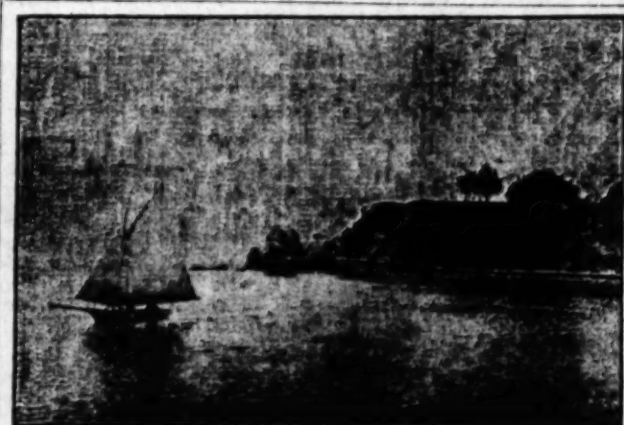
Soft hats and Derbies in every new shape and shade, all from makers of reputation, including John B. Sietson.

Hats \$1.00 to \$7.50  
Caps 25c to \$3.00

## Why Not Invest In Santa Barbara Real Estate?

## THE CITY OF TOMORROW!

Santa Barbara is undeniably the most favorably situated coast-city between Seattle and San Diego; and because of the ALMOST PERFECT climatic conditions existing here, a class of well-to-do, easy-going people is being attracted—people who have come to stay; people, too, who will add to the city's attractiveness and greatness. The fact that rents are doubling-up in Santa Barbara is full of intense significance to the shrewd investor, seeking a substantial income-producing property, and a forceful reminder of the profitable returns from real property holding here. Hosts of others are buying! Would it not be well for YOU to invest here—in this City of Tomorrow?



Marine View from Granthurst.

## GRANTHURST TRACT!

Granthurst—the elegant property we are advertising—is the Mesa Land, or Cliff Drive, just east of the Potter and just beyond the Dibble Hill. It lays 50 feet above tide water and commands a magnificent view of the Channel and the Islands. This tract has been divided into lots 80 by 145 feet in size, and are priced, in the majority of instances, from \$400 to \$450. Some, however, are offered as low as \$325, and from that up to \$800—prices which will doubtless double themselves within two years, all lots being protected by building restrictions. The County Recorder's records show an increase of 33 per cent. of deeds filed over last year, because of the way money making opportunities Santa Barbara real estate offers. Granthurst affords one of the very best of these opportunities. Free railway fare to all purchasers from Los Angeles.



Santa Barbara Harbor and Pier.

**Santa Barbara Realty and Trust Co., Santa Barbara, Cal.**



If Christopher Columbus  
.. Hadn't Sailed

there would not have been a city in Ohio called COLUMBUS, and no COLUMBUS BUGGY CO., nor COLUMBUS BUGGIES—

But He Did! And There Was! And There Is! And There Are!

And the Columbus buggy is the best thing on wheels for the money. "Come-an-see-em."

**Parrott Carriage Mfg. Co.,** Builders and Re-tailers of Vehicles  
Tenth and Main

## Catarrh of Stomach and Bowels Cured

Stomach and Bowel Troubles, Constipations, Tape Worms, Stomach, Intestinal, Throat, Parasites, and all other parasites which infest the human body, which are the cause of so many Chronic Troubles, can be removed without inconvenience of fasting.

Passing of Mucus is an Important Symptom. Are there times when you have a raw, sore throat, and other times when the thought of food is revolting? Do you get dizzy? Is your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Are you easily tired? Do your limbs get numb? Do you have headaches? Are you easily excited? Do your temples throb? Do you suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does sleep not refresh you? Do you suffer from nervousness? In the past six months we have cured over 100 cases of catarrh of the stomach, and have absolutely cured eight cases of epilepsy. We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied.

Consultation and Diagnosis Free. Hours 9 a. m. to 12; 1 to 4 p. m.  
**Dr. Smith & Arnold,** 202 1/2 S. Broadway, Rooms 220-21, Los Angeles.

## Dental Co.

Spring St. 424 S. Los Angeles  
and our collector will call

## R LAUN

Spring St. 424 S. Los Angeles  
and our collector will call



**Hale's**  
401-403 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
401-403 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
401-403 North Spring Street

**Hale's**  
401-403 North Spring Street

# A Fortune's Worth of Bargain Blankets

Every Home, Every Rooming-house, Every Hotel is Snapping Up These Splendid Values at Hale's

## 80c Blankets 65c

Good sized blankets, good weight, with nicely bound ends and fancy borders. Come in tan and gray. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$1.30 Blankets \$1.00

11-4 blankets, extra weight, heavily corded, very soft. Come in a splendid weight, with fancy borders, colors gray and white. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$1.50 Blankets \$1.25

11-4 blankets, extra weight, with heavy bound ends and fancy borders. Come in gray and white. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$1.75 Blankets \$1.50

11-4 blankets, extra weight, extra heavy filling, fancy borders, neatly bound ends. Colors white, tan and gray. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$2.65 Blankets \$2.25

10-4 white blankets, heavy weight, a large percentage wool. Come with silk bound ends and fancy borders. 50 pairs in the lot.

## \$3.25 Blankets \$2.75

10-4 white blankets, 75 per cent. wool, finely corded filling, extra weight, come with fancy borders, silk bound ends. 50 pairs in the lot.

## \$4.00 Blankets \$3.50

10-4 white blankets, 60 per cent. wool, heavy filling, soft face, fancy borders, neatly bound ends. 60 pairs in the lot.

## \$4.25 Blankets \$3.75

10-4 white blankets, all wool filling, slight mixture of extra weight, come with silk bound ends and fancy borders. 60 pairs in the lot.

## \$3.25 Blankets \$2.75

11-4 white blankets, 50 per cent. wool, extra heavy weight, come with silk bound ends and fancy borders. 120 pairs in the lot.

## \$4.00 Blankets \$3.50

11-4 white blankets, heavy corded filling, fancy borders, silk bound ends. Extra weight. 120 pairs in the lot.

There is much of interest about this blanket sale besides the low prices.

We would like to have the space to tell you how the shrewd buyers visited certain big mills and captured these splendid blankets when prices were very low.

If we did business from the "hand to mouth" style this sale would be impossible.

Some of these blankets were bought ten months ago. No store in California has attempted to duplicate our blanket offerings. We have every size, every style, every kind, every weight, every color that anyone could seek.

Buy Your Blankets This Week at Hale's

## \$4.50 Blankets \$4.00

11-quarter blankets, 50 per cent. fine Oregon wool, heavily corded, with soft, fleecy face. Come in an extra weight, with fancy borders. 50 pairs in the lot.

## \$5.00 Blankets \$4.50

11-4 wool blankets, 60 per cent. finest quality of wool, extra fine finish, finely corded body, soft and fleecy, fancy borders. Special at \$4.50.

## \$5.25 Blankets \$4.75

All-wool blankets, size 10-4. Come in an extra fine finish, made of purest quality of Oregon wool. Come in extra weight with fancy borders. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$7.25 Blankets \$6.75

Size 12 by 18 all wool Oregon blankets, made of finest wool, finely corded, very soft and fleecy. Made with fancy borders and silk bound ends. Sale price \$6.75.

## \$8.00 Blankets \$7.50

11-quarter blankets in a 5 pound weight, all wool Oregon blankets, made of purest quality of Oregon wool. Come in extra weight with fancy borders and silk bound ends. Other sizes in the lot at the following prices: 12-quarter size, \$ 9.00 blankets at \$ 8.50 14-quarter size, \$ 9.75 blankets at \$ 9.00 14-quarter size, \$11.00 blankets at \$10.00

## All Wool Bath Robe Blankets

These are warranted to be the finest quality of wool. They come in Indian and old Spanish effects, green and fancy colors. This lot consists of pure all wool, red, navy, and extra fast colors, with silk bound ends.

## 65c Crib Blankets 50c

Full sized crib blankets. Come in medium weight, with fancy borders, very soft and fleecy. 100 pairs in the lot.

## \$2.65 Blankets \$2.00

All wool crib blankets, made of purest quality of Oregon wool, with fancy borders and silk bound ends. Regular \$2.65 blankets at \$2.00.

## \$1.25 Bed Spreads \$1.00

Full sized bed spreads, in a good weight, with extra heavy filling, come in most patterns and extremely serviceable grade. Special at \$1.00.

## IMPORTANT

## A Shirt Waist Factory Sells Us Short Lengths of Waistings 50c Yd

A shirt factory which manufactures waists that sell from \$3.50 to \$10.00 each has closed out to us 1000 short pieces of their most popular waistings—pieces from 3 to 12 yards in length. These would ordinarily retail from 75c to \$1.00 the yard.

The lot consists of plain white broadcloth materials, also white goods with colored figures and stripes, also beautiful plain colored materials. The goods are heavy weight expressly for winter wear. Your pick while they last at 50c the yard.

**17c Heather Suitings 10c**  
A special for Monday only, popular heather suitings in blue, tan, and pink. Regular 17c material at 10c.

**8c Gingham Monday 5c**  
These gingham come mostly in stripes in a good range of colors, also beautiful plain colored. In the lot, instead of 8c, special 5c.

**12c Flannelettes 10c Yd**  
These come in dark and light colors, in a large variety of pretty figures and Persian stripes. Extra heavy, closely woven, an excellent wearing material. Price everywhere 12c. Special at Hale's 10c the yard.

## 12c Flannelettes 7c Yd

These come in pretty floral designs in light colors only. Regular 12c goods, special tomorrow 7c the yard.

## 75c French Flannels 59c Yd

Made of the very finest of lamb's wool. Come in plain colors in almost every shade. 100 pieces to select from. Regular 75c goods, special at 59c the yard.

## 50c Cal. Flannels 35c Yd

These are the celebrated Mayville flannels. Come in every color, good weight, regular price 50c per yard, special at 35c.

## Hand Made Window Shades

Worth up to 75c

This is a miscellaneous lot of window shades that have accumulated in our shade factory. They are made of good grade of oil opaque in all sizes from 15 inches to 35 inches wide, and 6 and 7 feet long, in shades of green, gray, yellow, etc. Mounted on best rollers. Special Monday 35c each.

**Our Lace Curtains 1-3 off**  
During our heavy big curtain sale the past month several hundred odd lace curtains have accumulated. These are popular for narrow windows or to use as sheer curtains. The lot also includes some styles in which there are one or two pairs of a kind. These will all be closed out Monday at 1/3 off regular prices.

**65c Tapestry 49c Yd**  
These come in new Roman and Oriental stripes, suitable for draping corner corners, making couch covers, and portieres. 50 inches wide. Regular 65c. Monday 49c the yard.

**\$3.50 Lace Curtains \$2.50 Pr**  
30 pairs of fine Nottingham lace curtains in white or cream, new Brussels and point lace patterns. 54 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards long. Four and 6 pairs of each pattern. Worth up to \$3.50 per pair, special at \$2.50.

## \$1.25 Muslin Curtains 98c Pr

Monday we shall sell neat muslin curtains at 98c per pair. Made of dainty striped wales, finished ready to put on the rods. Come 3 yards long, 40 inches wide, with 1 1/2 inch ruffles. Regular \$1.25. Special at \$1.00.

## \$2.25 Couch Covers \$1.98

These come in the new Oriental stripes, fringed all round. 30 inches wide, Monday while they last \$1.98.

## \$3.75 Portieres \$3.25 Pr

Tapestry portieres, 30 inches wide by 3 yards long. Handsome oriental patterns, which make the richest draperies. Regular \$3.75. Monday \$3.25 per pair.

## 9c Printed Silklines 7c Yd

30 inch printed silklines suitable for making comforters. Come in floral designs. In the latest effects. Well worth \$9c. Monday 7c the yard.

## Spreads, Comforts, Pillows

### \$1.25 Bed Spreads \$1.00

Full sized spreads, splendid weight. They are covered with a fine quality of all-wool fabric. Special at \$1.00 each.

### \$1.30 Bed Spreads \$1.15

Extra large spreads, nice weight. Come in pretty designs, with hemmed ends. \$1.30 values, special at \$1.15.

### \$1.45 Bed Spreads \$1.25

Size 11 by 18. Extra weight, nicely finished. Come in Marcelline patterns. \$1.45 values, special at \$1.25.

### \$1.85 Bed Spreads \$1.50

Extra weight spreads, Marcelline finish. Neatly hemmed. \$1.85 values, special at \$1.50.

### \$1.85 Bed Spreads \$1.50

Colored spreads in pink and blue, hand fringed. Come in a splendid weight and size. Guaranteed fast colors. \$1.85 values, special at \$1.50.

### \$1.75 Bed Spreads \$1.50

Cold bed spreads, nicely hemmed, in a splendid weight and size. \$1.75 values, special at \$1.50.

### \$1.30 Comforters \$1.15

Full sized comforters, filled with white duck down, covered with a fine quality of all-wool fabric. Special at \$1.15.

### \$1.65 Comforters \$1.35

Extra large comforters, extra heavy, with heavy line covering. \$1.65 values, special at \$1.35.

### \$1.70 Comforter \$1.50

Very large comforters, filled with snowflake down, covered with heavy, heavy all-wool fabric. \$1.70 values, special at \$1.50.

### \$2.50 Comforters \$2.00

Very large sized comforters, filled with heavy, heavy down, covered with a heavy weight of all-wool fabric. \$2.50 values, special at \$2.00.

### 65c Feather Pillows 55c

Pure feather pillows, size 10 by 21 inches. These renovated feathers. Weight 2 pounds. Special at 55c.

### \$1.30 Feather Pillows \$1.00

Size 11 by 21 inches, weight 2 1/2 lbs. Filled with duck and goose feathers, feather-proof covering. Pillows, special at \$1.00.

## Infants' Goods

Children's knitted wool jersey caps, in cream and red, with tassels. Special at 25c.

Children's fancy and plain knitted jersey caps, in cream, scarlet, navy and brown silk with tassels. Special at 25c.

Children's fancy knitted tight fitting caps, with chin silk ties. Special at 25c.

Infants' crocheted zephyr sacques, in cream, pink and blue. Special at 25c.

Infants' crocheted zephyr sacques, in cream, pink and blue, three styles, ribbon trimmed. Special at 50c.

Infants' kid moccasin in pink, red, blue and white silk cord ties. Special at 25c.

Infants' knitted zephyr booties in pink, blue and white; silk finished. Special at 15c.

Infants' rubber diapers, in all sizes. Special at 25c.

Infants' honeycomb bibs, lace trimmed. Special at 10c.

## Lace Specials

Nottingham lace, in ecru color, 10 inches wide. Special at 3c per yard.

Machine tulle lace, in ecru color, 10 inches wide. Special at 3c per yard.

Machine tulle lace, in blue, 10 inches wide. Special at 3c per yard.

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# THE BIGGEST LINEN SALE OF ALL

More Quality, More Quantity, More Variety and the Lowest Prices in Los Angeles

## Before You Buy Linens

Let us have this brief talk with you: We know that if you visit our department you will at once see that we offer the most advantageous lines available in the city. The seven Hale stores have purchased these linens directly from the weavers. We ourselves bought them for less than regular prices. We have secured new ideas and prettier patterns. Every item we quote is a value that no thoughtful housekeeper can pass over.

**Austrian Tea Cloths \$10.00 to \$35.00**  
These are genuine Austrian tea cloths imported by us. Only twenty-five in the lot. They are really worth 10 per cent. more as they were bought long before the advance in linen prices. \$10 to \$35 per set.

## 90c Damask 69c Yard

This line comes in pure flax. High grade table linen in beautiful effects, such as snow drop, daisy, blue, white, etc. 60 inches wide. Regular price 90c; during this sale 69c per yard.

## 65c Damask 50c Yard

Pure flax damask, half bleached, 60 inches wide. Comes in a pure linen quality. There are five different designs in the lot, and they include the rich and popular designs. For the linen sale 50c per yard.

## \$1.35 Irish Linen \$1.12 1/2 Yd

Five Irish linen damask, with a satin finish, 52 inches wide. Come in snow drop, rose bud, cloverleaf, blue bell, and many handsome designs. Per yard \$1.12 1/2.

## \$2.00 Table Linen \$1.50 Yd

Exquisite cloths with plain centers, made expressly for the seven Hale stores. Comes 72 inches wide. For the linen sale. \$1.50 per yard.

## \$1.25 Napkins \$1.00 Dozen

50 dozen full bleached napkins, size 18 by 20. All linen, in several handsome designs. While they last, \$1.00 per dozen.

## \$1.75 Napkins \$1.50 Dozen

60 dozen pure linen napkins, first bleached, very fine, in a fine grade of linen. Size 22 by 22. Per dozen \$1.50.

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SUNDAY MORNING NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

## FIRST SHOT FOR PATTON.

### Dr. Dolan Fires in Letter of Resignation.

*He Says Shake-up at the Asylum  
is Inevitable.*

—●—

*Another Investigation by the State*

*Board Likely to Come  
Next.*

Dr. A. Stanley Dolan, for nine years Assistant Medical Superintendent of the Southern California State Hospital for the Insane, has resigned.

Yesterday morning Dr. Dolan and Dr. Campbell had an altercation, growing out of the strained relations long existing, and the former took train for

Los Angeles to consult an attorney. The result was that at a late hour last night Dr. Dolan wired Dr. Campbell as follows:

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) Nov. 14, 1904.  
Dr. M. B. Campbell, Medical Superintendent, Patton, Cal.—I hereby resign my position as First Assistant Physic-  
ian of the Southern California State

**A. STANLEY DOLAN.**  
"The place was getting too hot for me," said Dr. Dolan last evening, "and

I have had enough of strife. For seven years I have been subjected to humiliation by a man, who, if the truth could be ascertained, will not hesitate to stoop to anything, no matter how

"In getting out I am saving myself from the inevitable. All of Dr. Campbell's scheming cannot now prevent an investigation that will clean out the

rotten institution—and it is rotten to the core. I am where I can talk now, and I know what I am talking about. The end is not yet. The fun has just begun. The time is not far distant

In view of all that recent events foreshadow, Dr. Dolan seems to have made a wise move.

The resignation of Dr. Dolan forces a climax in the affairs of the hospital that cannot but bring about an investigation that will cover the entire institution. Evidence that has been accumulating

will soon be placed before the State Lunacy Commission and Governor, and demand for definite action will be made. Ex-Trustee T. A. Lewis intends to press matters, and Miss Creber will

ot give up her fight. She is now preparing material for the commission. Mr. Dolan, with a suggestive twinkle in his eye, says: "I am now where I can talk."

**B. CURTIS TOOK**

VI. SHIP FOR AUSTRALIA.

EN. BERYMER GLAD THAT HE  
DIDN'T BITE.

**"Sam'l of Poren" Left Many Anxious Creditors Behind—Went Suddenly, but Brother Promised His Return in a few**

Weeks.

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L. Behymer, as agent for the Globe



## EVENTS IN SOCIETY

of Placencia Round Table. She was at the first day and held it there at No. 361 South Street. Fourteen ladies attended the hospital. Mrs. Parkina and her daughter, Mrs. M. of the home of whom are Mrs. M. and Miss Miller were present for several years. Their efforts were well organized. Mrs. Parkina was in the club until her death. Anger and babies were violent, his club colors, and his club colors were by finding the club colors, which was written on the club colors. Anger and babies were violent, his club colors, and his club colors were by finding the club colors, which was written on the club colors. Anger and babies were violent, his club colors, and his club colors were by finding the club colors, which was written on the club colors.

The wedding ceremony was held at the home of Mrs. Percy B. Thyrds, at 1232 East 12th street, when Miss Leana J. Fricke, sister of the bride, acted as officiant. The Rev. Nauman of United Methodist church officiated. The bride was escorted by her father, Mr. George Fricke, and the groom was escorted by his brother, Mr. Fred Fricke. The bride wore a pink gown and carried a bouquet of pink and white flowers. The groom wore a tuxedo. The ceremony was attended by a large number of friends and relatives. The reception was held at the home of Mrs. Percy B. Thyrds. The bride and groom were surrounded by a large number of guests. The celebration was a most successful one.

ly. Mrs. Will Fricke of No. twenty-eighth street, was the delightful surprise party given in honor of Mr. Monday anniversary. Miss and Will Fricke furnished of delightful music, Fred several vocal selections. The evening closed with and amusing games. The were: Mr. and Mrs. and Mrs. Raymaker, the program was given by who do not do.

A social will be by the Young W. Sodality at the programme in Fathers' Bureau solo. Mr. Collins Hodgman, solo. Mr. May, readings. Robinson School Miss Mary Thayer Muller, vocal solo. a selection by

21st Inst., Banquet  
ve cards will be on  
or the benefit of those  
re.  
e given November 18,  
and Young Ladies'  
Cathedral Hall. The  
cludes remarks by  
and Palmer, vocal  
reading by Miss  
by Miss Margaret  
by a members of the  
of Oratory, song by  
ude reading by Miss  
by John Graves, and

**Cranda**  
327-9 Sou

**l & Lane**  
th Broadway

and Mrs. James Frank Man-  
 and Mrs. Joe Leon, Raphael Dom-  
 the Misses Anna, Alice  
 Camillo and Mattie Dominguez  
 Antonio and Mrs. and Mrs. Pete-  
 Antonio Alvarez, F. Horton and  
 William, E. Stebbins, Mr. and  
 George Nash, Antonio Olivera,  
 and Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. W.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pegrit,  
 Thomas, William and Hender-  
 and Chas. Dair, Louis and John  
 Miss May Dean, Messrs.  
 Benjamin D. Brancouche,  
 and Miss

Santa Monica

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327-9

**all & Lan**  
outh Broadway

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H.  
and Mrs. Joe Leon, Raphael D.  
the Misses Maude and A.  
Camillo and Mattie Doming  
guests were Mr. and Mrs. F.  
Antonio Alvarez, Mr. Horton  
William H. Stebbins, Mr.  
George Nash, Antonio, Oliva  
James Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. V.  
Charles, William and Hend  
Dancy, Miss May Dair, Mess  
and Chas. Dair, Louis and Jo  
Benjamin D. Branscom  
and Miss H.

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327-9 South Broadway

Sorosis Shoes have long stood in the front rank side by side with regular \$5 shoes. At \$3.50 they have never had an equal, distinguishing in wear, style and comfort all other \$3.50 grades, but this now brings Sorosis shoes within your reach at a big price-saving, enabling you to wear the world's best shoes at the price of the most ordinary kinds.

**A. J. WITHERELL**  
WITH  
**Crandall & Lane**  
327-9 South Broadway







**THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.**  
H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.  
HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.  
MARTIN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT MAFARLAND, Treasurer.

**The Los Angeles Times**  
Daily, Weekly, Sunday, Vol. 44, No. 164. Founded Dec. 4, 1881.  
Every Morning in the Year. Twenty-second Year.

NEWS SERVICE—Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. transmitted daily over the Pacific coast cable wires.  
TERMS—Daily, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month; or \$9.00 a year; Daily without Sunday, \$7.50 a year; Sunday, \$2.50; Magazine only, \$3.50 a year.  
CIRCULATION—Daily net average for 1902, 20,000; for 1903, 20,100; for 1904, 20,200; for 1905, 20,300; for 1906, 20,400; for 1907, 20,500; for 1908, 20,600; for 1909, 20,700; for 1910, 20,800; for 1911, 20,900; for 1912, 21,000; for 1913, 21,100; for 1914, 21,200; for 1915, 21,300; for 1916, 21,400; for 1917, 21,500; for 1918, 21,600; for 1919, 21,700; for 1920, 21,800; for 1921, 21,900; for 1922, 22,000; for 1923, 22,100; for 1924, 22,200; for 1925, 22,300; for 1926, 22,400; for 1927, 22,500; for 1928, 22,600; for 1929, 22,700; for 1930, 22,800; for 1931, 22,900; for 1932, 23,000; for 1933, 23,100; for 1934, 23,200; for 1935, 23,300; for 1936, 23,400; for 1937, 23,500; for 1938, 23,600; for 1939, 23,700; for 1940, 23,800; for 1941, 23,900; for 1942, 24,000; for 1943, 24,100; for 1944, 24,200; for 1945, 24,300; for 1946, 24,400; for 1947, 24,500; for 1948, 24,600; for 1949, 24,700; for 1950, 24,800; for 1951, 24,900; for 1952, 25,000; for 1953, 25,100; for 1954, 25,200; for 1955, 25,300; for 1956, 25,400; for 1957, 25,500; for 1958, 25,600; for 1959, 25,700; for 1960, 25,800; for 1961, 25,900; for 1962, 26,000; for 1963, 26,100; for 1964, 26,200; for 1965, 26,300; for 1966, 26,400; for 1967, 26,500; for 1968, 26,600; for 1969, 26,700; for 1970, 26,800; for 1971, 26,900; for 1972, 27,000; for 1973, 27,100; for 1974, 27,200; for 1975, 27,300; for 1976, 27,400; for 1977, 27,500; for 1978, 27,600; for 1979, 27,700; for 1980, 27,800; for 1981, 27,900; for 1982, 28,000; for 1983, 28,100; for 1984, 28,200; for 1985, 28,300; for 1986, 28,400; for 1987, 28,500; for 1988, 28,600; for 1989, 28,700; for 1990, 28,800; for 1991, 28,900; for 1992, 29,000; for 1993, 29,100; for 1994, 29,200; for 1995, 29,300; for 1996, 29,400; for 1997, 29,500; for 1998, 29,600; for 1999, 29,700; for 2000, 29,800; for 2001, 29,900; for 2002, 30,000; for 2003, 30,100; for 2004, 30,200; for 2005, 30,300; for 2006, 30,400; for 2007, 30,500; for 2008, 30,600; for 2009, 30,700; for 2010, 30,800; for 2011, 30,900; 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for 2068, 36,600; for 2069, 36,700; for 2070, 36,800; for 2071, 36,900; for 2072, 37,000; for 2073, 37,100; for 2074, 37,200; for 2075, 37,300; for 2076, 37,400; for 2077, 37,500; for 2078, 37,600; for 2079, 37,700; for 2080, 37,800; for 2081, 37,900; for 2082, 38,000; for 2083, 38,100; for 2084, 38,200; for 2085, 38,300; for 2086, 38,400; for 2087, 38,500; for 2088, 38,600; for 2089, 38,700; for 2090, 38,800; for 2091, 38,900; for 2092, 39,000; for 2093, 39,100; for 2094, 39,200; for 2095, 39,300; for 2096, 39,400; for 2097, 39,500; for 2098, 39,600; for 2099, 39,700; for 2100, 39,800; for 2101, 39,900; for 2102, 40,000; for 2103, 40,100; for 2104, 40,200; for 2105, 40,300; for 2106, 40,400; for 2107, 40,500; for 2108, 40,600; for 2109, 40,700; for 2110, 40,800; for 2111, 40,900; for 2112, 41,000; for 2113, 41,100; for 2114, 41,200; for 2115, 41,300; for 2116, 41,400; for 2117, 41,500; for 2118, 41,600; for 2119, 41,700; for 2120, 41,800; for 2121, 41,900; for 2122, 42,000; for 2123, 42,100; 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*Illustrated Weekly Magazine.*

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

NOVEMBER 15, 1903.

FIVE CENTS.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.



Uncle Sam to Panama: Come along my little man, and if you behave yourself you may have the Canal.



## OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

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# Los Angeles Sunday Times

Editorials by Eliza A. Otis.

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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## MUNICIPAL ADVANCEMENT.

WE are very glad to note that Los Angeles has had an inspiration that promises much for its future uplifting, and that the inspiration referred to has taken the form of a Municipal Art Society, whose object shall be the encouragement of every form of beauty, both architectural and natural. How easy, with reasonable expenditure, it is to make a beautiful city, to crown its streets with the glory of tree and flower, to create parks and attractive grounds about the home, to adorn our residences with climbing vines, to attach beneath the windows stationary boxes full of blossoming plants that shall make the sides of our houses a very poem of color and fragrance. The rustic window box filled with choice plants, or the more common flowering ones, the roof of the veranda adorned with green growing things, like a garden in the air, would charm the eye of the traveler along our streets, and make him dream of the beauty of broad country vales and the breath of flowering gardens. The trees planted along the border of the streets would whisper of the great forests beyond the city's borders, of the freedom and largeness which the forests suggest.

Nature is one of man's noblest teachers, and her lessons are uplifting, and draw the thoughts away from sordidness, and the dwarfing influence of mere money worship and devotion to gain.

It was more than a year ago that the idea of bringing some of the beauty of the country to the adornment of the city's homes and streets by the means of systematic methods was undertaken by the people of Brooklyn, N. Y. Zella Milhau, writing in the October number of "The World's Work," says of the enterprise:

"To start on a small scale giving new attractiveness to a single square of houses—an average, ordinary, prosperous city block—by window boxes, newly set-out trees, stoop jars of flowers and plants—that was the idea of the 'Block Beautiful' begun in the borough of Brooklyn, N. Y., just a year ago. The 'block' has now overflowed its bounds. This year—its second—it is the 'Heights Beautiful,' the term covering practically all Brooklyn Heights for many blocks around.

"What brought out the original idea of the 'Block Beautiful' could have been little short of inspiration. A conference of the Municipal Art Society of New York had drifted into a discussion of ways to relieve and beautify the dull monotony of even the handsomest of

New York streets. Up to the winter of 1902 it had worked almost entirely for the future, and its best plans called for the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars on the part of the municipality.

"Then the idea came to the members of the society to begin in some small way to lead the people to join the movement of their own accord. From this the plan of the 'Block Beautiful' sprang, suggested by memories of the streets of some continental cities, where even the dingiest houses are given charm by flowering window boxes, climbing vines, plants, shrubs in pots, all in full view from the streets, and small trees in front. Remembering that in New York houses adorned in this way are an unaccustomed delight to the eye, the thought came to take at first one block of residences of well-to-do householders and experiment with it, to line its sidewalks with trees, and to have every dwelling whose owner could be induced to come into the movement display window boxes and boxes over doorways, and plants and shrubs upon the stoops. Abroad there are window boxes in plenty, but abroad the windows have deep ledges, and seem to have been made for window boxes. We found that an American 'Block Beautiful' needs an especial kind of box—a zinc box within an ornamental cover, the latter taking whatever drip there is, and the whole carried on ornamental brackets below the shutters.

"In our first year we set out some fifty trees, none of which have died. We saw before the end of the season at least five beautiful back and side yards; and more than thirty householders aided the movement by either window or door boxes, training vines over their houses, or by ornamental vases or jars filled with green or brilliant blossoms.

"The prospect grows constantly greater. This year we shall first of all plant trees along the streets. The demand for pretty window boxes is not lessening, but the interest in back yards is growing greater. More especially with our Brooklyn 'Block Beautiful' this is to be a tree and a back yard year.

"One doorway box of this first 'Block Beautiful' that was most pleasing to the eye had two small fir trees, one at each end, with red geraniums and green vines in between. This doorway pointed up in the middle, and the box was built to fit it. The effect of the two fir trees at the ends gave just the points of green that emphasized the pointed doorway, and lent character to the box and what it contained."

And thus the writer goes on enlarging most enthusiastically on what may be accomplished in the city in making a city beautiful by means of systematic and general effort at natural adornment. What has been accomplished in that northern city, even with the cold of its long frozen winters to contend with, has enhanced the beauty of the sections where the experiment of systematic effort has been tried many fold. Property increases in value by the aid of this adornment, and the dwellers in the "Blocks Beautiful" are better and happier for this intimate companionship with nature in the life of their homes.

And if so much may be accomplished in a clime so much less favorable than ours, what might not we of Los Angeles accomplish by systematic effort where nature would work with us all the year, and smile upon us with continuous growth and development? Let our Art Association have the encouragement, the sympathy and the aid of every citizen of Los Angeles until our city becomes, as well it may, one of the most beautiful on this broad continent.

Plant trees, those thoughts of God, all along our highways, multiply them in our back yards, and throughout our grounds everywhere, increase their number in our parks, let the flowers smile at us from boxes on our window ledges and the roofs of our porches, over the walls of our dwellings let the green vines clamber till the birds build their nests amid their thick leaves, until Los Angeles becomes renowned for its marvelous beauty, and is wedded with nature in her loveliest forms.

"Oh, what a thought was that when God thought of a tree!" says Henry Ward Beecher, and the poet sings, "Flowers are the alphabet of angels," and both of these may be ours in rich abundance, for plenty is writ large over all our land, and with a just conception of our possibilities for beauty and earnest and systematic effort for their realization, "The Angel City" may in the near future become through the beauty of its adornment worthy of its name. Abundant success to our newly organized Art League, and may it have the support of every enterprising and intelligent citizen of Los Angeles.

## A QUEER CONCEPTION.

THE East does not seem so very far distant from this great frontier State of the continent when we consider the swiftness of the iron horse which bears us in so short a time across the space which lies between us and our Atlantic borders, and when with the long lines of telegraph we are linked with it and may have speech with it every hour, it does seem as though the intelligent portion of the effete East should have some correct knowledge of our status, both intellectual, moral and social, sufficient knowledge, at least, not to set us down as "barbarians," and relegate us to a civilization belonging to the distant past.

But just listen to a remark made in a sermon preached not very long since by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, who says: "Religion and refinement have never yet overtaken the barbarians of California. No State has so little regard for the refining influence of American institutions." This seems a somewhat surprising enunciation to come from one of the leading pulpits of New York. What are the "refining influences" to which the reverend gentleman alludes, and which he asserts are lacking in California? Take Los Angeles, for instance, and does he suppose that its "barbarian" population is

dwelling in Indian huts, without public libraries, and other light of the twentieth century amidst? If this is his blind vision, let him see us as we are, let him see the great fine churches that we have reared to the glory of God, let him see them go up to the house of God; let him see the fine public school buildings, our numerous benevolent institutions, which gives us the great daily illustrated magazine, and the high civilization which supports all that is noble in the race. If these things mark barbarians still. Let us reach out a hand to disseminate the "barbarian" what we are, the "barbarian" that is ill to wrong and oppression, the in fullest sympathy with the highest progress, that keeps step with all that is noble, and that is building for the grandest commonwealth of this Republic of Freedom.

## REMARKS BY MEN OF THE

Secession seems to work out better than in the more northerly part of the

We are told not to worry over the yet how can one help doing so when on one in the presence of a stranger?

It is worthy of note that the government World are considerably more prompt in course of the United States in international they were before the Spanish-American

Chicago University may have a monopoly in regard to the changes scheduled world, but the folks back yonder will come on the man with the goose bone for the

The latest picture of Kipling shows him sitting at the knees and his straw hat on the bad. He is also revealed with a finger his fingers. But the smile on his face doubt that he still receives a dollar a week, and could easily appear in "glad to do so."

## AT LAST.

Up, up and onward! Never cease to strive For that which highest is, noblest and true In God's own fullness let thy purpose be Reach for the Vast with thy whole soul

To high endeavor; underneath thy feet Put all that's base, unworthy of the earth Built on the grandest pattern of God's plan Then life to thee shall holy be and true

For highest use reflecting God's own will And earth life done, at last shalt thou To larger life beyond these earthly things Through long eternal years advancing

Forever Godward. In the life to come, "All eye, all ear," shall knowledge full Like a vast sea forever round thee flow Till in God's life thou shalt find life and

Nov. 10, 1903.

## CURRENT COMMENT

The most perfect of modern safety devices for railroad passengers are utterly useless if modern railroad employe is stupid or dishonest. Chicago Inter Ocean.

We find we can satisfy a friend we have fore in twenty years by telling him he does older, but if it is 40 years we have to make a new friend. [Arlington Globe.]

Will the milk drivers' union kindly permit me to squeeze the water out of stock, or does he not offer to throw a rope to those who are swept away in the flood. [Denver Post.]

In a divorce case back East a few years ago shown that the fair defendant had been a representative of the army, the navy and the service. What was the matter with the divorce and postoffice department? [Denver Post.]

A suit at law to compel the men who in the shipbuilding company without a step up to the captain's office and settle the cases of nervous prostration as one which Mr. Schwab acquired some years ago. [Chicago Chronicle.]

According to the Scottish American, a lecturer has declared that reputable British will not exhibit at the St. Louis World's fair, reason that their designs would be stolen. If any of them stay away that will be for fear they would be lost. [Pittsburgh Dispatch.]



# The Frenchman's Burden. By Frank G. Carpenter.

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## ALGERIA.

### THE COLONIAL EMPIRE OF OUR SISTER REPUBLIC.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Have been looking into the Frenchman's share of the world's burden. It attracts but little attention in his own country, but it is a big load, and it is more than \$20,000,000 a year. There is a large number of Colonies at Paris who have charge of the French Empire, and in addition the province of Algeria and French India have representatives in the Chamber of Deputies to present the special wants of their respective countries.

People realize the extent of the French colonial empire. They are greater than those of any other country excepting Great Britain. They are twenty times as large as France itself; they cover an area greater than the United States proper. France has more ground in the South American possessions than the State of New York, and it has also the West Indies, in Australasia and the South Sea Islands. Its territory are thickly populated. In French India there are more than 60,000,000 inhabitants, of whom many are as barbarous as any people on the face of the globe.

#### Most Prosperous Colony.

Of all the French colonies is Algeria. The French like it most, and they are spending the most money on it. They are building railroads throughout the country, and they have already completed about two thousand miles of wagon roads. All the towns are being improved, and every town of any size now has a French quarter. The country has a large service, and there are more than five hundred French offices, through which two million men are sent every year. It has already considerable commerce, its imports and exports approximating one hundred million francs a year. The most of this trade is with France. The French look upon the country as their chief market garden. It lies just across the Mediterranean, so near that fast steamers can reach it in a few hours, and that the ordinary every-day passenger takes but twenty-seven hours. Winter vegetables and fruits are now sent by the shipload to Marseilles and are distributed to all the cities of France, and to Paris and London. The time to Paris is less than forty hours.

Let me tell you something about Algeria. It is one of the best countries in Africa. Watered by the Mediterranean winds, it has a rich soil, and is one of the most delightful climates on the face of the globe. It is a land of mountains and valleys, and the sandy plateaus of the Desert of Sahara. It is about four times as large as that of Pennsylvania, and its population comprises about four millions, of whom three hundred thousand are French. The natives are Berbers and Arabs, with an admixture of Moors, Turks and negroes. The Berbers belong to the same race as our own. They are farmers, and herdsmen. The French use them as laborers, and they are setting out vineyards, olive groves and orchards.

The French cultivate the soil for themselves, raising wheat and other cereals. The chief exports of Algeria is figs, of which thousands are exported in a year, and another is the date palm, which comes from the date palms scattered over the country, and especially throughout the oases of the Desert.

The French have materially improved the life of the people. They have established primary schools in every part of the country, and also schools for education and communal colleges. There are now students in the primary schools, about 5000 in the colleges and a large number in the colleges. About \$10,000,000 is now being annually spent on education.

#### French Metropolis.

The capital of Algeria is Africa's French metropolis.

It is the city of Algiers, containing about 100,000 people, being considerably smaller than Tunis, but far more important in commerce and trade. The French have spent millions of dollars on the harbor and in beautifying the city. A long pier has been built so that the largest steamers can come in without danger. Great warehouses have been constructed, and there are fine hotels and good business buildings. The town has street cars and electric lights, and altogether the lower parts of it look more like Paris than Africa. The same condition prevails at Oran, the chief port of western Algeria, and at Constantine, a thriving city in the east, each having its French quarter.

Adjoining Algeria is Tunisia, which is now under the protection of France. It has an African bey as its nominal ruler, but it is the French governor who tells him how to act and handles the cash. A great many improvements are being made there since the French took charge of the country. The canal which has been built connecting the city of Tunis directly with the sea has greatly improved commerce, and today there are large wharves along the banks of the canal, equipped with modern lifting engines, cranes and port railways. Tunis is the biggest city on the African seaboard, and its trade is with all parts of the Mediterranean Sea, and especially Europe. It is connected by railway with Algiers and Oran and by caravan with all parts of the Sahara.

The population of Tunisia is almost two millions, consisting chiefly of Bedouin Arabs, Berbers and about 60,000 Jews. There are also 40,000 Frenchmen and 82,000 other foreigners, of whom 67,000 are Italians.

The French have been doing much to develop education there. They have established a large number of schools in Tunis, and in the interior have 500 primary schools, of which one-third are for teaching girls. The bulk of the population is Mohammedan, and these girls' schools are to a large extent a new thing. Tunisia has now 600 miles of railway and several thousand miles of telegraph lines. It has a small trade with the United States, ten days being required to go from Tunis to New York.

#### The French in the Sahara.

One of the queerest possessions of the French is the Desert of Sahara. The claim to own the whole western half of it, having a territory about half as large as the United States proper, comprising hundreds of oases and the best caravan routes. A big trade is carried on across the French Sahara from the rich countries of the Sudan south of it to Algeria and Tunisia, and it is now proposed to build a railroad over these sandy wastes. This railroad will be about as long as from New York to Salt Lake. It will go from the Mediterranean southward into the Sahara, and will then branch out, one line going to Lake Chad, where it will connect with a line to Dahomey and the Atlantic, and the other going in a southwesterly direction to Timbuktu and the regions of the Upper Niger. The road can never be more than a military one, and it is doubtful whether it would pay its running expenses.

Today all travel across the desert is by camels. The beasts are raised especially for freighting, and there is

a regular business of breeding them for caravan travel. There are freight animals and passenger animals, the latter having a gait as easy as that of a good saddle horse. A good riding camel is worth \$100, and a good freight animal can be bought for \$50. Many of the caravans have five hundred camels each, fifty thousand camels coming every year across the Sahara to Timbuktu. These caravan routes are as well laid out as railroad routes. There are no special tracks, but the guides understand just where to go, and they aim to take in the chief oases on the way.

The French metropolis of the northern Sahara is the oasis of Biskra, which is reached by railroad from Algiers. Here there is quite a large foreign colony, numerous French and other Europeans going there for their health.

Biskra is 150 miles south of Constantine, and it takes a day's ride on the train to reach it. The oasis is three miles long and not more than a half a mile wide at its widest place. It is one of the largest of the French oases, having a population of about 10,000, including 1000 French troops and about 1200 civil Europeans, mostly French and Italians. The place is noted for its dates, of which it has 160,000 trees, producing about 5000 tons of dates every year. The trees are carefully irrigated and each tree is taxed by the government.

#### French Soudan and Timbuktu.

The French have an enormous territory known as the French Soudan, lying south of the western part of the Sahara. This strip goes half way across the continent, the British territories of Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone, and also Liberia and the Kameruns being cut out of it. It reaches the Atlantic Ocean in several places, and embraces the French Congo, Dahomey and Senegal.

This territory is practically unexplored, but it is being rapidly opened up. A military government has been established at Timbuktu and along the Niger, and the other provinces are governed from Dakar in Senegal. It is at Dakar that the French governor-general of West Africa lives, and there are the chief offices with secretaries and clerks. Each province has a lieutenant-governor, but all report to the governor-general at Dakar.

Dakar is noted for its excellent harbor, which is now being widened and deepened by the French. The city lies right under the shadow of Cape Verde, and is connected with St. Louis, the capital of Senegal, by railway. It has four French steamship lines, which make



Girls from Madagascar



A street in Tunis



The French Sahara

Algiers



## Improving West Africa

In Dahomey there are six thousand natives now at work on a railroad which will eventually extend through the country to Lake Chad, and there connect with the line across the Sahara to Algiers. Fifty miles of this road has already been constructed, and the work will be steadily pushed. Railroads are being built in the French Congo, and also from St. Louis, in Senegal, eastward.

The West African colonies are unhealthy. Dahomey is hot and malarious, and the French Congo is noted for its fevers. The French can never develop the country except by native labor. They understand this, and are acting accordingly. They have set out plantations in Dahomey some distance back from the coast, and are raising cotton there for shipment to France. The cotton is better than the American, and I am told that it brings a higher price in Europe. Cotton fields have been laid out in the French Congo and elsewhere. The labor is cheap, costing not more than 10 or 20 cents a day. In some of the colonies the people are very industrious.

Education goes on apace. There are missionaries in nearly all the colonies and mission schools, as well as government schools. In the Congo colony alone fifty-six schools have been established, and a proportionate number in Dahomey and on the Ivory coast. All these colonies trade chiefly with Europe. They buy bright-colored calicoes, beads, knives and notions, trading ivory, rubber, palm seeds and palm oil for them. So far the only thing they get from America is our leaf tobacco, which is sent there in hogsheads, being first shipped to Liverpool. The freight rate from Liverpool to Dahomey is about three-fourths of a cent a pound.

### The French in Madagascar.

The French have materially changed the conditions in Madagascar. They have claimed to own that island for hundreds of years, but it is only seven or eight years ago that it was formally declared a French colony. The Queen was then deposed and carried to the French island of Reunion, whence she was afterward taken to Algiers.

Madagascar is the fourth largest island in the world. It has more land than France, and its population is two and one-half millions. About one-third of the natives are Hovas, a most intelligent people, who until the French came were the controlling element of the island. In addition to them are the Sakalavas on the west coast, and other tribes on the east, north and south. In the coast towns there are many Arab traders and also many negroes from Africa, who were brought in as slaves.

The Island of Madagascar consists of a high plateau with a fringe of unhealthy forest around the edges. Its chief port is Tamatave, on the east coast, and the capital is Tananarivo, in the heart of the plateau. The French are building a railroad from one to the other. It will be over a hundred miles long, and thirty-five miles have already been built.

Tananarivo stands on a ridge five hundred feet high in the center of a rich farming country. It has comfortable two-story houses, and the Hovas, who form its chief population, have many people of wealth. The public buildings of the Queen are now used by the French officials, who are introducing modern improvements of all kinds. They have improved the ports, have instituted schools and colleges, and are doing much to better the country.

### Some French Islands.

France has a big-sized island empire. Madagascar alone is as long as from New York to Chicago, and as wide as from Washington City to Boston. Just east of it is Reunion, an island not quite as big as Rhode Island, which also belongs to France. It is noted for its plantations of coffee, vanilla and spices. Northwest of Madagascar are the Comoro Islands and the Island of Mayotte, all very rich in sugar, vanilla and coffee, and in the West Indies are a number of islands equally valuable. The chief of the West Indian Islands are Guadeloupe and Martinique. The French also own the state of French Guiana, on the coast of South America below them.

France has also islands in the Pacific. East of Australia it owns New Caledonia, which it uses largely as a prison settlement. It has the Wallis Archipelago northeast of the Fijis, the Huon Islands northwest of New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands farther eastward, Futuna and Alaï, south of the Wallis Islands, and the New Hebrides. It also has a large number of islands in the South Seas, and especially the Society Islands, the most important of which is Tahiti, with an area of 600 square miles and population of 10,000 souls.

The French have also small colonies in East India and some very large ones in Farther India, such as Tonkin, Annam, Cochin China and Cambodia, of which I have written in previous letters.

Paris, France.

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### ONE OF THE HORRORS.

"You say you are a victim of the war between Japan and Russia?" said the housekeeper; "why, it hasn't been going long enough—"

"Pardon me, loidy," explained Weary Wraggles, "but you didn't quite understand me. I broke me jaw tryin' to pronounce some of them warships' names."—[Cincinnati Times-Star.

Just think how many industrial schools Mr. Schwab would have been able to build if the shipbuilding deal had gone through as he planned it!—[Colorado Springs Telegraph.

**MANY ADDITIONS TO THE LIST OF  
UNCLE SAM'S GUESTS.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Life in the diplomatic colony at Washington, like that at every other principal capital, is a continual succession of comings and goings. There is no time in the year when adieus are not being said and new comers introduced, but it is in the autumn, when the close of the vacation season causes a resumption of official activities and a reassignment of diplomatic workers, that one may expect to find the greatest number of new faces among Uncle Sam's official guests. This year will prove no exception. To be sure, not so large a proportion of the new arrivals are envoys as has been the case in some former years, but on the other hand the secretaries and attachés who have lately been added to the directories of several of the embassies and legations are men of more exalted rank and greater standing in social and diplomatic circles than the European powers were wont to send to the city on the Potomac ere the biggest republic came to cut so much of a figure in international affairs.

Among the ambassadors the only dignitary entitled to rank, strictly speaking, as a newcomer, will be the new British envoy, with the possibility of the arrival a little later of a new representative of the Czar. However, several of the ambassadorial households which arrived late last season will virtually rank, in so far as society is concerned, as new arrivals. Particularly is this true in the case of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and his American wife, and in a not less degree in that of the ambassador from Germany and the Baroness von Sternberg, the latter also one of Miss Columbia's daughters. In each case the ambassadoress was to occupy from the time of her arrival with the task of redecorating and refurbishing the ambassadorial residence that formal entertaining was deferred until this season.

### Venezuela's Minister.

Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, the new Chinese Minister, ranks as a recently arrived guest, and will, assisted by his sister, who has lately arrived in Washington, this winter enter the lists of official entertainers at the capital, but strictly speaking, the sole newcomer among the envoys is Gen. José Manuel Hernandez, who has just reestablished the legation of Venezuela. Gen. Hernandez, who is the first Venezuelan minister accredited to this country since the recall of Señor Andrade in 1889, will easily rank as the most picturesque figure in the Diplomatic Corps. The hero of 200 battles, wounded in eighteen conflicts, captured more than a score of times, imprisoned and tortured, this wonderful soldier of fortune, this most interesting of South American revolutionists has had a career absolutely without parallel in fiction. The revolutionist turned diplomat, who, having been forgiven by his old enemy, President Castro, now comes to Washington to represent his countrymen at a salary of \$12,000 a year, is about fifty-six years of age. Although absent from home he is yet a power in Venezuelan affairs, which renders him more of a factor than he would be merely as envoy from Venezuela.

As has been said, the majority of the autumn's new recruits in the diplomatic circle at Washington are secretaries and other subordinates, but many of them are men of high rank and exceptional ability. Indeed, in these days when the American capital is being used as a training station or "trying-out" ground for young diplomats—especially if they be in search of wealthy American wives—it is scarcely safe for officialdom to slight any of the lesser lights. Social Washington, at least, does not shut its eyes to the fact that the turn of the wheel of fortune may bring about other meteoric and unexpected promotions, such as those of the late Sir Michael Herbert and Baron von Sternberg.

### Italy's Charge D'Affaires.

Among the newcomers of secondary diplomatic rank, one of the most important is Count Vincenzo Macchi di Cellere, who is likely to have a long term as chargé d'affaires of the Italian embassy, since the ambassador, Signor Mayor les Planches, will remain in Italy for some time in order to arrange for the exhibit of his government at the St. Louis Exposition. Signor des Planches having won during the past two seasons a reputation as the most lavish entertainer in the Diplomatic Corps, was anxious to have as his temporary successor some one who would maintain for his embassy this preeminence, and he chose his old friend Count Cellere, not only because of his social qualifications, but also by reason of the fact that he is wealthy and fully able to make the expenditures necessary to keep pace with the social whirl at Washington.

The Count was born in Rome about thirty-seven years ago, and received his education there. When twenty-three years of age he entered the Foreign Office, serving for some time in a position corresponding to that of Assistant Secretary of State under our government. In 1898 he was appointed first secretary of the Italian Legation in the Argentine capital, and from this post was transferred to Washington. While stationed in Buenos Ayres he met and married Señorita Dolores Cobo, a member of one of the most aristocratic of the old Spanish families. Both the Count and Countess speak English fluently. They are remarkable as contrasting types, the Count being a blonde, while his wife has the dark hair and eyes, olive complexion and rich coloring of the beauties of the Latin-American republics.

Ranking with Count di Cellere as an important addition to the coterie of Uncle Sam's guests is Baron Karl von Glucka, the new counselor and first secretary of the embassy of Austria-Hungary, who is likely to have considerable opportunity to act as *chargé d'affaires* or acting head of the diplomatic establishment to which he

is attached. Baroness von ... woman—the daughter of John K... president—and thus the proportion... in the Diplomatic Corps is preserved... ment of Lady Herbert. Baron Gl... lively at Bucharest, Lisbon, Belgrade... his assignment to his new post at... tal.

**Will Be a Social Favorite.**

American girls who are wont to find the younger members of the Diplomatic list in London will doubtless be all a-flutter at the additions recently made to this list. The most notable is the arrival of Vincent Chambrun, lately appointed to the post of chargé of the French embassy. He has attracted special attention not only from the fact that he is grandson of Gen. Lafayette, but also from his relation to America through the marriage of his brothers with American women. The eldest, the Marquis de Chambrun, is a son-in-law of the United States Ambassador to Vienna, and his second brother, Count Adelbert de Chambrun, in the French army, was married two years ago to Miss Longworth of Cincinnati.

The Viscount, who is tall and blond, is unknown in America, owing to the fact that he of the party of distinguished French visitors to the United States about two years ago unveiling of the statue of Marshal Bugeo in Washington. Another diplomat who is here by strong ties is Count Hoyos, a newly-arrived attaché of the Austro-Hungarian embassy, was born in Washington, when his father was Minister here. He is an officer in one of the best regiments of his country; is an accomplished dancer, and a splendid dancer.

**Dean of the Corps.**

Should Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador, be transferred to another diplomatic post, the honor of ranking as dean of the corps will go to Mexican Ambassador, Señor Aspírez, and he would inevitably become the scene of many entertainments than heretofore. In the diplomatic hospitalities he will this year have a worthy person, the person of Señor Gamboa, the new Ambassador from Brazil. Señor Gamboa, although he has been in the service of our sister republic for about fifteen years, is still a young man, and, speaking English, is a most interesting conversationalist.

The German embassy has a new first person of Baron von dem Busache, who is said to be quite as popular as his predecessors, Count and Countess Quadt. The trained diplomat, having been second secretary of the German embassy in London previous to his assignment. He went to London from Calcutta, his first post. This is his first visit to America. He is thoroughly familiar with our language and at home among English-speaking people. He is the son of Pierre Rogostvensky, second secretary of the Russian embassy, from Washington to Peking, and married from home an American bride, the former first

Among the diplomats who will meet here for the first time this autumn is Mr. F. H. Hall, the new Swiss Minister. The new Swiss mountain republic is a man forty-three years of age, has had more than a dozen years' experience in diplomatic work, having served at Vienna and Bern, is unmarried, and likely to become socially popular.

WALDON P.

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THOMAS EDISON'S NEW MIRACLES

Mr. Edison is not a man given to making promises which do not result in performance. His claim of having at last solved the problem of generating electricity at a trifling cost for consumption is accepted as the announcement of an accomplished fact. And such a fact is little less than a miracle. It means the production, at will, of an almost infinitely widely adaptable power. The electrical genius of Mr. Edison has perfected after years of toil a method of producing power from a so-called fuel of marvelous abundance which will make it possible for the day laborer, like the millionaire, to light his home with electricity, to have some sort of a motor vehicle. For a few days light and power may be produced in quantities to supply the needs of any family. The generator is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can act as engineer. In the inventor's words: "You can wire your house for electric bells, from room to room, or for anything electric, and the batteries in your automobile will generate the power. The cost is so trifling after you are provided with a plant that it is not worth mentioning. It has always been my ambition to bring the use of electricity within the reach of men of moderate means." He warns the public that there is yet much work to be done before the harvest he has sown can be reaped. The invention is perfected, and the problem of electrical generation is definitely solved.—[Harpur]

## SHEEP SHEARING AT RAG GULCH

It takes twenty-five men nearly three weeks to shear the Quinn sheep at Rag Gulch, Kern county. Of the fine French Merinos, with their heavy fleeces, an expert shearer can dispose of sixty a day. They are difficult, and the men are paid three times the ordinary price to shear them. A "cobbler," or sheep wrangler, whose wrinkles run transversely and intersect, is a shearer usually works a while on a "cobbler," and then, exhausted, works on another sheep to rest, and then back three times before he finishes. The average sheep weighs nine or ten pounds; the year's yield is from three to five hundred pounds, and is in a dirty state.—[Sunset Magazine.]



## Where St. Francis Lived.

TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE  
FOUNDER OF A GREAT ORDER.

By a Special Contributor.

ASSISI (Italy) Oct. 22, 1903.—Could the gentle Francis witness the pow-wow that greets the pilgrims at the station of Assisi, he would feel that the good will were a myth, and that medieval legends were the trade-mark of the twentieth century.

Francis was equally dramatic and almost tragic. Being ill-adjusted, the suffering horse could show his agony by a mad dash down hill, a clatter and a rattle of the ancient shay, which stirred the town from centuries of slumber. No such thing had ever been known in old Assisi, and as he came up to the curb every townsman was running, and every dame was hanging from the balcony.

On the eve of the Assumption, far and wide the hills were flamed with fires in honor of the virgin. We went up the long curves, glad that dark night was the flickering lights, which gave a picture of the somber hill and forest. The tower of the hill shot up a changeful glare of torches, like a beacon on the height drawing the eye to that remote mountain village, which the good man has made a pilgrim shrine.

And air, forest and field, statues, frescoes, breathe his name. From being a vague myth, a dream, he becomes a reality. Where so through the centuries have loved and worshiped Francis throws away his questions, and becomes a follower. St. Francis, enrolled by the church, by the poets, becomes the friend of the seeker, the brother of bird and beast. He is the saint to every nook and corner of the hill town. He is the Christ who walked and talked with his disciples, and lived the life of holiness. Doubt is pain, and peace. Ask not what is rational, what is vain delusion. Ask not if he was or deluded. In this obscure mountain nook, where strife and contention, believe it all with a indulgence, for the peace and the pleasure which Trust St. Francis for his winning ways, for his love, and for the purity of his life, even as Francis trusted and loved him, the birds that listened to his sermons, the grasshoppers that sang an accompaniment to his churchly chant, and the wild wolf named to be the village pet. All the comfort of the world. As we trace the scenes of his humble life, the most ardent rationalist finds it hard to say how or how little he really accepts.

Francis is full of fascination. A reckless boy, the son of a comfortable merchant, Francis was capable of every mad caper which youth could conceive. Nothing in those days foreshadowed the ascetic monk, wasted by trials and torn by the scourge. He was the Beau Brummel of his day, a fastidious and elegant dandy, tricked out in costly raiment, and always, never too nice for his extravagant and the careless gaiety of his life certain of the rich prodigal, with the turning of the wheel that marvellously austere monk, who against the dark setting as one of the grandest, the noblest, and the most sublime of the Middle Ages.

Heart and a brave spirit prevailed in the boy. Francis was freely forgiven to one so genial, brimming with good nature, with love for the poor and lowly, and the unfortunates always sharing and giving. Francis could let his past. The proud spirit of the soldier was within him, and he was off to the wars, all eager to die. It was in a campaign against Perugia that he was brought low by sickness and imprisonment. In his sick state, he followed a lord for fame and had hardly passed the gates when he tossed himself to a beggar. Francis, the large-hearted, gentle, was warned to return. There were calls within, and calls from without. Strange and visions, which changed him from gay to the air was full of phantoms, and Christ on the cross gave him a personal message. The poor and the beggar became his sole thought and care. Poverty became his life. Rich raiment was exchanged for ragged, in a beggar's garb, presented with a hat in hand, as a common mendicant church door. Only by humiliating himself could he find the depths of human misery and test his sympathy, this choice exotic, this refined and sophisticated himself to the leper. He entered a house of loathsome malady, to kiss the afflicted with that most dread disease. Was the information more complete?

Francis did find at home. The bourgeois father and son. He had been indulgent and tolerant, but he was intolerant to the penitent. Francis returned in tatters, stoned by the crowd, the father beat, enchained and imprisoned. Francis, the father, and his father was in his wrath and grief.

Francis was the "heir of God." All the enthusiasm of the boy became the exaltation of the monk. Francis, with his prayers, and the words of his exultant triumphs.

Francis was no long-faced Christian, but the delight

of all his followers. A small band of rejoicing brothers gathered about him. A journey to Rome and an audience with the Pope resulted in the foundation of the Franciscan friars, whose range has been the wide, wide world, whose influence has covered the face of the earth. The wild rousé became the mountain monk, founder and father of the order, known by its brown robe and long cord, tied with three huge knots, which typify the three sacred vows of the brotherhood, poverty, chastity, obedience. Does a more fascinating figure appear on history's scroll? Where does one find a character sketch more wonderful? In the eighteenth century the Franciscans numbered 150,000 members, with 9000 convents, and their chief was second only to the Pope.

Much we marvel as we visit the scenes of his life, and hear the legends of his people. Here great Giotto and Cimabue poured out their spirit in old-time pictures of the saint, and we read his history in the fading frescoes of the walls. The old masters loved the story of the austere monk, and delighted to put their very soul into his record. In the crypt, two churches deep, lie his bones. In the ceiling of the lower church are painted in allegory the vows of the order. The walls of the upper church give the life story of the saint, his struggles, visions and miracles.

On the slope of Mt. Subasio is the hermitage of St. Francis, with his rock-hewn bed. Here, in retirement, he met his God, communed with the spirits and saw the angels. Here in the solitude, the crucified Christ impressed His sufferings with mystic meaning upon the body of His humble follower. Most tender and sacred are the thoughts which cluster about this mountain shrine. Long seasons of prayer and fasting were passed here; long periods of exaltation and of ecstasy were experienced. Here winged creatures, droning insects, came at the sound of his voice, and listened spellbound



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

to the sermons of the gentle saint. Author and painter have made real the solemn scenes in the solitary mountain, when the hermit monk lived near to God and nature.

In the valley below the town towers a stately church. Its imposing dome rises high from the lowland, and far away is St. Mary-of-the-Angels, known to the faithful as one of the four pilgrim churches of the world. Yet not for itself and its beauty is it treasured. Here we find a church within a church. The great building shelters the very cradle of the Franciscan order. Under its impressive dome rises a tiny chapel, dating from 1222, when it was built in the thick of the forest. Today it is known as the Portiuncula, or Little Portion. In this "gem of holy poverty" St. Francis founded his order, and to him it was ever the holy of holies.

On Assumption Day hundreds of pilgrims were pouring into the little shrine, for here, it is firmly believed, all prayers of the faithful are answered. Kneeling figures were shaken by emotion. Upturned faces were bathed in tears. Hands that were hardened with toil clasped each other in fervent zeal. Rest, comfort, peace, hope, joy came into the lives of those who were weary with bearing the crosses. The shabby, little shrine was to them the fount in the desert, and they went away refreshed. Wonderful is the spell which the spirit of this humble saint has cast upon the people. Long centuries have holy legends clustered about the spot. No one forgets that here the noble Pisa, mother of Francis, received the answer to her prayers that a son might be born. Legend places his birth in a stable of Assisi, and that night the angels sang hymns of rejoicing in the holy Portiuncula. Later, the founder of the friars formally received the little chapel from the Benedictine abbot, and every year he sent the abbot a basket of fish from the river, and the messenger returned

with a flask of olive oil from the abbot—a pretty interchange of brotherly courtesy.

One feels the force of the words in gilt letters on the threshold, "Hic Locus Sanctus Est." It was at the Portiuncula, the dearest spot on earth, that St. Francis wished to die. All the other infirmaries have been pulled down, but one little cell remains, and story says that "the birds left their nests after sunset at the death of St. Francis to perch on its roof and sing their last farewell to their friend." Here he dictated his will, and here on a bed of ashes his soul went up in triumph, as his voice chanted the One Hundred and Forty-first Psalm. Here are exposed many relics of the loved saint.

But the spot enwrapped in tenderest mystery is that garden of thornless roses which lies beside the sacristy. In the days of St. Francis it was a rough jungle of thorns and briars. One bitter, wintry night the devil tempted Francis that he should lessen his penances, and he went out naked to roll among the thorns and lacerate his flesh. Instantly the briars became lovely, thornless bushes, whose leaves have ever since been blood stained. Ministering spirits wrapped him in a white shroud and led him to the Portiuncula, where he met God and the angels, and received the power to give the holy indulgence.

A young brother with a face of sunshine showed the garden and told the story. "But you don't really believe it all, brother?" "Believe it? Why, I know it. It is the truth. You can come any day in the month of May and see for yourself the garden full of roses and not a thorn." His eyes shone bright and his voice rang true. "Do you find it very hard to keep your vows?" I asked, as the thick knots dangled on the long cord. "I do not find it hard at all. I find it very easy. God is with me," he answered, joyfully.

In a little cupboard which was St. Francis's medicine chest hangs his triple-knotted cord, stained with the blood of the stigmata.

"But, brother, you don't, you really can't believe that the crucified Christ appeared to St. Francis on Mt. Subasio, as a seraph with folded wings, and imprinted the nails on his hands and feet, and the spear in his side?"

"But, lady, we know it. It is true. You can go to Alverna and see for yourself. There is his grotto, and his bed of rock."

"But the rock formation in the mountain does not prove anything about the stigmata," pursued the doubting disciple.

"My gracious, lady! Don't you believe anything? Don't you know there is a God, and He can do what He likes with His own? Scores and hundreds of people saw the prints in St. Francis's body. There is plenty of positive proof. Do you believe that Columbus discovered America? People have told you so. But, good gracious, lady, you were not there; why do you believe anything about it?"

And the brown brother waxed warm with the sublime faith of a little child. No one could doubt his sincerity. Yes, it is better to believe than to doubt. The Franciscan friar had chosen the happier rôle. No wonder that his bright face scattered sunshine. It was a comfort just to see him enjoy his religion. The doubter might feel envious of the friar's peace.

Whether we believe much or little of the visions and ecstasies, the songs of the angels and the print of the nails, one transcendent fact illumines history like a flashlight in the dark. St. Francis was a changed man, a good man and a great; he lived close to his motto, "My God, my all." Grateful is the thought that our Quaker poet, from his quiet corner in Massachusetts, honored the gentle saint of Assisi in his verse. To Whittier is due my first interest in the founder of the Franciscans. To him I owe the pilgrimage to this mountain town of Italy. In memory of two pure souls, spirits gentle and great, lovers of God and man, friends of bird and beast, will be treasured among the most sacred souvenirs of travel, the gift from St. Mary-of-the-Angels; the card, with almost microscopic bits of wood from the shrine of the Portiuncula, where he founded his order of friars, from the pulpit where he preached, from the door of the cell where he died, October 4, 1226, and the thornless branch of blood-stained leaves from the rose garden of St. Francis.

Precious indeed are the memories of wide travel, but seldom is the experience more sacred than in the visit to Assisi, redolent with the story of its saint.

ADAMS FISHER.

### LOST HER WAGER.

"She's a treacherous thing," asserted the girl in blue.

"How is that?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, we fixed it up between us that she was to refuse him if he proposed, and then I made a bet with him that she would."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't."—[Chicago Post.

### WRETCH.

"George, did you ever love any other woman as well as you love me?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; several of them."

"Indeed! Why didn't you marry one of them instead of me?"

"Well, I suppose I'll be asking myself that question, too, some day."—[Chicago Tribune.

### AT OFFICE AND HOME.

Rev. Mr. Goodman: No man, you know, can serve two masters.

Henpeck: O! sometimes a man has to. When he is employed by another man, for instance, and is married.

—[Pittsburgh Gazette.

### THE QUEER SEX.

Parker: Are you fond of traveling?

Kerwin: No, but my wife is. She insists on moving every six or eight weeks."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.



## Photographing Sun Spots.

UNCLE SAM TAKES A PORTRAIT OF OLD SOL EVERY DAY.

COLossal CAMERA, FIFTY FEET LONG, IS USED—THE BOX OF THE BIG APPARATUS IS A HOUSE—INTERVIEW WITH MAN WHO DISCOVERED THIS SEASON'S FIRST SPOTS—BELIEVER THAT THEY ARE PROTUBERANCES RATHER THAN INDENTATIONS—HOW THEIR SIZE IS MEASURED UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7.—Daily, for nearly six years, it has been the wont of Uncle Sam to steal a portrait of Old Sol, and, there being no Joshua in these days to halt the chariot of the god of day, these photographs of his features have had to be taken by the snap-shot process, in spite of the vast chasm of 93,000,000 miles which separates him from us. Receiving—by courtesy of Rear Admiral C. M. Chester, superintendent of our Naval Observatory—a permit to inspect this fascinating work, I yesterday slung my camera across my shoulder and struck out across the new Rock Creek culvert. It was a June morning in November, and Phoebus at my back, burned with a fever which—in my imagination—bespoke some internal seizure taking him out of season. It was a cloudless day, only the blue, Indian summer haze resting on the hills; but altogether favorable above for the feat which I anticipated. I climbed over the western hill to the city of dazzling white, mosque-like, round-domed buildings wherein our national astronomers work, and followed the path beyond where stands, in the open, the colossal camera with which, under Admiral Chester's direction, the daily sun portraits are snatched from the heavens.

### The Mammoth Camera.

This great camera is about fifty feet long over all. Its lens stands isolated upon a pier of masonry to the north. Its bellows is a narrow, inverted trough—really a shed with peaked, shingled roof—about thirty-eight feet long. Its box is a house wherein men might live with comfort. An unwieldy snap-shot apparatus for you or me to lift and aim aloft, to be sure! And, if stationary, why is it directed toward the low, northern sky whither Old Sol has never been known to stray?

I knocked at a little white door, and a man stepped out of the big camera box. I asked him this question, and many others, as you shall directly see, for he was the man who for these six years back had taken the daily portraits of the sun. I had been directed to George I. Peters, one of the Naval Observatory's scientific staff, and this was he, a most careful, methodical genius, as discovered. A white box with a little peaked roof—a box which might have been mistaken for a bee hive by you or me—was lifted by Mr. Peters from the pedestal

of masonry at the north end of the long apparatus. Thus was disclosed a metallic plate on which rested two large disks of glass. That nearest the long shed leading into the little house was mounted in a vertical frame and looked directly through the dark shadows within the shed. This was the lens of the big camera. It has a diameter of five inches and will focus its image at a point thirty-nine feet distant. On the same metallic plate, but north of the lens and mounted on a slanting pivot, is a mirror which gathers the sun's image from the southern sky and projects it back, southward, through the lens. But to look at this round piece of glass you would not suspect that it was a reflector. Placing your eye near to it you could see through it. It is transparent and unsilvered. And just as a piece of ordinary plate glass will reflect the sun's rays, so will this unsilvered mirror. But it casts a double reflection—one from the front and the other from the back surface. If the two faces be parallel, the reflections will overlap. But the surfaces of this carefully-made mirror are sufficiently at an angle, one to the other, to throw one reflection of the sun eighteen inches above the other. The lower and more perfect—that from the outer face of the glass—is directed into the big lens, which projects it through the long shed or the tube forming the bellows, so to speak, of the apparatus.

### Sun's Candle Power.

But why is this mirror not silvered? To understand this, you must realize for a moment the tremendous luminosity of the sun. To reproduce its light artificially you would have to travel 93,000,000 miles away from earth and there arrange in the sky a cluster of one and one-half octillions (fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions) of sperm candles, weighing one-sixth of a pound each, and burning 120 grains per hour. Such a tremendous light would burn a hole into the film of the fastest photographic plate known, in the least possible fraction of a second for operating a camera shutter. By leaving the silver off the surface of the reflector, the luminosity of the sun is reduced to one-twentieth of what it would be were the looking-glass surface allowed to remain.

The box of the big camera is divided into several rooms, the box proper being an ample dark room, such as photographers employ to develop ordinary photographs. In the north wall of this apartment is a window opening into the long shed which we call the "bellows," and covered by a big camera shutter, behind which stands a skeleton plate-holder, mounted upon a pedestal of iron, which itself rests upon a pier of masonry extending into the earth. The lens outside being stationed upon one pier and the photographic plate in the holder resting upon another, jars and vibrations of men moving near are thus avoided. The dark room being tightly closed, the sensitive plate being put in the holder with its face toward the shutter, and the image of the sun being projected by the mirror through the shingled camera "bellows" and against the closed shut-

ter, all that now remains to be done is to open the shutter and allow the image to impinge

### Taking the Picture.

I was now to witness the actual taking of the sun's image, this explanation of the process having first been given to me in the technical language of the astronomers' employ. At 11:30 a. m. Mr. G. F. Culon, an assistant, uncovered the mirror, while Mr. Peters stationed himself at the lens and adjusted the plate in its holder. By turning at a wheel the assistant reduced the distance of the lens so that its image exactly covered a target painted upon the outside of the shed. I could see by glancing through the lens inside the shed. Dr. Culon then produced a dark red glass in a metal frame, which he squinted at the sun to assure himself that no rifts of cloud might be trespassing in the sun's image. Satisfying himself on this point, he opened the speaking tube the reading of a thermometer near the lens. "Sixty-nine!" said Mr. Peters. "Sixty-nine!" came Mr. Peters's voice through the tube. This was essential to the sharpness of the image, as much as changes of temperature alter the refractive index of the lens and mirror and change the focus. Mr. Peters was holding in his hand a small wheel which moved the plateholder either nearer to the lens. To adapt its distance to the exact reading was a matter of great delicacy, not of very vigorous turning at the screw. The coldest day in winter and the hottest in summer the focal length of the lens is altered nearly an inch. "All right?" came the voice from the tube. "All right!" answered the voice of the assistant. "Snap!" replied the shutter.

And Old Sol's portrait was taken.

### The Spots Discovered.

Ten minutes later the specialist emerged from the dark room holding up against the window a plate 7x7 inches square, transparent at the edges, with a round, black spot 4.3 inches in diameter.





the upper half of the big black spot were transparent blotches, ragged at the edges.

"I got them all right," said Mr. Peters, with a flourish. "I asked."

"The plate was dried he cut the date of the exposure on the transparent edge with a diamond, and in a pigeonhole. In the same case reposed plates, all filed away with their diamond-cut

photography, begun in January, 1888, had been carried on at the Naval Observatory until some years ago, when the vanguard of the sun spot study, which has since excited the scientific world, was registered upon Mr. Peters's negatives. It was first announced on this side of the water that these great blotches on the sun's surface, which the Naval Observatory is the only institution in the world which keeps a photographic diary of the sun, its photo-heliograph—for such is the name of the great camera described—is the instrument of the kind now being daily used in

the Spots.

These great spots each day is, of course, a different one. It being known what fraction of the sun's diameter is represented by the diameter of the small photographic image, a scale applied with a microscope to any mottled negative will approximate the dimensions of the spots if a scale is applied. The largest spot yet photographed by the photo-heliograph was conspicuous on October 5. It was about 172,000 miles long by about 50,000 wide. A great cross formed by twenty-one spots, side by side, horizontally and seven earths, top of the other, vertically, could enter the spot, presuming it to be a cavity. But are there cavities, as many astronomers opine?

The spot, photographed on October 5, and then on October 10, or edge, appears on the negative as a depression rather than a depression," said Mr. Peters. "There appears to be a slight elevation both in the center and in the penumbra, and in the penumbra fringe surrounding. Prof. Hale of the Naval Observatory seems to think, as a result of his work, that the umbra and penumbra are in the neighborhood of the spots there are some where the solar matter is projected and somewhat cooled by expansion and radiation back into the sun again, in the form of light. This matter is seen as a darkened area, like a spot on a sea of fire.

Attention to ultimately measure up and publish conditions as well as the areas of the spots. Examination of the negatives, thus far, has shown spots appear almost always on those of the sun's face which correspond with our equator and center. There can generally be no doubt that the spots drift from the nearest pole, but never

photo-heliograph work will have covered the sun. According to our observations the period of least spots, was in 1900, and we expect the maximum ought to be due about 1904 or 1905. The average cycle is about 11 years. There is less time between the minimum and maximum than between the maximum and minimum. Closely following the maximum there often appears to be a secondary maximum.

The sun, is a star—the one to which we are endeavoring to study its surface in detail. Hence, it is not possible to study the sun in order that conditions may be understood; also because it is so hot, heat and the many other forms of energy are dependent. The sun, of course, is a source of heat, which it gives forth by radiation. It must necessarily contract, and the contraction balances the amount of heat that its temperature is maintained nearly constant for long periods of time. It is figured that the sun's diameter is about one foot a day. It is better at the time of the sun spot maximum would seem to be an increase of the temperature on earth, and a consequent increase in rainfall."

Some sayings.

There is a purely scientific interest in such phenomena. The Naval Observatory has a special interest in them, as some solar physicists now claim that the prevalence of these phenomena has some connection with the magnetic needle—which directs us in our way—are felt. The largest group of disturbances within the present cycle appeared on October 17. Inquiry at the Naval Observatory divulged that its standard heliograph at Cheltenham, Md., noted a general disturbance, setting in about September 17, and continuing to the present writing. Between the time of October an unusually great disturbance of this was at its height on the 12th, when the sun was very bright in the northern sky. On October 17, another large sun spot was just coming out, another remarkable magnetic disturbance was observed at Cheltenham observatory.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.  
Cheltenham, Md., by John Elfreth Watkins, Jr.)

There is nothing more delightful than the love of a man is in love with you.

I don't know. What's the matter with the two or three men are in love with you?

My love.

## Life in the Himalayas.

DELICIOUS AIR, BEAUTIFUL VIEWS  
AND SCANDAL-LOVING SOCIETY.

From a Special Correspondent.

**D**ALHOUSIE (India) Oct. 5, 1903.—Living 8000 feet up in the Himalayas has so far to us held no drawbacks, for the air is deliciously exhilarating and full of the fragrance of the pines, the views are unequalled, and our friends have proved perfectly willing to come up the three miles from Dalhousie, either by dandy or on horseback to see us. Our supplies have not been difficult to get, as the "chota bazaar," as they call the small bazaar on the hillside, contains always fresh fruit, apples, very bad peaches, and pears, and vegetables—beans, corn, potatoes, squash and a sort of vegetable marrow, native turnips, okra and onions. The sweeper brings us really fresh eggs at 3 cents each, an appalling price after Kashmir, where they were 4 cents a dozen. He also provides fowls; milk we get from the usurping cows and buffaloes in our godowns, and charcoal, which we use entirely for cooking purposes, is all made on the mountains about us, and brought down by coolies, who carry it in huge, picturesque baskets, broad at the top and narrowing down to a point. These baskets are borne on the back. When our supply is running low, the cook is sent down the winding path through the deodars to the main road, where he waits until a charcoal coolie appears, and brings him up with his load. We get a manna and a quarter (100 pounds) every ten or twelve days, for 33 cents. Never having priced charcoal in any other land, I cannot tell whether it is a low or a high rate for it. A week or two ago the bearer-cook came to us with a very long face and told us that the charcoal was nearly all gone, and that it was impossible to get any, as there was a wedding among the charcoal burners on the mountains, and none would be brought down for four days. We were at a loss to know what to do, but finally sent a coolie down the three miles and had him bring us some from the big bazaar, where they had a stock in store, apparently.

### Nevel Mail Transportation.

The mail is all brought up every day as far as Doneira, twenty-eight miles from the railway, by tonga, and from there by coolies with bells on their ankles, who run up the mountain road for four miles at a dog trot. These toss the mail bags to other coolies, and so on for the remaining twenty-two miles to Dalhousie. It is interesting experience to wait at the postoffice at 12 o'clock in the morning for the mail. One first hears a faint tinkle, and a thud, thud of bare feet far away in the distance, which grows rapidly louder, and finally two coolies, clad only in loin cloth, dirty waistcoat, turban and necklace, come running in abreast, their bells jingling, their feet pounding loudly, and their faces shining with the exercise. They unstrap the bags from their backs instantly, tossing them down on the floor of the postoffice veranda, and make way at once for the next two. The four-mile run uphill does not seem to hurt them at all, for they are the most cheerful looking of all the coolies of the bazaar. The mail carriers, natives in red coats, with wide leather belts, deliver the letters twice a day, even on our hilltop.

### Buffalo Milk.

When we first came to our bungalow we found that we must use buffalo milk if we wished to make our own butter, to which we had strong objections, but finally we decided to try it, and found that it made perfectly white and tasteless butter. After making it for a week or two, we concluded that it looked too much like lard, and we could stand it no longer, so we now send down to the cantonments, fully four miles, once a week to the military dairy, where we pay a rupee a pound and get really good butter.

The women who take care of the cows and buffaloes are a picturesque feature of the place. They are rather fair, with silky, curling hair, and fine, big figures. Their costumes might have been originally any known color, but are now washed (or left unwashed) to a dull, dirty gray. They wear cotton skirts, pleated in front, a sort of long, sleeveless waistcoat, and the dirty chudda over their hair; and they have pounds of silver jewelry hung about them, toe rings, anklets, bangles, twenty or thirty of them—a little silver button in the side of one nostril, huge earrings, hung from the top of the ear, with big filigree balls dangling from them, and five or six necklaces of silver beads, or red and green beads made of nuts and berries, strung on greasy silk cords, with large square pieces of silver beaten and embossed in sometimes very good designs, used as charms against the demons.

We bought a very pretty necklace the other day from the neck of a very pretty young woman, a string of small, square, silver beads, with three thin, silver charms, also square, roughly but prettily enameled, hanging from it. One of them represented a hideous god, with six arms and six legs, rather like a large spider, and another had for its simple design the soles of two feet done in green enamel. Their greens are almost invariably good, but their blues and yellows are crude and hideous.

### Curious Roadside Scenes.

The scenes along the main road down the hillside to Dalhousie are certainly very different from those one sees in the western part of the world, and never fail to interest us. It is quite a usual thing to see a mother with her child's head in her lap, elaborately removing obnoxious insects, while the child now and again takes large bites from a huge cucumber. Indeed, all the natives make at least one meal from these big, green, murderous-looking fruit, or if not these, they will be seen eating unripe pears or apples, with a peaceful expression of countenance. Then here and there along

the bank will be groups of coolies squatted on the ground, playing a game for money, their huge baskets still on their backs; sometimes in the middle of the steepest part of the hill the bheestie, or water carrier, with his goatskin swelled out with water, will have stopped to allow some of it to trickle down the throat of a thirsty coolie, who stands with his mouth open under the mouth of the skin; now and again a very gaudily dressed old woman will be seen squatted in the dust or mud, telling the fortune of some young person who is quite surrounded by charcoal or fruit coolies, or any other one of the genus who is fortunate enough to be passing by at that interesting moment. Then one hears the cry of "G-e-e-e-e," and ten or fifteen young buffaloes come awkwardly swinging around a sharp turn of the road, guided by a much-unclad native, the old fortune teller and her circle flee to a protecting corner. Or shouts of "Khabadar, khabadar" (take care, take care,) come from four dandy coolies, all in a livery of white cotton knee breeches and tunics, with scarlet sashes and turbans. They swing around the corner with their white dandy, in which is a pretty young mem-sahib, all in white, with a rose-lined parasol; or a tall young sahib appears on his stout little hill pony, the sails plodding along behind. They are all interesting scenes, which one grows to love (or sometimes to hate,) and all scenes of the East.

### Military Society Predominates.

The society of Dalhousie is for the most part military, the general commanding being Gen. Walter Kitchener, the well-known brother of the commander-in-chief. He is a great favorite in all quarters, a big man, though under six feet, with a delightfully sunny face and a boyish smile. He is deaf, unfortunately, but it does not seem to interfere with his career. His big house, Elgin Hall, is presided over by Miss Fenton, the sister of his wife, who died several years ago, and is made very lively by three little girls, to whom he is devoted. Then there are colonels galore, captains and military surgeons and chaplains; and at one time during the summer there is an influx of young officers who come up for garrison class, and invade the valleys and swarm about the hill-tops. There is the Chumba Club, where the band plays every Saturday and sometimes during the week, and in which a fairly good library is found. One subscribes ten rupees (\$3.33) for the season, and can take out any number of books, or twenty rupees, which entitles one to the use of the tennis courts and the privilege of attending all the amusements of the season. It is the great meeting place, and one must not by any chance miss a Saturday afternoon there.

Lunches, dinners and teas are given as in every other place, and Dalhousie is said to be a very gay little town, as well as to have the unenviable reputation of being the most thorough-paced little den for scandal in the whole of India, which is saying a good deal. It has seemed to us, the little we have seen of Anglo-Indian society, that people are far more interested in their neighbor's affairs, and far more willing to believe evil of them than in any other part of the world. Why, it is hard to tell, for there are no "old maids," plenty of men for all ages of women; the life is easy, and one has more servants than in any other country. Then why should there be a continuous stream of gossip and scandal? On arriving at a station one must immediately make out a list of people to be called upon, and then between 11 and 3 o'clock of every day sally forth in one's very best until the calls are finished. One is, I must confess, apt to be received, letters or no letters, with a cold stare, and many critical glances, and knows that one is to be discussed, picked to pieces and surmised upon all the rest of the day and week. However, we are told that it has to be endured, and that if an unwary person who has come to the hills for rest and quiet, simply calls on no one, the unfortunate being will not have a shred of reputation left by the end of the month.

### "Outside" Girls Not Wanted.

Of course we have found many exceptions to all this, and have received much kindness, though we consider that the much-vaunted hospitality of India is greatly overrated. We were told by a very sweet and amiable young girl, who had come out to visit a married cousin, that no outside girl had the ghost of a chance of any good times, for if she were at all attractive she was avoided by the young married women, and snubbed by the girls, and she, poor little girl, ended up by a tearful declaration that never in her life had she had so dreary and unhappy a time as since she came to India. She herself was young, pretty and well bred, of a good and well-known Scotch family, and besides having her married cousin here, had brought good letters. Every one is too busy with his own affairs to bother about any one else. Many have been the invitations we have accepted here, and many those we have given, but both invitations and acceptances have been sent with a very doubtful feeling, and rather a dread of the tongues to be encountered.

Nature makes up for much, and when we are winding our lovely moonlit way up our enchanting path through the woods, after an unusually viperish dinner party, we try to calm down our perturbed minds by remembering that we are in the beautiful Himalayas. "Khabadar," calls out the head dandy coolie, and "Khabadar" answers the other three in a lovely minor tone, and we swing around the last curve in our path, a night bird whistles in a rhododendron tree near by, and then we come out on our little plateau and gaze down and off thousands of feet to where the great plains lie bathed in moonlight, and the four big rivers seem like curving silver threads, and we are content.

MARGARET STERLING.

"To whom do you attribute the curative powers of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."—[Tit-Bits.]



## Head Hunters of Luzon.

FACTS ABOUT THEM FROM ONE WHO HAS LIVED AMONG THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

I AM going to tell you something of the head hunters. Not all—a volume would not suffice for that—but sufficient to give you a clear comprehension of the frequently recurring telegrams from Manila that announce conflicts between the constabulary and head hunters. To the Spaniards the mountain fastnesses and dark forests occupied by these people were comparatively unknown, and ignorance conjured up gruesome tales of mysterious happenings there. Travelers were discouraged from penetrating the precincts of this unknown land, and hence little was known and less written of what really existed. Since the American occupation I have traversed all parts of this strange and beautiful section, and from its people learned most of that which I shall now write of the head hunters of Luzon.

To write intelligently of these people it is necessary first to devote a few words to the various tribes that inhabit Luzon. The best authorities agree that the Negritos are the primitive race of the island. With the lapse of centuries these little people, the tallest of whom rarely attain a height of four and a half feet, have been driven back to the mountains and into the almost impenetrable depths of the forests. They are the lowest order of the human family, dispense with clothing, have no fixed place of abode, roam in droves through the deep woodland, and subsist on herbs and such game as they can take. For taking game they use bows and arrows, the latter poisoned with the juice of a tree prepared in ac-

clized tribes, but this will be devoted to the savage Igorrotes and Tinguanes.

Bowring confounds the Negritos with the Aetas, and expresses the opinion that they were the first invaders and destroyed the primitive inhabitants. His opinion is scarcely worth considering, however, as it was evidently based on unreliable hearsay. De Mas and De la Gironiere, the latter of whom lived for twenty years (1820 to 1840) among the Indians of Luzon, are certain that the Igorrotes drove back the Negritos. In this opinion I coincide, for reasons too numerous to be given here, but it may be said in passing that the Igorrotes are to be found in all mountainous parts of the island, and their folklore hints of the coming of the Tagals and other invaders.

The Igorrotes came from the Malay archipelago, and are of the same descent as the Kyans of the Baram district of Sarawak in Borneo. Their ethnological characteristics are the same; complexion dark, copper tinge, flat noses, high cheek bones, broad shoulders, and limbs indicating great strength, hair long, black and straight. It is from the same source as the Kyans that they acquired the custom of head hunting. Like the Kyans, they believe in the immortality of the soul, and while they do not worship a superior being, they are constantly occupied in placating evil spirits that occupy the air. To them nothing really dies—it changes from one thing to another. In this belief they cannot be shaken, and they regard with pity any one who doubts it.

### Origin of the Practice of Beheading.

Among the Igorrotes is recited a legend very similar to that of Tokong, rajah of the Sibops, and father of all the Kyans. It is to the effect that Tokong was ruling his people happily, but had much trouble placating the evil spirits. At that time they took only the scalps of their enemies slain in battle, using the hair for decorating their weapons. Once Tokong was on the way

and the women a garment to the knee.

### Heads Essential to Matrimony.

The boys are accustomed from early childhood to fatigue, and to bravely meet their enemies. They are also taught that they must not marry until they have brought home the head of an enemy (in early springtime, when the tree is in flower, a species of acacia, reddish in its fiery blossoms that the annual rain washes off, though those unsuccessful may wait all the months of the year. The head of a white people, and seldom of a native tribe—confining their forays to their own tribe. Between the various families exists a hereditary feud, and in the credit accounts of heads are kept, mutual interest, these differences are adjusted, and a number of rancherias are plundered, and in large force attack the lowlands, but these truces endure for a short time.

Annually, when the bloom begins to fall, the young men go forth for the season of love making as well as for the season of war. Soon they will go forth as conquerors and heroes in the eyes of the women with whom they have kept loving trysts. The mountains are red with bloom the hunting parties, sitting softly as they hunt for heads. Sometimes a force attacks a neighboring family, it is a fight to extermination, and to the only the heads, but all of the plunder.

The return of a victorious party, the signal for a grand feast. First the captured heads are paraded in procession throughout the village, the heads are buried in the ceremonial. Congratulations are showered, and the fronts of all houses are decorated with skulls. The feast continues from day to day, the flesh upon the heads has decayed, the humed and the skulls entirely cleaned, then raised on poles in front of the captors. Should the owner be remains outside until he takes a wife, inside and given a place of honor. The badge of honor and home of the family.

### Faith in Skulls.

These people are devoutly sincere in their belief in the power of the skulls. In former times a chief who gave me most of my information to impress upon him that the custom was of the heads had no power to do good. The six skulls ranged in a row, and the smoke of incense was slowly curling, the tone of devout sincerity: "Sir, it cannot be that I have had in life. I would not part with all of the cattle and rice in the low country."

The Igorrotes have thus far resisted civilization, and few if any have been civilized. It is true that along the hills and in the Benguet and Bontoc-Lepanto many have been civilized as to work, and are utilized as carriers of freight and builders of roads. Some are present employed in the construction of the present highway from Dagupan to the mountains of Benguet. But further back in the mountains, the nature as they did five hundred years ago.

The Spaniards made several ineffectual attempts to collect taxes from the Igorrotes, but they never had sufficient force to occupy the country they overran. Gov.-Gen. Araya period from 1754 to 1759, waged war on the course of which he laid waste their rancherias, but the Indians went to the mountains, and continued their life. They were not again seriously molested. Gov.-Gen. Primo de Rivera went against large force. His expedition, which was a great pomp, was a miserable failure, a greater part of his men from hunger, and accomplished nothing.

From the earliest days of the Spanish friars of the Roman Catholic church in Luzon Christianize the Igorrotes, but their efforts in vain. The Spanish government and went so far as to establish a model village populated with Igorrotes, to whom were promised for one year. The Indians remained so long as the subsidy lasted, but when it ceased to come they returned to their old life. The answer given by one of their chiefs for the reason his people would not submit was, "No colored man ever became a saint." Their simple minds could not see the greatest vices and the greatest evil hand in hand, as was the case in the church and state.

The Igorrotes have held aloof from the troubles of the civilized natives. It is recent rebellion agents of the Aguinaldo sought to array them against the Americans, success at first, for several companies were organized; but later these became American troops, and rendered good service as guides and bearers of supplies, etc., for American troops against the mountains after Tagal insurgents.

The government in the Philippines the Igorrotes in a number of ways; they Philippine constabulary and troops.



TINGUANE HEAD HUNTERS.

cordance with a formula known only to themselves. A wound from one of these arrows is immediately fatal, the effect being similar to strychnia poisoning. Their dialect consists of only a few words. They run softly, with the speed of a deer, and climb trees with great agility, placing the soles of the feet against the tree, they ascend by leaps and bounds, as does the monkey. In appearance the Negrito resembles the African negro; color black, hair thick and kinky, nose flat, lips thick and prominent. Though occasionally one is to be found in the settlements on the coast, the Spaniards found it impossible to civilize them.

### Original Invaders.

Many centuries ago the invaders came to the island, but when or who were the first is unknown, but it is told among the Tagals, the now dominant race, that for a long time their ancestors paid tribute to the Negritos, or, failing, the little people would in overwhelming numbers attack the rebellious village, and after killing the inhabitants with poisoned arrows, carry off all portable property. In the course of time the tribes of larger men, many of whom came from the Malay archipelago, overran the island and drove the little people back to those parts that were safe because of their inaccessibility. The invaders consisted of those now known as the Christian tribes, the Tagals, the Ilocanos, the Pampangas, the Macabebes and the more or less savage tribes of Igorrotes, Gaddanes, Itavis and Tinguanes. The Igorrotes and Tinguanes are the head hunters. The Gaddanes, the most savage tribe in the island, take only scalps.

At this time the Christian tribes occupy only the coasts and broad valleys. The mountains are either uninhabited or given over to the savage tribes of Igorrotes, Tinguanes, Gaddanes and Negritos. The Tagals are by far the most numerous of the Christian tribes. They predominate in the city of Manila, and the provinces of Rizal, Laguna, Tayabas, the Camarines, Batangas, Cavite, Baatan, Bulacan, Union, Isabella, Nueva Ecija, Tarlac, Principe, and are to be found in greater or less numbers in all of the other provinces. The Ilocanos inhabit Ilocos Norte, Ilocos Sur, and parts of several other provinces, among them Union, Cagayan and Isabella. The Macabebes, hereditary enemies of the Tagals, occupy the fertile valleys of Pampanga. In a future paper I shall describe the characteristics of these civil-

down the river with his warriors to punish some house thieves who had stolen his harvest of rice. They camped on the bank of the river, and while resting there were accosted by Kop, the frog, who told Tokong that he (Tokong) did not know how to placate the evil spirits, or preserve the trophies of battle. Instead of saving a little skin and hair, he should save the whole head; then the soul of his enemy would be his slave and good spirit as long as the head was kept, as the head was the home of the spirit. To illustrate, he drew his parang and cut off the head of one of his attendants. Tokong was not convinced, but many of his old men were, and argued the matter as they went along. Finally Tokong, not desirous of crossing the elders, agreed to take a few heads. Soon afterward they arrived at the house of the thieves, and set it on fire. The smoke and flame drove out the inmates, and all were killed. Tokong saved three heads, which they carried back with them. When they arrived at the river they found that their boats had already been launched and were ready for departure. All through the journey to their home difficulties were removed as by unseen hands. The three heads were given a place of honor in the house, and because of them many difficulties and troubles departed. Since that time the Kyans have always been prosperous and happy because they have brought home the heads of their enemies slain in battle. While the legend of the origin of beheading given me by an old Igorrote is not so clear as the above, there is such a strong similarity as to convince me that hundreds of years ago they were the same.

The government of the Igorrotes is patriarchal. They live in rancherias of from fifty to one hundred inhabitants, and are governed by a chief and the old men. They have no tribal relations; and regard all outside their rancheria as enemies. Their houses are rudely constructed of bamboo and thatched with leaves of the nipa palm. They are monogynists, and are affectionate to their children. They subsist on roots and herbs, the fruits of the chase, the product of small fields of rice and camotes (sweet potatoes), and such plunder as they can pillage from their neighbors. Among them dogs are considered a great delicacy, and many of these animals are raised for food. Their weapons are primitive, and consist of bow and arrow, spears and knives and bolos of various sizes and shapes. For clothing the men wear only a band of narrow cloth about the loins,



in large order, schools have been established in the place, and work is being provided in the form of roads. They will be forced to live honestly and become self-sustaining.

occupy a portion of the province of the valleys that extend into the territory of the Gaddanes in Locos Norte and Cagayan. In 1825 a Frenchman, entered their territory, followed the course of the Abra River. After a toilsome journey of many days he and his servant at last reached the inhabitants of which astonished him in many ways. Because of their light complexions, tall, slender, and comely features, he decided that they were of Japanese origin, and that their ancestors were shipwrecked on the coast, withdrew to this region where they could better protect themselves. He was deeply struck by the beauty of the women. The country consisted of seventeen villages, all of which were constantly at war with the Gaddanes (or Guinanes.) The houses were built in a tree sixty or eighty feet from the ground. In the tree houses were quantities of large jars. The houses were built upon their enemies, the Gaddanes, in case of night attack. These people cultivated various sorts, including rice, potatoes and

There was probably the only white man who participated in a head feast of the Tinguanes. He was well received by the inhabitants of the province of the presents that he brought, and was given the special protection of the chief. A few days after his arrival word was received from one of the villages some distance away that a battle had been fought between the Gaddanes, a great victory gained, and a number of heads taken. At once all of the inhabitants of the village at which the traveler was visiting proceeded to the village to join in the celebration. Arriving there, he found great excitement, and all of the warriors were dancing to the music of tom-toms. Soon afterwards the warriors seated themselves in a circle, and several of the heads were brought and cast into the center. The warriors then entered the ring, and with their hatchets they began to throw the heads, saving the brains in vessels of woven grass. To the brains was added a quantity of beer, an intoxicating drink made from the sugar cane. This mixture the maidens mashed with their hands, and passed around to the warriors, the latter taking a sip. After this horrible feast the heads of the skulls were broken into small bits and distributed as souvenirs. It was explained to the traveler that this was done to show contempt to the enemies.

time immemorial war has been incessant between the Tinguanes and the mountain dwelling Gaddanes. They are armed alike with spear and hatchet, and use the same tactics in fighting, honors are easy to come by. Generally they go in small parties, seeking out the enemy, but occasionally a pitched battle is fought. When a great battle is expected, both sides are covered with great secrecy, each seeking to surprise the other. The surprised war party is usually killed by the shouts and other noise made by the ambush that it takes to flight. Nothing is to be done but to slaughter as many as possible, and save the heads, or scalps, as they may be. The Spanish name for these people is "Gaddanes" (head cutters.)

The Tinguanes have no particular religion. The chief deity is a new divinity each day if he so desires. If a man or woman is killed, or a tree that he fancies is cut down, he declares it a divinity. A house is built over it, and all the hogs and other animals are brought out for the fiesta of the new divinity. The hogs are roasted and eaten, the god getting the smell of the roasting meat. The festival ends when the food supply is exhausted. These people are polygamists, and divorce is unknown among

At Gironiere's time many of the Tinguanes had moved down into the lower country and become Christians, but a large number remain in their old fastnesses, continually at war with their old enemies, and perpetuate the ancient custom of head-

(Bajah) Brooke, with the assistance of Dr. H. H. Brooke, has by kind treatment and firm persuasion succeeded in head hunting in nearly all of the British colonies in North Borneo. It is therefore reasonable to expect that Gov. Wright and Dr. Barrows, who has the Bureau of Non-Christian tribes in the Philippines, will accomplish the same result.

an occupation has dispelled the darkness that had enveloped the mountains and forests of northern Luzon. The Igorlita has become a known land, and the wild savages of the Spanish imagination are now known to be a misguided but reasonably docile people, capable of just and forceful management. The gloom that had shrouded the vast forests has disappeared, and the people walk promise, after yielding their wealth to the American energy and intelligence, to the fertile fields and a generous support for the needs of the head hunters of Luzon.

ANDREW VENABLE.

#### A HOPELESS CASE.

"Big little-bodied man like you ought to be asking a stranger for money," said the well-to-

I ought," answered Meandering Mike. "But, naturally too kind-hearted to tap 'im on the back and take it away from him."—[Washington

Do you're going to quit Saturday night, eh? pay you enough?

The salary is all right, but they make me Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Denver's Boy Astronomer.

ASTONISHES VETERAN SCIENTISTS  
BY DISCOVERY OF SUN SPOTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

DENVER (Col.) Nov. 9.—Fifteen-year-old Hubert Howe, who is undoubtedly the youngest practical astronomer in the world, recently astounded the veterans of the science by announcing the discovery of a new group of sun spots.

Young Howe's discovery was not the result of accident. For several months he has been taking regular observations at the observatory of Denver University, in which institution his father is professor of astronomy. On October 26, at noon, young Howe found the new sun spot group just creeping around the eastern edge of the sun.

Accompanying it was a brilliant display of faculae in the surrounding region. The main spot was quite peculiar in appearance, having one immense bridge of light



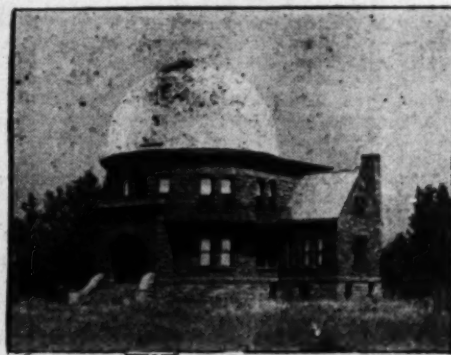
HUBERT HOWE, THE ASTRONOMER.

reaching from the outer edge of the spot clear across the very wide shaded region called the penumbra, to the central dark region known by astronomers as the umbra.

In the penumbra were some small dark spots which might develop into fully fledged sun spots. Later in the afternoon a good deal of development had taken place.

Young Howe thinks the new group of sun spots must have come into view around the edge of the sun two or three days before he made his discovery. He thinks the disturbed area is about as large as the spotted region which came under observation at Washington October 14, the news of which was telegraphed broadcast throughout the world. The Washington group was observed for several days with the large telescope at University Park by young Mr. Howe. On October 14, the day of discovery, these spots suffered marked changes in form. On the morning of that date one of them was crossed by several very brilliant irregular bridges, which resembled the branches of some fallen oak. But by noon these bridges had changed a great deal in appearance, and the spots to which they belonged seemed much less diversified in appearance.

On October 15, about 1:30 p. m., the solar storm apparently had lost a great deal of its energy. But the spots



DENVER UNIVERSITY OBSERVATORY.

were still very large and fine. Another fine and exceptionally regular sun spot was seen at a great distance from the chief spots; it had no apparent connection with them.

On October 16, at 1:30 p. m., the big Washington group was quite near the edge of the sun's disc, and was therefore somewhat hard to observe; but two large spots which had formerly been close together, appeared to have coalesced into a curious-looking affair, shaped somewhat like a horseshoe.

On October 19, the last of this fine group had disappeared around the edge of the sun, and young Howe determined to continue his observations till it reappeared. In about two weeks, in case it did not die out. The fine regular spot which followed this group, changed very little in appearance from day to day, except to grow larger, and was last seen on October 24 near the sun's western edge.

On the day following his discovery of the sun spots, young Howe observed the spots had moved in toward the center of the sun a little farther and formed a group having the general appearance of a saucepan. The

young astronomer was able to count nine of these spots, and there were indications that more were forming.

Hubert Howe himself says that his discovery of the spots was not due to any accidental combination of circumstances, but to careful calculation on his part, and a searching examination of the sun's surface three times a day.

"During the week that the spots discovered by the Washington scientists and called the 'Washington group,' were visible," said Master Howe, "I made observations on the spotted area three times a day and became deeply interested in its changes. When it passed across the sun's surface and out of sight on the opposite side of the sun's disc, another small group took its place.

"I observed that for the last time on Saturday, October 24. On Monday morning it was gone. I figured it out that if sun spots which formed on our side of the sun passed across the sun's disc and out of our view on the other side, others might readily be forming on the opposite side and passing into our view as the ones forming on our side of the sun passed out. I made up my mind to watch, and not long after I was rewarded by seeing on the edge of the sun's disc a group of faint dark specks, which I took to be sun spots. I watched them grow and change, and it soon became evident that they formed as large and as important a group as the group discovered by the Washington scientists on October 14. I have not measured them yet, but the largest spot must be approximately five times the diameter of the earth in length, and about once and a half the diameter of the earth in width. That means that the earth could be dropped through this sun spot without touching any of its edges. This gives some idea of the great magnitude of these dark places on the sun.

"Sun spots are great cyclonic disturbances causing rifts in the heated clouds or photosphere surrounding the sun. Where the clouds are torn a great chasm is left. It is this chasm that appears as a spot to observers on the earth. The darkest portion of the spot is called 'the umbra,' from the Latin word meaning 'shadow,' and the lighter portion surrounding, 'the penumbra,' from the Latin word meaning 'about the shadow.'

"The spots gain a maximum every eleven years. That is, about every eleven years they appear in greater size and in greater numbers. Just why this is, astronomers have not yet been able to determine.

"The procession of the sun spots across the sun's surface is due to the fact that the sun rotates on its axis about every twenty-six days. In fact, it was by sun spots that the rotation of the sun on its axis was determined. I knew that if sun spots were forming on this side and passing out of our view on the other side by the rotation of the sun, there was no reason why sun spots were not forming on the other side and passing into our view by the operation of the same principle."

Prof. Howe, father of the young astronomer, in speaking of his son's discovery, said:

"The difference between this incident in the sun's phenomena and those heretofore chronicled rests in the fact that Hubert saw that the penumbra was fairly developed before the nucleus amounted to anything; also he observed that the penumbra was speckled with pores, instead of being mottled, as the text-books show previous discoveries of this character to have been.

"The second thing astounding about the sun at this time is that these spots are so very active, notwithstanding the sun has been quiescent for some years. In 1902 there were 163 days out of 230 when the sun was free from spots. In 1901 there were 212 days out of 269 when no spots were visible. Every eleven years we expect a maximum disturbance of the sun, and since the minimum of spotty days came in 1901 we would not expect a large maximum of spots until 1906, and could scarcely expect so great an activity as is now shown so soon after 1901. But there are monstrous disturbances visible now, and there is no well-grounded reason for these phenomena at this time. We have no idea what causes them. We used to think it was due to the influences of the other planets, but this theory is not now accepted.

"There is no doubt, however, that there is a connection between sun spots and magnetic disturbances on the earth, such as affections of the aurora borealis and a quivering of magnetic needles and other electric appliances. It has been known to be so great as to set fire to telegraphic apparatus through the strong earth currents experienced at such times. The evidence is as much one way as the other as to whether sun spots cause storms on the earth. In some parts of the earth an excess of rainfall has been noted during a sun spot period. Rainfall seems to be greater during a spot maximum in sections, while in other sections of the earth it is less during the same period."

Young Howe, in spite of his contribution to the science of astronomy, does not find his greatest pleasure in work at the telescope. Zoology is his favorite study, and to this he devotes most of his time. His astronomical observations, however, have been carried on with enthusiasm, although it is with difficulty that the youth can be brought to speak of them. He will continue his observations, and says he hopes to devote his life to original research and to add materially to the knowledge of the scientific world. He has made all his discoveries with a six-inch telescope for the reason that the sun is so bright in the clear atmosphere of Denver that it is not good for the large instrument in use at the observatory.

G. W. S.

#### HAD THE MARKS.

The father of a Kensington schoolboy does not feel satisfied with the progress his son is making in the public school which he is attending. The other evening he said to his wife: "Why is it Johnny never brings home any good marks from school?"

"He does," promptly answered the fond mother.

"But I never see them."

"They're not where you can," came the quick reply.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.



## A Land of Delight.

### THE VINEYARDS AND AVENUES OF BEAUTIFUL CUCAMONGA.

By a Special Contributor.

**N**ESTLED at the foot of the Sierra Madres and overshadowed by their imposing grandeur, lies the old and well-settled community of Cucamonga. Located where the old Los Angeles-San Bernardino stage road used to run, the town of Cucamonga had the privilege to provide the stage tavern and passenger depot for the travel between these two cities even as far back as under the old Mexican rule.

One of the striking features of Cucamonga is its exceptionally beautiful thoroughfares. Straight as an arrow, every road, or rather avenue, is lined with a double row of trees, forming one of the most picturesque sidewalks on each side, where the wanderer, on even the hottest of summer days, may enjoy a continuous shade. The outer row of trees is formed by majestic eucalypti, while the inner consists of the Monterey cypress, both of towering heights. A few feet from the ground the latter are trimmed to form a dense, almost impenetrable hedge, which may serve as the safest protection to the adjacent orchards, as well as against the often cold and sweeping winter storms, and against the transgressions of tramps and animals. The perspective of these long, straight, well-kept roads, almost wholly overarched by the foliage of stately eucalypti, furnishes a picture too impressive to be easily forgotten.

While Cucamonga undoubtedly forms one of the great orange-growing centers of Southern California, the fact remains that the unique and more and more interest-absorbing part of her industry is found in the gradually increasing acres of her vineyards. Already thousands upon thousands of acres are covered by the noble vine. One single vineyard, I am told, comprises more than 3000 acres, and the vines of the present grape season have never before held out a fairer promise of a rich crop. Never did Nature, in any form of her dazzling munificence, spread a more inviting and more absolutely irresistible banquet table than in these vineyards of Cucamonga, with their vines weighed down with huge clusters of glowing grapes shifting in almost every shade of the color scale from the deep blue "sinfandel," and the beautiful royal purple colored "rose of Peru" to the lighter shades of the pink or opal stained "tokay," the amber, glowing "sultana," the emerald green "muscat," and the almost pure white "burgher." It is a sight equally fascinating to the poet and to the practical business man—to the lover of nature and to the lover of bank accounts. It is at once a dream of beauty and a bit of concrete reality.

Cucamonga is at present near the end of its grape harvest. Thousands of tons of the luscious fruit are hauled from the vineyards to the winery in North Cucamonga. Double-teamed truck wagons, strung out in regular caravans and freighted with mountains of boxes, are thundering along the spacious avenues. Clusters of grapes hang out over the brim of the boxes, and indicate in a most impressive way the profusion of nature's riches. If you feel an increase in the flow of saliva, don't stand like a Tantalus before the receding viands. You need only to clap your hands, and smile at the driver, and he will fling at you a cluster or two as big as your head. For Cucamonga can afford to be generous and big-hearted, when it comes to grapes in the grape season.

Vineyards meet the eye of the traveler everywhere. Perhaps the expanse of unbroken level on which the vineyards here are situated presents to the artistic eye a less picturesque aspect than the sloping grounds of the huge foothills on which most of the vineyards along the Rhine in Southern Germany are trailed. But the vineyards of the flat ground have the advantage of being more easily accessible to the implements of cultivation with the result of a corresponding increase in the profitability of the industry.

The life in a vineyard during the grape-picking season is throbbing with energy and eager interest. The picking must take place as soon as the grape shows sign of ripeness, and the owner must lose no time in facilitating the important operation. Pickers gather from all lands, though most of them seem to hail from Mexico and the Orient. The dexterity with which some of these expert grape pickers handle their scythe-shaped knives, removing the clusters from the vine, is astonishing, and if paid by the box, it may easily result in a daily compensation of \$3 to \$4. The rate per box is 4 cents. Usually, however, the most picking is paid by the day—\$1.75—as day-work insures the owner from loss through carelessness in picking, and at the same time guarantees the average picker a steadier employment.

Pickers have to provide for their own board and lodging, though a good deal of the bill of fare consists of grapes. No fruit, if taken with moderation, is more healthy and nutritious than the ripe grape. Its principal characteristic is to generate fresh, pure, strong blood. Thus, in Europe, every year during the grape season, the worn-out and enervated gilded youth of all lands hasten to the vineyards of Southern Germany and France, to give themselves up to a diet of grapes and "pumpnickel"—the German brown bread—and the result is most gratifying. Undoubtedly much suffering and physical breakdown could be prevented if, in place of a haphazard and trying drug medication, the overworked head or overfeasted stomach were given a rest and recuperation in some of California's numerous vineyards.

My generous host and accommodating informant concerning the cultivation of grapes and their preparation for market is Mr. George E. Keyes, who, while a progressive farmer, is also a trusted public office-holder. His functions are numerous, and range in importance from secretary of Cucamonga Public Water Works to church trustee and Sunday-school superintendent. Mr. Keyes informs me that the grape-raising industry in the

Cucamonga district is assuming gigantic proportions, and that there are individual vineyards covering more than 3000 acres of land.

The cultivation of the grape is very simple. The vine is planted from cuttings, which, having once struck root, attend largely to their own necessities. Now and then the farmer weeds out the alien growths with his cultivator, but no irrigation is needed. In fact, irrigation has the same influence on the vine as early and unmerited independence has on many a young man—unfits the subject to exert and rely on his native powers. If the growth of the vine-cutting be started by irrigation, its roots remain near the surface and depend forevermore on artificial moisture; while if from the beginning it is left on its own resources to seek moisture, its roots sink into the deep ground where moisture is readily obtained.

The character of the grape determines whether its final fate will be the wine barrel or the raisin box. While the grape suitable for the winery can be obtained from a multitude of varieties, on the other hand, the grapes which adapt themselves for the raisin process are limited to the varieties, "sultana" and "muscat." The former is round, seedless and amber-colored; the latter is larger, oval-shaped, contains seed, and has a shade of light emerald green when ripe. Mr. Keyes, who is in for the raisin industry, has turned all his vineyards into culture ground for the seedless "sultanas." The preparation of the grape into raisin is a nature process, and, outside the picking and turning, is dependent entirely on the action of the sun. After the grapes are picked, they are spread out in the sun on immense sheets of muslin or cheese cloth, and then left to dry. When the upper part is dry, the clusters are turned over—the sun does the rest.

After a few days, the sun has done its work, and the plump, juicy grape is transformed into a dry, shriveled-up raisin. They are then gathered up and hauled to the "stemmer" and "fanning mill" for cleaning and assortment. The raisins are poured into two steel wire cylinders, the one inside the other, and revolving in opposite directions. The brittle stems are easily broken, and are then blown away from the raisins by the subsequent exposure to the fanning mill. Packing and marketing constitutes the last step in the industry, and delivers the farmer from his crop.

The loss of the grape in weight, through the drying process, is as 4 to 1. But the difference in the market price between the grape and the raisin more than compensates for the reduction, as the former only commands a price of three-fourths cents per pound, or \$15 per ton, while the raisin finds a ready market at 4 to 5 cents a pound, or \$90 per ton. Hence at the very outset the raisin grower insures a clear profit over the wine grower of \$75 per ton, and with an ever-ready market at his disposal. His net profit per acre amounts to an average of \$100.

In North Cucamonga, close to the Santa Fé depot, the California Wine Association has caused the construction of a winery plant at the nominal cost of \$60,000. The association has its main office in San Francisco, with Mr. F. T. Morgan as president, and with capital funds exceeding \$10,000,000. The plant is calculated to turn out 800,000 gallons of wine during a season, and has already during its present short existence crushed over 1400 tons of grapes. Its capacity when in full operation is an hourly output of 6000 gallons, and its storage capacity in tanks, 500,000 gallons. The driving power for the entire machinery is furnished by an 85-horse-power boiler. The finished product is shipped in barrels to San Francisco, to the bottling works owned by the association.

This enterprise will start a fresh impulse in the wine culture of Cucamonga. It will stimulate the farmer to greater efforts and keener ingenuity, while forging agencies for the laying under tribute of new areas of arid soil, which only need irrigation to reproduce the great ancient miracle of turning water into wine.

Cucamonga gets its water supply from the adjacent mountains of the same name. "Cucamonga" is an Indian appellation, and means "many springs." The village is favored with the purest water supply ever known—at least, the "Tourists' Guide Book of Southern California" makes the statement that Cucamonga possesses the purest water, chemically, ever analyzed. It is crystal clear and perfectly tasteless. And this water, which a king might consider a priceless luxury on his table, is piped to every farmer's house and used for his household and irrigation.

If the water in Cucamonga is luxurious, the weather is not less so. The soft, balmy breezes carry the fragrance of the wild flowers of the mountain slope down over the village, while the 1500 feet altitude of the latter is high enough to bring it in touch with the ocean air current, which, to the balm and fragrance of the atmosphere, adds vigor and bracingness.

The soil is rich, and the vegetation tropical in its almost conclusive growth. The homes with which the avenues are lined are framed by evergreens and flowers, while gigantic palms give shade and dignity to the surroundings. Many of these homes show all the elegance and refinements of the city residence, plus the rural grace and freedom, invigorating air, and enchanting sylvan retreats which a city home can never even approximately realize.

The aspect of mountains above all suggests rest and peace, and worn out muscles and shattered nerves can be treated no better than to be brought in vibratory touch with the healing forces at work in this enchanted region. No country outside of California possesses such unique and felicitous combination of all the strongest and sweetest of land, water, sky and mountain—and Cucamonga is one of the gems of California.

AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"Nuritch has proved the truth of the old saying, 'Money makes the mare go.'"

"How so?"

"He was satisfied with that little mare he had until he got money enough to buy an automobile."—(Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## The Old

### THE PLEASANT INTERVIEW A PAIR OF SPIES

By a Special Contributor.

**T**HE tingling of the bell and the door opened and closed to admit by a murmur of voices, floated reached the ears of a girl in an upper room above. "Is that you, Viola?" she called, from the balustrade above. "Come up here, employed; business of importance."

"What's doing?" Viola asked of Edith, your nose looks scaly enough fish family!" she exclaimed, with front offered a box of bonbons.

"What? Creams—my especial favorite, dear, but you're a pretty plain-looking turned, as she took the box. "My mother. We returned from our camping trip."

"Have a good time?" asked Viola, gloves.

"Good time? Glance again at my mother the tale? As you said, it is scaly, but had more than balances that."

"H-m!" Viola's reply was suspiciously was sampling the creams. "Who was it, asked."

"Oh, Uncle Rabe (drove his high-top with the babies (she chaperoned him) and his wife and sister, you know her, the cello. It's perfectly entrancing on there was Uncle Rufe and cousin Carline that is, yes, no—eleven. Harry Winton day."

"Edith Wells, you're blushing furiously. "Blushing? Nonsense; it's tan. I'm wearing a horrid bonnet on an occasion told you I'd been steaming my face; it's a"

"Oh, of course." Viola sniffed the air. "So cousin Carline went? How came she was too old ma—"

"S-sh!" Edith whispered, lifting a finger. "Yes, she actually went. That was Carline's her favorite niece; her sister's daughter. Aunt Viney was the oldest, the youngest of the sisters, so Carline is almost they're the greatest friends. Yes, she's the genuine old-fashioned article—but I can hear me say that, I can tell you!"

"Oh, I see."

"When Aunt Viney died and left a lot of children, Carline stepped in and mothered the going out with young company, sent her and everything of that kind, so that she gave whole attention to her brothers and sister—woman out of herself at one jump."

"No wonder she looks it."

"Mother says that Carline has a most spirit. Well, cousin stayed at home till up and married; then her father married home a young woman, so Carline concluded thing for herself. Capt. Bacon needed some after his motherless children just about the went there to live. Stayed a long time—came. She was rather swell, I suspect and—but is very set about some things; and times. Trouble popped up right and he knew the lay of the land, as father said, take them long to make a survey. Cousin mother that she'd been wishing for a long to California; so mother sent for her and she's been with us ever since. She knows dozens of lace patterns; been doing here—mother gets orders for them at the helps with the sewing and other work, but amount to much, for she's so funny about it."

"Does she wear glasses? Why, I never see."

"You never have, probably, but you see she's dreadfully nearsighted, and just now one see her with spectacles on; and that's bother. She had an idea that glasses were away to her age; but my! Once I put hair and put mother's rimless on her, and she was surprised at the change in her looks—quite she couldn't see it that way."

"Why, it's the thing to wear them!"

"Humph! That doesn't count with cousin was her first camping trip; and to make it who should come at the last moment but a visit. He is father's brother, and married. Has a pension and lives at the hotel is a little bit lame from a scrimmage in war, well, they do say he's a woman hater. It's so much if I wasn't afraid of saying some would offend him, for he can be so jolly, mind to—that I know. But a woman like"

"He may be, but he doesn't look it."

"No. Father must send him along with me got mother into the pantry and gave her a about it. If Carline got on some of her principles and put Uncle Rufe out of humor, have a time of it! Mother laughed that laugh of hers, and put her fingers over her said: 'Now run along, daughter, and see if father fed the chickens this morning.' Well, could stand it, I guessed I could."

"The spice of life, Edith."

"We went over to the coast, and sure trouble almost from the start, for as soon as the country road Carline began to collect flowers to press, bits of bark, ferns and pebbles—keepsakes of the trip, she said"



...to watch her all the time, on the sly, to  
...the shore—well, I just wish you could have seen  
...picked up. A quart! And not a perfect shell  
...but, nothing but broken pieces. I offered some of  
...but she said she wanted only what she herself  
...as this was her first sight of the ocean.  
...misled her from camp; couldn't see her  
...and no one knew where she had gone. Lucy  
...must hunt her up, for Carline knew so little  
...and such things that she might get cornered  
...So we all started out in different directions  
...for her. That was the—when—the day that Harry

...thought so! The day that sunbonnets aren't worn.  
...time was a conviction already settled. "Go on,  
...remember our agreement," she added.

...well, he and I took the footpath down the coast, for  
...knew that cousin had sneaked off alone to get a  
...to wear those old spectacles so that she could find  
...perfect shells. The shore around Lighthouse Point  
...rough—broken into cliffs and slopes. In  
...it runs gently down to sandy beaches, a  
...of a mile long, and between them jumps off, in  
...cliffs twenty or thirty feet down; and then run  
...the sea in points like v's and w's, making little  
...with fringes of purple asters, yellow lupine, wild  
...and grasses hanging from the tops of the gray and  
...rocks—perfect pictures, they are.

...in the coves there are little sand spits, and  
...them are shelving rocks that run out into the  
...alive with starfish, sea urchins, mosses—dozens  
...curlew. At low tide you can walk over these  
...rocks, but the high tide covers them up. Some of  
...are not very steep, and the rocks are craggy  
...for stepping stones, so that you can climb up  
...down them; but stairways have been cut in the  
...cliffs. Harry and I went down one of these  
...rocks, but we couldn't see Carline anywhere. On  
...there was a perfectly smooth place, and some-  
...had carved a ship there.

...there's our ship," Harry exclaimed.  
..."I didn't know just what he meant.  
...own," and he pretended he could read the name,  
...there wasn't a letter to be seen.

...I said.

...of that! He meant courtship. Well, I sighed  
...sigh—glad and relieved, and, oh, everything.  
...I hadn't been sure about Harry. We've known  
...other for years, and he's been coming for a long  
...but never said a word about anything. Then  
...just as pleasantly to all the other girls. I  
...feel sure about him at all. I started to answer,  
...looked up at him, but I couldn't go on.

...put out names on our ship," Harry said, getting  
...humble. It took him a long time to carve them,  
...the rock was pretty hard, and he worked with  
...his hand—or—

...one hand—or?" repeated Viola, solemnly.

...the rock was hard, as hard as granite. I guess  
...granite. Suddenly there was a little splash at

...It's the tide," Harry looked around in a hurry.  
...water was all over the little sand dip between us  
...stairway. "Oh, well, we'll go up the next one, it's  
...ally higher than this one," he said; and then we  
...Carline. Just as we came to the next v in  
...we heard voices.

...I've heard that you're a woman hater." It was  
...speaking.

...here, whispered Harry to me. "We'll have to  
...few minutes at least. It isn't just the thing,  
...be helped. We musn't go in when the  
...ing on, you know."

...woman hater? Well, Carline, what of it? That  
...Rufe's voice.

...of it? Why, this: Because you have a grudge  
...is no reason why you should hate all women—  
...I had to stay with the children. But all women  
...or, like me. It's unfair to them."

...mean because you wouldn't have me, that I'm  
...some other woman? Well, I can say truthfully  
...a grudge against any woman, but so far as I  
...minded, there is only one in the world. Her name  
...is—

...ever she answered, I don't know; for Harry  
...whispered again, tolerably loud, too, "Right  
...that point, at this very minute, there's a long-  
...ship coming into port," he said.

...to look for it, and we heard Lucy and the  
...on the cliff calling to Carline.

...the curtain is rung down; we can pass now," Harry  
...mixing his figures; and we went around the  
...stairway there is narrow, and Uncle Rufe  
...Carline's hand, helping her up. When they  
...at the top, he slipped his arm around her waist,  
...as straight and brave as if going to a battle.  
...is all right. You needn't worry. She's  
...now, for I found her—and "finders is keepers," I  
...you, Uncle Rufe announced, triumphantly.

...should have seen her face! I can't think of any-  
...it but the ocean on a calm summer after-  
...the sunset shines over it, and the water dim-  
...spreads in little shining ripples, and not a  
...is sight; well that was her face. Everybody  
...and said pleasant things, and in the excitement  
...Harry and I noticed that Carline had forgot-  
...of those old spectacles, and was wearing  
...innocent as you please. Finally she did see us  
...at them, I think; anyway she seemed to remem-  
...all at once, and reached up, but Uncle Rufe  
...that, and said:

...Carline. I'd rather that you wore them all  
...you look so much better with glasses on." And  
...believe it, she's been wearing them ever since.

"No, there'll be no old maids in our family to go  
...camping next year. And oh! Here's my ring—an aqua  
...marine, of course. Isn't it lovely?"

MARY H. COATES.

## Powers of Ambassadors.

PAY NO TAXES AND ENJOY THE  
PRIVILEGES OF KINGS.

From *Tu-Bits*.

THE recent visits of the King to foreign capitals, and the special attention which His Majesty has shown on each occasion to his ambassadors, with whom he has regularly held long conferences, have served to attract public attention very considerably to these most important ministers.

But few of those who know that an ambassador stands for his country and his king in a foreign land are aware of the extraordinary powers and privileges that he possesses—such, for instance, as that he could actually declare war against the country to which he is accredited, and the declaration would be binding both on that country and on his own. Of course, no ambassador would do such a thing without specific instructions to that effect, but there is the power all the same.

It is a popular delusion that the ambassador represents the government of the day in a foreign capital. He does nothing of the kind, but stands for the king personally, and in his sovereign and all-powerful capacity; that is to say, he even stands for more than the government. It is not the government that sends him with letters of recommendation to the foreign court, but the sovereign; and these letters, which are sealed, are signed by the sovereign and addressed to the sovereign of the country to which he is going, and not to any minister of state. This is done to show the extreme power of the ambassador, and the letters expressly stipulate that the sovereign of the ambassador will approve and confirm whatever is done by the latter in his name.

Therefore, representing a king and standing for one, the rank of the ambassador in any country comes next to that of the sovereign of that country and of the princes of the blood royal, and above that of any of the other princes and dukes of the land. Thus all the ambassadors of foreign powers who are resident in Carlton House Terrace and elsewhere in the West End of London are superior in rank to even the premier duke. They come immediately after our royal family, though, as in the case of the United States and French ambassadors, they have no titular distinction.

In the same way, Sir Francis Plunkett, our ambassador to the court of Vienna, who has been much in evidence of late, ranks next at all state functions to the Emperor of Austria and the members of his family. The ambassadors in Paris, where Sir Edmund Monson represents this country, come next to the President, the family of the chief of the republic in this case having no official rank. The senior ambassador in point of length of service at each court takes precedence over his colleagues representing other powers.

One of the most remarkable things about the position of an ambassador and the powers and privileges attaching to it is that, standing as he does for a sovereign in this way and representing one in his person, he is by international agreement accorded all the privileges of one, and that the same as if he were in his own country. Therefore he is regarded as above the law of the country to which he is accredited, and it has no power over him. Even if an ambassador were to be so wicked as to commit murder in the capital where he was sent, he could not and would not be arrested or punished in any way for what he had done by the law of the land. All that the offended state could do would be to make representations to the crown which had sent the ambassador that he should be recalled and that steps should be taken to punish him.

In the same way no action at law is possible on the part of any one to whom an ambassador may owe money for goods supplied or under any other circumstances. If an ambassador did not pay up, there is nothing to make him do so; but, on the other hand, though he is subject to none of the penalties of the law of the land, he may enjoy its advantages, and if any suffering creditor attempted to seize goods belonging to him or otherwise try to recompense himself, the ambassador might have him removed to jail, and punished as terribly as if the man had offended a king. As a matter of fact, so far as this country is concerned, it was the trouble which arose through the debts of an ambassador which led to the specific recognition of this state of affairs.

About 200 years ago an attempt was made to arrest, in London, the ambassador of Peter the Great for a debt of £50, and it was the indignation aroused thereby which caused an act to be passed on the subject, which is still in force and which will effectually prevent anything of the kind happening again. Apart from this, however, it is the law of the nations, and is the same in every capital of Europe.

Not only the ambassador himself, but all the relatives he has abroad with him and all his servants enjoy the same privileges, and are all wholly free from the jurisdiction of the courts of law. It helps to the simplification of this system when every embassy in a foreign land is regarded legally and for all purposes as being actually standing on the soil of its own country. Thus when King Edward was in Vienna recently, and a visit was paid to him at the British embassy by the Emperor Francis Joseph, the former began his speech at luncheon with the words: "As we are upon English soil," and the Emperor, in replying, began: "It has given me great pleasure to set foot on English soil," although the "English soil" referred to was in the heart of the city of Vienna.

From this and other circumstances arises another curious privilege which ambassadors in London and every other European capital enjoy. They are entirely exempt from all taxes and contributions to the public revenue of the country, and are the only persons in the realm who are.

An ambassador from France or Germany may come over to England and bring all manner of contraband goods with him, and on landing at Dover or Harwich, when challenged by the customs officer, he would only have to say "Ambassador," and prove it, to take them all through without duty. Nobody else could do that. He and his relatives and servants, moreover, could have tobacco, spirits, and other dutiable articles sent to their establishments in the West End of London from abroad without paying anything upon them.

The single thing in the way of public charges that the ambassador is not exempt from is the local rates. He is absolved from income tax, because that would be a contribution to the national revenue, but he is requested to pay the local rates in respect of his house in Carlton House Terrace or elsewhere. Yet so peculiarly is he situated that if he declined to do so the other law as to the courts having no jurisdiction over him would come into operation, and if the overseers tried to enforce their claim they would find it impossible to do so. They can legally demand, but they cannot legally enforce, and so they must trust to the fair-mindedness of the ambassador, which they do with satisfactory results.

The King of Italy and the Emperor of Austria are shortly to pay return visits to this country, and while they are in London they will sojourn for a time in their own countries—that is to say, at their respective embassies. King Edward will visit them there, and in doing so will have to observe all the etiquette of a monarch visiting a foreign court in a foreign state.

### SWEET CIDER.

The dapper waiter lingers—  
What shall I drink tonight?  
I turn, with listless fingers,  
The wine list to the light;  
And while I scan it, thinking  
That the wine has lost its charm,  
I dream once more of drinking  
Sweet cider at the farm.

From grandad's ancient settle,  
Before the crackling blaze,  
I watch the singing kettle—  
A merry tune it plays.  
There when the corn was snapping,  
And apples sized and steamed,  
With granddad slyly napping,  
My sweetest dreams were dreamed.

The winter wind, snow laden,  
Coaxed up the roaring flames,  
And there a rosy maiden  
Sat by and played me games;  
There Love, who heard the clinking,  
Of glasses, came and saw  
Two happy lovers drinking  
Sweet cider through a straw.

Snug sheltered from the weather,  
At Boreas we laughed,  
And quenched our thirst together  
In that cool amber draught,  
That drink of granddad's making,  
Pressed in the mill hard by,  
Set no light head to aching,  
Turned no bright speech awry.

Stilled are the clinking glasses,  
Long vanished is your smile,  
Oh, rosiest of lasses;  
But still I dream, and while  
My gray mustache I'm dipping  
In wine without a flaw,  
I see your red lips sipping  
Sweet cider through a straw.

—[Frank R. Bachelder, in Lippincott's.]

### PROTECTING CALIFORNIA GAME.

Under the laws of California it is at all times unlawful to buy, sell, offer for sale, barter or trade, at any time, any quail, pheasant, grouse, sage hen, ibis, plover, or any deer meat or deer skins; also to have in possession doe or fawn skins; to take or kill at any time does, fawns, elk or antelope; to take or kill pheasants or bobwhite quail; to run deer with dogs during the closed season; to shoot half hour before sunrise or half hour after sunset; to trap game of any kind without written permission from the Board of Fish Commissioners; to take or destroy nests or eggs of game birds; to ship game in concealed packages or without the name and address of the shipper being distinctly marked thereon; to buy or sell trout less than one-half pound in weight; to take at any time sturgeon or female crabs; to take abalones less than fifteen inches in circumference; to take trout or black bass except with hook and line; to take salmon, shad or striped bass with a net less than seven and a half inch mesh; to fish with boat and net without a license; to fish for salmon with nets Saturday and Sunday; to at any time use a set net; to take fish at any time or in any manner within fifty feet of a fish way; to take, buy or sell striped bass less than three pounds in weight; to at any time shoot meadow larks or to shoot on enclosed land without permission of the owner.—[Sunset Magazine.]

### RECOMMENDATION.

"Didn't your old employers recommend you?"  
"Oh, yes."  
"Their word should have been enough."  
"It was. They announced me as the best man they ever turned out."—[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]



## The Mexican Sierra.

### THREE WOMEN HUNT BIG GAME AND MAKE GOOD RECORDS.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE were six of us, an ideal number for a camping party: I had made the trip before, with a Scotchman and his wife, and felt myself quite equal to acting as guide to two Australian women, who were globe trotting and hunting big game. We engaged three Mexicans as servants, all mountain-born and well recommended as fairly honest and familiar with the trails over the Sierra Madre.

Our mounts were sturdy mules, and we rode good American side saddles. Five pack mules carried our outfit, which was simple but all-sufficient. Two mules carried our clothing, bedding, light folding cots and kodaks. The other three were loaded with flour, sugar, bacon, coffee, tea, etc. But little canned food was carried, as we expected to kill all the game desired. The price per diem to the servants was one dollar, with an allowance, each, of fifty cents for their food, most of which they purchased on the trail, after the first two weeks. The mules were purchased for about fifty dollars each. We sold them in Sonora at the end of the trip for ninety dollars, after using them for three months, the difference in the price paying more than one-half of our expenses.

#### The Start.

The start was made from Casas Grandes, and our route was westward, across the Sierra Madre, by the Aros and Yaqui Rivers, to Guymas, in Sonora. Time was no object to us; we wanted to fish, hunt, take photographs and collect butterflies. We were well armed, having the latest equipment, and apprehended no danger from Indians or bandits.

In mountain travel there is only one safe rule to avoid being lost or in any way separated from your party—stay with it. From various unpleasant experiences I had learned a lesson which was rigidly enforced, and we traveled together from beginning to end, the pack mules preceding us, giving the Mexicans no opportunity for lagging behind. At first, they looked unutterable things at three lone women, and probably promised themselves a very easy time, but by a little firmness they were soon brought under proper discipline, and readily obeyed my orders—for I had been chosen spokesman on account of my knowledge of Spanish.

Thanks to our good equipment, and the foresight we had exercised in selecting nothing superfluous, we had but little trouble with our saddles or aparejos, and one of our servants had been especially chosen for his knowledge of repairing leather and packing.

As we left the valley, with its prosperous Mormon colonies and fruitful lands, and plunged into the mountains, the work of the "Saints" was everywhere seen for many miles. Where before had been tortuous winding trails, full of stones and fallen trees, were wide, well-kept roads, leading to the sawmills, beyond which we again had to travel the almost trackless wilds; for no road work is ever done by the Mexicans, and the devastating summer rains often obliterate all traces of old trails.

Our average rate of travel was about ten miles a day for the first week, and after the mules had become hardened to the trail, we traveled at least eighteen miles, for five days in the week. We religiously observed the Sabbath, and on Monday prepared for the trail again—with one exception, when one of my straight-faced friends missed her reckoning and killed a large bear and a wild-cat on the first Sunday in April—which caused her much distress and greatly amused our servants.

The winter and early spring rains had been heavier than usual, and the country was well grassed, and water was found without much difficulty. The country between Casas Grandes and the Aros River is very sparsely populated, with only a small ranch here and there, and often for three to five days we met no human being. The Mexicans and Indians who live in these wilds are seldom content to remain long, roaming from place to place, and resting a few months at isolated huts, where a few pumpkins, watermelons and a little corn are grown during the summer, and an existence eked out by shooting game; then they are away to some mining camp, to work for a few months until the wandering fever again overcomes them. That a peon has a wife and children makes little difference; these are inured to such a life, and all bear their burden of poverty in a spirit of good nature that was often our marvel and envy. Such a philosophical outlook upon life is not to be despised.

#### The Mexican Mountains.

The scenery of the Sierra Madre is not comparable with that of the California Sierra, the Cascade Range of Oregon, or any of the more prominent ranges of the eastern coast. It is wildly rugged, often savage and forbidding—terrifying, at times, and altogether fascinating in its desolation. There are few solitary peaks to lend character to the vast ranges that seem to stretch interminably away, on all sides; and with few exceptions, the vistas from prominent heights are much the same. The great pine forests are inferior to those of California, there being little really good white pine in Mexico, so that builders almost invariably import from the States the pine used for finishing interiors in structures of any importance. But the time is approaching when the pine forests of the Mexican Sierra will be placed upon the markets of the world, so rapidly are the sources of supply being exhausted in the great lumber centers of the States. We met three lumber experts from Michigan who were exploring all the great timber belts in Mexico, and they assured us that within two years many millions of feet of Mexican lumber would be used in the southwest alone. Surveyors are in the field for the projected railway into the timber belt, west of the great Hearst ranches, owned by Arizona capitalists.

The oak, cedar, and ash of the Sierra Madre are seen at their best on the eastern slope of the mountains, in well watered cañons, and, like the pine, are inferior to those of California. But enough of comparisons. The Mexican Sierra has too many charms peculiarly her own to merit an enumeration of her deficiencies.

#### Roughing it.

For many days we traveled along the "Devil's Backbone," a vast upheaval of granite whose cordon is very narrow, affording only a perilous path for a single animal at a time. It was difficult to find a suitable camping place at times, and for many nights we could not use our light folding cots, as no level places could be found to hold them, and the sensation of sleeping with one's head a foot or two higher than one's feet was not conducive to sweet slumber and pleasant dreams.

Striking almost due north, one morning, in response to the information of one of our servants that good bear preserves were to be found within a few miles, we descended from the cordon, and made camp in a cool, beautiful cañon, near a stream of pure water overshadowed by great oaks, fan-palms and aliso trees. Here were mossy banks, dashing, dancing waters, "troutlets in a pool," and many of the elements that are supposed to inspire those afflicted with the poetry habit. It was an ideal spot, truly, such as Nature plans to surprise the weary traveler with the possibilities of great contrast in close proximity to desolation and savagery. It was one of the perennial streams in which trout have been planted, and here we rested for a week, going each day to the upper cañon to watch for bear, jaguar and deer. Two magnificent bear skins, one of which was silver-tipped, and an extra large jaguar skin were the trophies we carried away with us, both Australian women being good shots. I killed a big wild-cat, after hitting it five times, and then distinguished myself by slightly wounding one of our pack mules, which I mistook for a deer, after which feat of daring, my shots were confined for some time to the kodak.

Both bears were killed early in the morning, when they came to breakfast on the tender shrubs and wild berries in the upper cañon; the jaguar met his fate while prowling around, one moonlight night, near the place where the mules were tethered. Our Mexican servants fired ten times before the animal was finally killed. It was a magnificent specimen, the skin measuring, from tip to tip, just eight feet and eight inches. This animal is the ocelot of the Aztecs, and is known as the "tigre" in northern Mexico. It is especially fond of young burros and calves, and is much dreaded by the ranchmen along the Aros River in Chihuahua and the Yaqui, in Sonora, the river bearing different names in the two states.

Deer were so plentiful that we were always well supplied with venison; and quail, doves and other small game were had in abundance in the small valleys above an elevation of about 4000 feet, but seldom seen along the Aros or other rivers in Chihuahua.

At Guadalupe we tarried five days, camping on the banks of the Mulatos River, under the great willow trees, opposite the pueblo, which is an uninviting spot, with a score or more of dilapidated huts, and a most surprising number of dogs, even for Mexico. The people are all in the employ of a rich Mexican cattle owner, who provides them with beef, milk and cheese, and with the exception of corn, almost nothing is grown by the people, who are totally lacking in ambition. Few of them can read or write. They go to the mining camps occasionally to sell cheese, carne seca and hides, and have a glorious time in drinking and dancing, so long as their small commission on the sales lasts. They neither know nor care anything about politics or other affairs of their own country, and their philosophy is not altogether to be despised, either, for they are happy, good-natured and helpful to their neighbors almost without exception. It is difficult to purchase anything of them, but they will eagerly offer a large number of eggs or a chicken for a small quantity of sugar or coffee.

#### Mining in Mexico.

The pueblo is situated on a bar at the confluence of the Mulatos with the Aros River, now called the Yaqui, and mining is carried on in a small way by native workmen, who make a few reales a day by washing the sands for gold, which here concentrates from the tailings of the Mulatos mine. This placer ground is of large extent, but of low grade, and might be most profitably worked with modern machinery.

At Mulatos, a day's travel to the westward, we tarried a week. It is a typical Mexican mining camp, with a mountain of low-grade ore, which is being worked by a large American company. Some interesting stories are told of the salting of this property, on various occasions, the most notable of which was the trickery practiced on "Dan" Gilett, so universally known and liked all over the West, a few years ago. The geological formation is most interesting here, the ore values being in a tilted lake bottom apparently. The remains of a chain of lakes are seen for miles beyond Mulatos.

Sahuaripa is a sleepy pueblo, with several good mines in the tributary country. It is in this section that the famous lost mine, Tayapa, is supposed to be. One hears many stories of the fabulous richness of the "minas tapadas," or covered mines, of the Sierra Madre, and a goodly number of prospectors from various parts of the world come here to find them every year; but with no success.

#### White Indians.

Many Pima Indians live in and about Mulatos. They work in the mines, cultivate corn, and live an ideal life, from their viewpoint, having few wants and no ambition; and, like the Tarahumaris, they affiliate little with other tribes. The Yaqui Indians are the best workers in the republic, and it is regrettable that the Mexican government has not been able or willing to maintain peace with them. The policy of destroying the Yaquis as an independent tribe is steadily going on, and every few months many of the Indians, with their families, are sent to other parts of the republic. At Onavas we saw two

of the "hueros," of Mayo Indians, resemble their Norwegian forefathers a century ago. A Norwegian ship went ashore on the coast, and some of the sailors married from whom have sprung the present hueros, men, especially, are fair, even if their mothers.

#### A Second "Bridal Veil."

Diverging from the main trail, we went to Pinos Altos, famous mining camp. In latter place, the great Cascade of Pinos Altos, a thousand feet high, was seen. It is the largest waterfall in Mexico, and greatly resembles the Veil, of Yosemite Valley.

The Yaqui River is a noble stream, and adjacent are very rich. It is an ideal location, and when the lands have finally been won by the Yaquis, it will no doubt support many stories.

Deer and small game are very abundant. Yaqui, and bears are to be had without diverging a few miles from the trail. The Yaqui is a taguachic in this section, affords good sport, and gun. He is a plucky little fellow, and fight, scratching and biting most ferociously, and never turning his back to the hunter in close quarters.

After leaving Sahuaripa, we were supplied almost every day, at the various mining camps, where a hearty welcome was extended. With the necessity of carrying flour eliminated, we made much better time, and with the relief from the horror of making the evening meal, life wore a very charming deed. If one can buy bread, the rest is to go into camp, tired, hungry and cross, and prepare the staff of life over a smoky fire, the temper of a saint. Our food was a new view of doing little cooking, and most of it such as could be done by one of the servants.

Our trip of three months terminated at where the steamer was boarded for San Francisco. Experience was one that none of us would have anticipated, although the hardships were many. The Sierra Madre is little known in its most interesting, that of its bizarre vistas, wonderful views of gold and silver. Let us hope that some nature lover, like John Muir, will discover the wonders of the Mexican Mother Mountain, as a book equal to his beautiful California books.

SALOME

#### TWO BOYS WHO MEAN BUSINESS.

This is a true story of two boys, who mean independence and grit of the American spirit.

James Hackett was not in need of additional an indescribable something about the tale, compelled his attention.

"So you want work," he said, after a moment. "Yes, sir," came the quick and decisive reply of the applicant.

"It strikes me that you're pretty young for a mill man." Mr. Hackett could not refrain from a thought.

"I'm eleven, sir, and if you'll give me a chance, I can show you that I can work."

Mr. Hackett was evidently in good humor, called the foreman and told him to give the boy a chance to do. Thus it was that John Arola, a boy of eleven, came to the mill. He had no evidence of the character which should come to him a power in the State of Washington. He was dead, and his father was away in the woods, the John and his brother Carl, aged 13 years, were left to battle with the world. One day the foreman said to Mr. Hackett, "That's a bright turned over to me."

"Good," said Mr. Hackett, "raise his wages a dollar a day."

"He is worth it," replied the foreman. John was elated at this turn in affairs, to the surprise of Mr. Hackett, he requested permission of his brother Carl to take his place at the mill.

"If he is like you it will be all right," said Mr. Hackett. "Indeed, sir, he is just as good a worker as I am, and his face lightened with a look of confidence. Here was loyalty unadulterated.

Carl went to work. He gave satisfaction, appeared, and in the rush of business Mr. Hackett to inquire about him until one day he came to meet Carl.

"Where is John?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Oh," said Carl, "he is attending school in the mill."

This was a new phase of the case, and Mr. Hackett was intensely interested in the two boys who were only anxious to earn their living, but who also wanted to acquire an education. By inquiries he learned that the boys were living in a little hut, "shack," and that the one who worked in the mill had enough money to keep both supplied with clothes while the younger one attended school. Everything about the old "shack" was a honest effort, youthful independence and a few days later Carl requested a short vacation. "What for?" asked Mr. Hackett.

"Well," said Carl, with a burst of youthful enthusiasm, "John and I are building a house."

"You may have your vacation," was all that Mr. Hackett said, but he did a lot of thinking, and went home that night he instructed the foreman that Carl's salary went on just the same. John and Carl completed their "mansión," a two-story house with the same number of doors and windows as the mill. The roof is well shingled. Carl has returned to the mill, and John continues to attend school, engaged in household duties. In the evening they study and read. They are happy in their independence.—[Portus Baxter in Success.



October 15, 1903.]

## Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

### Colly Scot.

MR. ALEXANDER DOWIE is opposed to the bankruptcy laws, which he regards as dishonest. Mr. Dowie holds that if a man owes a debt he owes it till he is paid, and no law on earth can absolve him from it.

At his hotel, one afternoon during his New York campaign, Mr. Dowie told a reporter a bankruptcy story. "In Scotland, where I come from," he said, "there used to be an old man named Fergus MacGregor. Fergus was a bankrupt, and he was a chandler. He got into difficulties, and went through the bankruptcy court, and was let out at the rate of five shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt at the rate of five shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt at the rate of five shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt at the rate of five shillings to the pound."

Well, Fergus was a happy man when the order of the court was announced to him. He paid all he owed at once. He said he saw his way clear to growing rich. The next morning he started out to do a little shopping at the grocer's and bought potatoes, tea, sugar, eggs, and so forth to the extent of two pounds. At the end, taking up his parcels, he laid down his bill in payment.

"Fergus, man, this is not right," said the grocer. "Your bill is two pounds, not ten shillings." "Well, yes; that's all right," said Fergus. "I have permission from the judge to pay five shillings in the pound."

"Fergus, you see, thought that the judge's order was to let him pay five shillings in the pound, and it was a business to convince him to the contrary. What I want to know is, why shouldn't the order have held good? Why shouldn't he be allowed to pay five shillings in the pound as to pay past ones?"

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field. He appealed at once to the umpire, but the latter said gravely:

"Not out."

At the end of the over, this umpire, taking Dr. Grace aside, whispered:

"You must be more careful, sir.—You really were out that time."

Not All There.

DANIEL LE ROY DRESSER, the former president of the Trust Company of the Republic, sometimes tells of an interesting Irishman, Patrick O'Malley, who worked in the garden of his father.

"Pat once caught," Mr. Dresser said the other day, "a boy stealing apples in my father's garden. He seized the boy by the collar, took up a stick and prepared to flog him."

"The little fellow kicked, squirmed and bellowed."

"Oh, mister," he howled, "don't do nothing to me, sir. I'm not to blame for this."

"Why are you not to blame?" said Pat, holding his hand a moment.

"Folks say I'm not all there," replied the boy.

"Well," said Pat, "I can't help that. I'll just lick what there is of ye."

His Nerve.

SINCE the engagement of pretty Miss X has been an announced fact, her small brother has been puzzling his head to understand what it means.

"Why," explained his mother. "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that she will live in his house after this, and he'll take care of her."

"Buy her things?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Hats and dinners and ice cream and everything?" he persisted.

"Yes," was the answer.

The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, ain't that man got nerve, though?"—[Washington Post.]

He Wasn't Quite Sure.

IT was comparatively but a short time ago that the old rules of the English courts were in full force and vigor in the conservative State of South Carolina. Thus it was distinctly provided that each attorney and counselor, while engaged in a trial, must wear "a black gown and coat." But on one occasion James L. Pettigree, one of the leaders of the bar, appeared dressed in a light coat.

"Mr. Pettigree," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigree replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigree, you have on a light coat. The court cannot hear you."

"But your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that a barrister must wear 'a black gown and coat,' does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that both the gown and the coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigree, certainly," answered his honor.

"And yet it is also provided by law," continued Mr. Pettigree, "that the sheriff must wear 'a cocked hat and sword,' is it not?"

"Yes, yes," was the somewhat impatient answer.

"And does the court hold," questioned Pettigree, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er—h'm," mused his honor, "you—er—may—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigree."—[Success.]

A Picture Puzzle.

THE Duke of Roxburghe, who is to marry Miss May Goelet, has in his castle at Kelso a number of fine family portraits. Some of the rooms at Kelso are thrown open to the public on certain days. The Duke sometimes tells of a remark that he once heard a stranger make while looking through these rooms. The stranger had halted beneath two paintings that hung side by side. They were portraits of the third duke and his son, but the father had been painted in his childhood, the son in his old age. It was this that perplexed the stranger. He studied the portraits a long time. Then he said:

"Is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

How the Story Was Sent.

NEWS of the blowing up and sinking of a steamboat on the Ohio River reached the office of a Pittsburgh paper one evening some years ago. The city editor sent a young reporter out on a search for the facts. The search developed into an adventure such as any newspaper man may tumble into at any hour of the day or night. He hurried to the station, and caught the fast westward-bound express. When the train had started, he learned that it did not stop within sixty miles of his destination.

A cautious hint from a Pullman porter apprised him of the presence of a division superintendent on the train, and in a few minutes he received an order for the conductor to stop the train for him.

Reaching the station late at night, he asked the telegraph operator to remain until he returned. Then he walked several miles, got his "story," and hurried back to the station, only to find that the operator had disregarded his request and closed the office.

Time was creeping into the morning hours, and he had the prospect of all his work coming to naught unless he secured an operator to get the story to his newspaper office. He tramped about the dark village, and found that the operator lived several miles away. Unsympathizing country folk could not be induced to rouse themselves.

Thinking hard, the young reporter walked back and

forth on the platform of the station. Huddled against the station he saw the sleeping form of a tramp. He kicked the hobo and offered him \$5 to make the trip for the operator.

The man got to his feet.

"Do you want an operator?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm a bum, but I was an operator. If you can get into that station I'll send your stuff, but I won't touch a door or a window myself."

Knowing that the newspaper would gladly pay damages, the reporter took a cudgel, broke the window and clambered in. The tramp clicked off the story, and it reached the office in time to go to press.—[World's Work.]

Preferred Bad Children.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON was fond of children, though not of bad ones. Once in Boston, she was calling on a young woman, whose little son, a particularly vicious urchin, played about her while she conversed. The child would pull his mother's hair, kick her, and thump her, nor did he hesitate to try, now and then, these tricks upon Mrs. Stanton. She said calmly:

"You are a bad boy, aren't you?"

"He is a bad boy," his mother, in a sad, hurt tone confessed.

"I prefer bad children, though," said Mrs. Stanton.

"Do you?" cried the young mother. "Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "they are usually sent out of the room."

Eternity Explained.

BUDD DOBLE, the veteran reinsman, used to attend frequently a queer little church on the outskirts of Philadelphia. His friends would hear from him a great many facts about this church, its people, and its parson. Almost every Sunday he had some interesting news to tell. One Monday he said:

"At last the meaning of eternity has been made clear to me. The parson at the little church explained eternity yesterday in such a way that everybody could understand."

"Eternity," said the parson, "is forever and forever, and five or six everlastings on top of that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity, it would still be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

Telling Him How.

THE man who was ascending the stairs to the elevated station with an umbrella stuck under his arm and his hands filled with packages received a sudden prod in the side that made him stop and turn around. He confronted an elderly woman coming behind him, who gazed at him reproachfully, and in response to his indignant look said:

"That's no way to carry an umbrella."

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"I mean that when you are going upstairs you haven't any right to carry your umbrella so it's likely to punch out a person's eye."

"I haven't, eh?" said the man, with some heat, as he gained the landing. "Do you think I'm going to carry it in my teeth?"

"I don't care where you carry it," said the woman, "as long as you don't carry it sticking out behind you. I thought I'd speak to you about it, anyway."

"Did you jab me with your umbrella to do it? I know how to carry an umbrella as well as you do. Do you think you could carry these parcels and not have your umbrella sticking out behind you?"

The woman looked at the parcels critically.

"You might—" she began. Then she added: "Well, I don't know that you could, either. But you know that isn't the proper way to do if your hands were free."

"I know that," said the man.

"Well, if you know it, I'm sorry I poked you."

The man grunted, and they came to the parting of the ways. The woman took the Metropolitan passage, and the man the South Side. He had proceeded about ten feet when he heard the woman call him.

"Why don't you put the parcels under your arm and carry your umbrella in your hand?" she asked.

The man glared at her for a moment, then he said:

"I might knock your eye out with a parcel."—[Chicago News.]

The Wrong Dress.

THIS is one of those actually-happened affairs, and took place in the home of a well-known political speaker who lives on St. Paul street. The lady of the house had had a nursemaid, who had departed from her some time before the securing of a successor. When the latter came she was so unskilled in her dress that the lady of the house could not overlook the fact, so she said:

"Minnie, that dress you have on will never do. The girl who was here before you had a nurse outfit that I gave her, and it is still here. If you will step upstairs to the wardrobe you will find it. Please put it on and come back at once."

Minnie departed for the upper regions, but soon returned, reporting that the gown would not do at all, as it was far too short for her.

"You are mistaken," said the lady, in surprise. "The former girl was taller than you, and if anything the dress would be somewhat too long for you."

At this the girl burst into tears, saying she was sure she was right, as she had tried the frock and found it far too short.

Still puzzled, the lady of the house said:

"Go upstairs and bring down that dress, and we'll see about it."

The girl did so, and immediately reappeared, carrying her mistress's bathing suit.—[Baltimore American.]



## Two Notable Squaws.

A WOMAN WHO SAW LEWIS AND CLARKE, THE EXPLORERS.

By a Special Contributor.

"YOU see those two squaws coming up the steps," said Maj. Moorhouse as we sat in his office in Pendleton, Or.; "they are the two most interesting Indian women in the northwest."

"One of them is Pe-tow-ya, who saw Lewis and Clarke when they made their first trip; the other is a girl who keeps up the name of Sac-a-ja-wea, the Indian woman who showed these two explorers the way across the Rockies."

The two entered. What a contrast! Old age. Youth! Pe-tow-ya's face was wrinkled like that of a mummy of the Nile. Her sparse, unkempt hairs had turned a yellow-white. How drawn was her neck! She looked wilted like a baby's balloon that's had a hole punched in it. The old, dried-up hand that stuck from underneath her blanket carried a cane. Her feet had dried up, too, for her buckskin moccasins were small. Her dim eyes set far back within lashless lids. Her voice, when she said, "Ho," in reply to our greeting, broke into a childish treble. Everything about her betokened age.

"I wager what she knows would fill a book," said I to myself.

But Sac-a-ja-wea! She was plump, pretty, straight. She carried herself beneath her bright-colored blanket with the grace of a doe. Her thick hair was a glossy black; her dark, musing eyes, gentle enough to "lull a storm. The beads she wore covered no hollow in her breast. There was a bold perfection about her features—plump cheeks, a strong nose, a rounding chin and a prettier pair of lips Hobson never kissed.

The two had come for the pictures the Major had made of them. They stood around awhile, until, tiring, they sat down.

"You don't mean to say, Major," said I, "that this old girl has seen Lewis and Clarke? Why, they are getting ready an exposition to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their journey."

"If I can get her to open up, I'll let her answer you." Then the major talked in her native tongue to Pe-tow-ya, both of them using many signs, especially the old woman. I'll give you just the English of it.

"How old are you, Pe-tow-ya?" asked the major.

"Ale! Ale! Heap old. Long time I keep him stick."

"You know when first white man come this country?"

"Ale! Yes."

"How old you then?"

In reply, Pe-tow-ya held up her two hands and put out a foot.

Here Pe-tow-ya motioned toward her lips and then rubbed her finger on the cheek of Sac-a-ja-wea.

This story of the old Indian woman so well agrees with that of Washington Irving in his "Astoria," where he tells of Lewis and Clarke on their return journey in 1806—of their having a negro servant along, of their meeting friendly Wallula Indians at the mouth of the Touchet River on the north side of the Columbia, and of their swapping medicine with them for ponies and food—that I do not doubt Pe-tow-ya's story. The major told me that to his knowledge she had been on the Indian agent's roll for forty-five years. Besides, she surely looked her part.

I don't suppose Lewis and Clarke ever heard of the full effect of their medicine, for old Pe-tow-ya told how Chief Yellept, who had many sons, lost them all but one. He wished very much for this only living son to succeed him as chief; but this boy also died. Old Yellept felt of his his son and found him cold. When they were burying the boy, Yellept got into the grave and had them cover him up too—bury him alive.

"The old chief just about gave his children eye water or some poison for pain in the stomach," remarked the major, after translating Pe-tow-ya's story of Yellept.

The old woman was in a talkative mood. Her signs were so vivid that, although I could not understand her words, I knew what she was speaking about. She went on:

"After first white man come, bimeby come him ship where river go into big water—no see him across. Ale! Ale! King George man come ship. Build him tepee logs. Make him hole in tepee. Poke him big shoot out hole. King George man take him boat, come up river; give him Injun blanket, give him Injun beads, give him Injun heap thing pretty! Injun give him King George man skin.

"Bimeby come book man, make him heap talk Injun. Book woman heap sing. Heap white man come. Tepee got wheels. White man take him Injun land. Injun fight. Heap shoot. Heap kill him Injun. Heap kill him white man."

Thus old Pe-tow-ya, in her simple way, told us a hundred years' history of the northwest—how John Jacob Astor, after the trip of Lewis and Clarke, sent ships to the mouth of the Columbia hoping to establish trading posts. With the Indians; how King George's men, the English, also came and, building Fort Vancouver and fortifying it with cannon, contested the claim of Astor; how the Canadian voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company went up stream and traders bartered with the Indians, giving them cheap trinkets for their rich furs; how Whitman, the missionary, and his wife, preached and sang to the Indians; how the settlers came pouring in in prairie schooners, took the Indians' land and fought them. This was the best history lecture I had ever heard.

"But how has she lived to be so old?" I asked.

"Fresh air has done the work," replied the major.

"You know she has never slept in a bed. She was an old woman many years ago. I kind o' took pity on her and built her a house near her tepee. I think! Darned if she didn't keep her tepee and put her horses in the house for a stable."

During the talk with Pe-tow-ya, Sac-a-ja-wea was silent, listening to say unless the major asked her what the old lady was telling. She was good-looking. But now she no longer wanted to talk. I turned to the imagery of her people. She is a type of who goes to school, tries on civilization, it strained, and goes back to the fringes of the blanket and the tepee.

"You have a pretty name," said I to the does it mean, Sac-a-ja-wea?"

"It means Bird Woman."

"Well, how did you ever come to get the name? It is like this: when an Indian child is born, it puts it out by itself. It sees some animal thing it likes, and is named after it. I believe that it will keep away bad spirits. That's why they call me Sac-a-ja-wea."

"What a pretty name," I said again.



NISHRAM INDIAN  
FINGERS A RELIGIOUS



COLUMBIA FALLS OF THE COLUMBIA

"That means fifteen," said the major to me, recalling that our decimal system had its beginning based upon our having five fingers and two hands. "That would make her about 115 now."

"How you know white man you see be first white man?"

"My father say so. He talk straight. He keep heap horse, heap cattle.

"After sick eyes. He come see Chief Yellept, chief man Wallula Injuns. First white man give Yellept medicine. He make him my father good eyes. My father come home his tepee. He say his people: 'I see him heap man, face all same snow; I see him one man face all same burnt wood.' Injun no believe my father talk straight. My father say his men: 'You go with me.' Injun go where little river meet big river. I go. I see my two eyes my father touch him finger tongue; touch him finger black man face. He rub. Black no come off."



Woman dropped her eyes and did not look up until I said: "You ought to be very proud of your people, because was it not a young Indian woman called Sac-a-jaw, the name as you who showed Lewis and Clarke the way to the Pacific Ocean?"

"Yes," was her only answer. Then she dropped her eyes again.

"Are you kin to her?"

"Yes, I am from her people," the girl replied.

"You know all about her, then, don't you?"

"My people have told me some and I have read some about," answered Sac-a-jaw, her shyness growing when I asked her more questions.

"What you tell my friend," broke in the major, what you told me when I was out and made your picture that day? I have forgotten lots of it."

"That wasn't much," said the girl.

"Then I'm sure you'll tell me," I spoke up.

"Well, my people say," began Bird Woman, "long time ago there were lots of buffaloes on the other side of the mountains. They used to go over there to hunt. The Indians who lived there—they were the Sioux—did not want a strange people to come over to their country and take their food. But my people, the Shoshones, were a strange people, and went into the buffalo country. They fought with the Sioux. Every summer, nearly, they went to fight. Sometimes my people would whip the Sioux, and sometimes the Sioux would whip my people. When my people whipped the Sioux, they would take them for prisoners; when the Sioux whipped my people they would take Shoshones for prisoners.

"One summer my people catch lots of buffaloes. The Shoshones followed them back to the mountains. They took my people and took many prisoners. One of the prisoners was a little girl named Sac-a-jaw. She was a little girl, but big enough to know her name. The Shoshones took her away down into the buffalo country. My people did not hear about her for a long time.

"One day, white men come one day to the mountains. They had guns that would shoot a long way and they had a funny glass that they could hold up to a place of wood and start a fire. My people thought the Great Father had sent the white men. The white men had found Sac-a-jaw at Fort Mandan, on the Missouri River, in Dakota. They took her with them and they went the way. She was a grown woman by then, and was married. When she and her husband came to where three rivers came together, the Great Father gave Sac-a-jaw a papoose. One day it was the river, and Capt. Clarke got it out. Sac-a-jaw always loved Capt. Clarke because he got out her papoose. I love Capt. Clarke because he got out the papoose was one of your ancestors,"

"What my people say," continued the girl.

"That was a good thing, too," added Sac-a-jaw—for she, once started, will complete a story—"that the woman was along, because the white men came to place where three rivers made the big Missouri. The white men did not know which river to follow across the mountains, but the Indian woman knew them.

"When they all got to the top of the mountains they found the white men. The chief was a brother of the Indian who showed the white men which river he take them they would find the trail across the mountains. His name was Came-a-h-wait. He was good to the white men because Capt. Clarke had saved the papoose gave the white men fresh ponies. He showed the white men the way down to the Nez Perces country. The white people showed the white men the way down the river. The Big River (the Columbia) took the white men to the ocean, where the sun goes down.

"You let me see picture, please," said the girl to me.

"What you want to look at first, I suspect," said I, handing to Sac-a-jaw a picture he had shown her as if showing the trail across the Rockies and Clarke.

"Aie! Celilo! Smohollic!" spoke up old Pe-tow-ya, the man across pictures of the Celilo Falls of the Columbia and of the Wishram Indians.

"He told how the Wishrams, who have always lived at the Celilo Falls, in the early days, were the Indians who gave any trouble to the whites. Away from the cliffs along the Columbia they had painted a picture of a witch that guarded the river, keeping other Indians from fishing for salmon. These the Wishrams had killed and traded to the other Indians for things. They became rich and mean.

"Pe-tow-ya told of old Smohollic, who started a religion among the Wishrams still follow. Smohollic was a man. He was looked up to and feared. He taught the people that the earth was the mother of all, and that it was to stick a hoe or a plough into the earth, that the earth should live only on the things that the earth gave freely. He believed that spirits aided his people in battle, and he believed in the resurrection of the dead to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The hunchbacked man met the Shakers, and had mixed some of religion with that of the Indians. In fact, they had mixed the Shakers and used bells in their worship to their aid the good spirits.

"I got enough of the pictures, old Pe-tow-ya, in my fashion, left us without saying adieu; but Pe-tow-ya, drawing her bright blanket close over her head, and, smiling, showing her pretty, even teeth, said: "Goodby." Noiselessly her moccasined feet slipped to the door.

"What did I

CHARLES N. CREWDSON.

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## Brave Boys Remembered.

### MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF CONFEDERATE CADETS.

From a Special Correspondent.

LEXINGTON (Va.) Nov. 9.—During the past several years loyal sons of the Union and loyal sons of the Confederacy have erected in various sections of this united country tablets of bronze and monuments of stone to commemorate the valorous deeds of those who died in the consciousness of a duty faithfully performed. Brave deeds of generals high in command have been commemorated; the private soldier has been scantily remembered, but there was recently erected in this quaint Virginia town a monument absolutely unique in that it commemorates the brave acts of a band of school boys, beardless youths, who threw school books to the wind and charged under the withering fire of the Federal troops at the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, under command of Gen. Sigel.

In all the war records of the archives of the world there are few pages more brilliant in deeds of heroism and determined bravery than those devoted to the Virginia Military Institute cadets at New Market. The battle was fought between the Confederates under Gen. Breckenridge, and the Federals commanded by Gen. Sigel.

Artillery and infantry, as well as cavalry, played an important part in the fray, and the cadets were represented in the first two named branches of the service, their infantry being supplemented by an artillery section of three-inch cannon, detached from the cadet corps and merged into Maj. McLaughlin's command.

The Federal forces numbered from ten to twelve thousand, while the Confederates had less than three thousand, but when the smoke of battle cleared away, the bloody field disclosed 242 dead in blue, 569 wounded, and 240 missing; while 68 killed and 237 wounded were the Southern loss, of which 8 dead and 44 wounded were V. M. I. cadets.

The cadets were pressed into service by the lack of men in the southern army. The hosts of the North were advancing up the Shenandoah Valley, and Lee could spare no forces to check them. Gen. Breckenridge was ordered to assemble as many troops as possible from the southwestern Virginia forces at Staunton. Prior to this time many cadets had deserted the institute and gone to the war for the South. Those who remained were almost in every case nothing more than boys in their teens.

But they were restless and longed for the fray, so when in the early hours of May 11, 1864, the roll call roused them from their dreams of battle fields and hurried them into line before the George Washington arch, there was an air of anxious expectancy and hope among them which was surcharged by exultant cheering upon the reading of orders directing their immediate march to Staunton to join Gen. Breckenridge's command.

Four companies of infantry and a battery of artillery started at the break of dawn, and two days later reported at Staunton.

From the report of Lieut.-Col. Scott Shipp, who commanded the cadets, the following account of the battle is secured:

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 14th, we received orders to prepare to march immediately without heat of drum, and as noiselessly as possible. We moved from camp at 1:30 o'clock, taking position in the general column in the rear of Echol's brigade, being followed by the column of artillery under command of Maj. McLaughlin. Having accomplished a distance of six miles and approached the position of the enemy as indicated by occasional skirmishing with his pickets in front, a halt was called, and we remained on the side of the road two or three hours in the midst of a heavy fall of rain. The general having determined to receive the attack of the enemy, made his dispositions for battle, posting his cadets in reserve. He informed me he did not wish to put the cadets in if he could avoid it, but should occasion require, he would use them freely.

"He was also pleased to express his confidence in them, and I am happy to believe that his expectations were not disappointed, for when the tug of battle came, they bore themselves gallantly and well.

"The enemy, not making the attack, as was anticipated or not advancing as rapidly as was desired, the line was placed into column and the advance resumed. Here I was informed that my battalion, together with the battalion of Col. G. M. Edgar, would constitute the reserve, and was instructed to keep the section of artillery with the column and to take position, after the deployments should have been made, 250 to 300 yards in rear of the front line of battle, and to maintain that distance, having begun a flank movement to the left about two miles south of New Market, the nature of the ground was such as to render it impossible for the artillery to continue with the infantry column. I ordered Lieut. Minge to join the general artillery column in the main road and report to Maj. McLaughlin. After that I did not see the section of artillery again until near the close of the engagement. Maj. McLaughlin, under whose command they served, was pleased to speak of the section in such complimentary terms that I was satisfied that they had done their duty.

"Continuing the advance on the ground to the left of the main road and south of New Market, at 12:30 p. m., we came under the fire of the enemy's batteries. Having advanced a quarter of a mile under fire, we halted, and the column was deployed, the march up to this time having been by flank in column. The ground in front was open, with skirts of woods on the left. Here Gen. Breckenridge sent for me, and gave me in person my instructions. The general's plan seems to have undergone some modifications. Instead of one line with a reserve he formed his infantry into two lines, artillery in the rear and to the right, the cavalry deployed and

guarding the right flank, left flange resting on the river. "Wharton's brigade of infantry constituted the first line, Echol's brigade the second. The battalion of cadets brigaded with Echol was the last battalion but one from the left of the second line, Edgar's battalion being on the left. The lines having been adjusted, the order to advance was passed. Wharton's line advanced; Echol's followed at 250 paces in the rear. As Wharton's line ascended a knoll, it came in full view of the enemy's batteries, which opened a heavy fire, but, not having gotten the range, did little damage. By the time the second line had reached the same ground, the Yankee gunners had got the exact range, and their fire began to tell on our line with fearful effect. It was here that Capt. Hill and others fell.

"Great gaps were made through the ranks, but the cadets, true to their discipline, would close into the center to fill the interval and push steadily forward. The alignment of the battalion under this terrible fire, which strewn the ground with killed and wounded for more than a mile on open ground, would have been creditable even on a field day.

"The advance was thus continued until, having passed Bushong's house, beyond New Market, and still to the left of the main road, the enemy's batteries at 250 and 300 yards, opened on us with cannister and case shot, and their long lines of infantry were put into action at the same time.

"The fire was withering. It seemed impossible that any living creature could escape; and there we sustained our heaviest loss, a great many being wounded, and numbers knocked down, stunned, and temporarily disabled. I was here disabled for a time, and the command devolved upon Capt. H. A. Wise, Company A. He gallantly pressed onward. We had before this got into the front line. Our line took a position behind a line of fence. A brisk fusillade ensued, a shout, a rush, and the day was won. The enemy fled in confusion, leaving killed, wounded, artillery and prisoners in our hands. Our men pursued in hot haste until it became necessary for our men to halt, draw ammunition and reestablish the lines for the purpose of driving the enemy from their last position on Rude's Hill, which they left with cavalry and artillery to cover the passage of the river, about a mile in their rear. Our troops charged and took the position without loss. The enemy withdrew, crossed the river and burned the bridge. The engagement closed at 6:30 p. m."

Gen. Breckenridge directed the following order of thanks:

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT,  
New Market (Va.) May 16, 1864.

Colonel: I am directed by Maj.-Gen. Breckenridge to convey, in parting with the corps of cadets, to you and to them, his thanks for the important services they have rendered. He desires also to express his admiration for their meritorious conduct as exhibited in their soldierly bearing on the march, and for their distinguished gallantry on the field.

With sentiments of high personal regard, I am,  
Your obedient servant,  
T. STODDARD JOHNSON,  
Major and Acting Adjutant-General.  
To Lieut.-Col. Scott Shipp, Commanding Corps of Cadets.

### WAS CAESAR A DENTIST?

The manufacture and use of false teeth are undoubtedly of great antiquity. The ancient Egyptians were no mean dentists. Jawbones of mummies have been found with false teeth in them, and some with teeth filled with gold. The ancient Greeks also knew how to fill teeth with gold, and how to make false teeth.

There is plentiful evidence of skilled dentistry among the Romans, for many of the Latin authors have references to false teeth. In the "Roman Laws of the Twelve Tables" there are distinct references to artificial teeth. The first part of No. 10 forbids useless expense at funerals in general, but an exception is permitted by No. 11, which allows that the gold fillings of false teeth or the gold with which they were bound should be buried or burned with the deceased.—[Answers.

### A MAN OF PEACE.

"The newspapers made the mistake of referring to Maj. Pepper as a turbulent character."

"Misrepresented him, I suppose?"

"Grossly. A milder, more peaceable man than Maj. Pepper never lived. He is as kind and gentle as a woman, sir."

"And what did the major do about it? Anything?"

"Oh, yes. When his attention was called to the lying statement he went around and horsewhipped the editor and wrecked his office, and put a bullet through the shoulder of a fellow who tried to interfere. Then he stepped out on the sidewalk and told the crowd that if they didn't like his style he would fight the whole thieving lot of them."—[Kansas City Journal.

### A POSSUM TRAGEDY.

"Yes, sub, he had 'de possum treed all right, w'en a a hurricane come 'long en blowed de tree down on him en kilt him."

"My, my!"

"Yes, but dat wuzn't de worst er it. What you reckon happened after dat?"

"Lawd knows!"

"De 'possum got away."—[Atlanta Constitution.

### WORKING BOTH.

Dr. Sharpe is quite wealthy, isn't he? Did he make all his money from his practice?"

"Not all of it. He's the principal owner of a very large oil well up the State, and—"

"And he makes money from the sick and the well, too."—[Philadelphia Press.



# The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

## ORNAMENTAL GRASSES

### DECORATIVE PLANTS AND THEIR USES IN GARDEN AND HOUSE.

By *Ella Sumner Angier.*

NOTE.—Queries properly and clearly stated, addressed to the House Beautiful department in care of The Times, and which relate to floriculture or landscape gardening, architecture or interior decoration, will be answered, so far as possible, either in these columns or by personal letter. Answers will have frequently to be deferred for a week or more.

#### The Beauty of the Grasses.

IT is so easy for us to lose beauty of a more delicate sort in this country of brilliant skies, bewildering blossoms, luscious fruits. Yesterday I came upon a tiny terraced garden plot, not more than fifteen feet square and surmounting a wall that was ten feet above the sidewalk. So steep was the incline that the earth in the narrow terraces must needs be walled in with stone, and for this purpose had been used jagged bits of rough gray and brown granite, with their rich shadings, and peculiar shapings. Not a great variety of plant life in this tiny garden, but on the outer edges where the wall separated from the street, or the steps leading up to the residence on the one side, to the carriage way on the other, there drooped the soft gray succulent leaf of the tiny pink blossoming and gray-leaved Mesembryanthemum, with an overhanging clump of the single Cherokee rose with its glossy green leaves just at the head of the driveway. There was a clump or two of the bright blue Lobelia, a bit of white Candytuft, and down near the sidewalk, overhanging the wall, a fine dark Heliotrope, while in another corner there was striped Agave that did not seem out of place among the rocks;

Cyperus is a sedge plant, and generally used as a greenhouse or hanging-basket plant, but here in Southern California it thrives in the open, and I have often seen clumps of it six and eight feet in height, while in less favored spots it grows two and three feet readily, and makes a most excellent grass for cutting for decoration. There are variegated varieties, and where the soil is loose and rich and the water plenty, no more effective foliage plant can be chosen for a background, or along the edge of a pond, or drooping over a wall.

The Egyptian Papyrus is another very attractive foliage plant in this climate, and attains a considerable height, the one in my illustration reaching the second story of the house.

This Papyrus gets its name from the Syrian babeer, pronounced papeer, from which comes the Egyptian word Papyrus and our paper. Papyrus antiquorum is the variety grown here most generally, and its propagation is very simple either from seeds, or by division. It is properly an aquatic, but seems to adapt itself to conditions which are the extreme of natural, since we frequently find P. antiquorum growing on high side-hill gardens with but infrequent irrigation. It is a delicate light green in color, and looks well cut and placed in masses in jars or vases.

The Tricholaenas are very useful grasses in this climate, both the T. rosea and T. atropurpurea being attractive either in the garden, or cut, and mingled with other cut flowers.

#### Ribbon Grasses, and Pampas Plumes.

Fashions change in plants, as in clothes, and so on

regular intervals across the leaves, Variegated white band longitudinal, and Gracillima wiry and able to withstand much wind.

These Eulalias are plume and loose clumps or beds with finer grasses surrounding lovely little grass is the purple fountain grass, Eulalia purpurea, Rupprechtii.

Throughout California, and especially the Santa Cruz mountains are to be found many grasses which it would surely pay to have in gardens. Why doesn't some one specialize as Carl Purdy has with his native grasses? Growers make much of decorative grasses, and a collection of good varieties would be most profitable. Many improvements might be made by thoughtful grower.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

J. A. S., Pasadena: By some accident your letter with its kindly appreciation of my comment has but just reached me. Your question of the adaptation of the summer blooming annuals to our longer and less marked seasons of the problems of gardening in this section, that your poppies sowed in the open in February bloom until May or June.

The fact is that one must reconstruct his notions as well as their ideas and methods of Southern California. To illustrate my point, say that several years ago a farmer friend of mine had a variety of corn known in his neighborhood as "six-weeks corn," and which in the short season of the north matured promptly, but, planted so slowly that when, in the fall, he gathered, marked jocosely that he thought it would be renamed as the "six-months corn."

The best results in hardy annuals are now planted at this, the fall season. Shirley Popples also require early planting to get the best results. In a general way it may be said that spring months compare so far as the weather shows, with the summer of most of the north, while in our mid-summer we must depend on blooming bulbs, the tropical shrubs, and a few hardy annuals to withstand, not the heat, but the dryness of our climate, and it is this latter, I think, the tender annuals shrivel in summer, but dryness of the air.

Your Cornflower (Kaiser Wilhelm) is now, and as for the Stocks, Mignonette and others are now in boxes, I should advise keeping them until after the first rains of the season have come and made the wild seed start. You may be the matter of planting very largely by winter months. Sometimes the tiny seeds of the human in their perverseness. I heard on the other day that she planted California Popples of having early fall bloom, "but the things seemed to know it was out of season up in mid-winter just as the wild ones do."

Coaxing, and conforming to natural conditions, will make it possible to change natural tendencies and times of growing and for growing in the open, try to follow the seasons of Southern California.

#### Just a Note Book Suggestion.

I am reminded as I glance over my notes of the carefully constructed but inexpensive plan of Dr. Waffle, at Santa Ana, a full description is to be given you at a later time, I saw a netting with an inch, or inch and a half mesh, which many of my readers will like to pattern with a netting with an inch, or inch and a half mesh wide, was tacked along the wall, and at intervals the other edge brought half way up, loops which held the whole to the wall, moss, and filled with wood loam, Begonias, and other delicate plants and vines, found a home and draped the wall in a way that was lightfully artistic. This wall had three or four "hanging baskets" running the entire length of the room, and the result was a mass of green foliage concealing the bare boards underneath. I saw many adaptations of this plan, and lately saw in my mind's eye the high board cramped back yard of many city homes, once the view of the house by an arrangement of filled with hardy vines and blooming plants, be watered with a hose, and would be agreeable to the eye than the stiff boxes and frequently used for this purpose.

#### PLANTING NOTE.

Continue planting hardy bulbs, as Hyacinths, Lilies; also continue sowing hardy annuals. A month to make alterations in the garden, spading and other heavy work that may be done in the fall.

#### PROUD OF HIM.

"Is your son Josh doing well in the city?" "I should say he is," answered Farmer. "He bought a gold brick the first day he came home an' sold it to me for twice what I tell you that boy's got enterprise."—[Washington Post.]

#### HEARD IN A GARRET.

"I want a hero for a new story," said the editor. "Let me see," said a friend, "suppose you take who has read all your books?"—[Atlanta Constitution.]



rarely sees in the modern garden the "Ribbon Grasses" with their brilliant white and green, or some times yellow stripes, and their villainous habits of creeping into places where they were not welcome. Phalaris arundinacea, the botanists name these grasses, and planted near the edge of the lily pond, or among other strong growing decorative plants, they make a commendable variety.

The Pampas, Cynerium argenteum, is that lovely South American that only a few years ago was prized the world over so highly as a decorative plant, and yet has become as "passed" as our grandfather's glossy beaver hat.

One of the most curious sights I have ever seen was at Santa Barbara last spring, when hundreds of acres of Pampas were uprooted and overturned to lie with great masses and balls of roots four or five feet through, to dry out enough that they might be burned and destroyed; for while the growing of Pampas plumes was one of the most profitable businesses on the Coast, it is now entirely unprofitable.

Their culture in the garden as an ornamental plant is just as desirable as ever, and while the owner of the small garden plot should think twice before giving up as much space as is required for Pampas, yet nothing is more beautiful in its season.

At Santa Ana a few days ago, I took a shot with my camera at some great snowy plumes nodding in the wind, and present The Times readers with the result.

In a letter recently received from the Wizard of Santa Rosa, Luther Burbank, a description of the loveliness of the pink and purple plumes that he has grown has revived my interest in this plant. Perhaps others will like to try growing them.

#### Grasses Cut for Decorative Purposes.

In using grasses for decorative purposes, either where they are to be dried, or as used with other cut flowers, they should be selected just as the plumes are full and before they are in any sense ripe. With the Pampas, I believe that they should be cut almost as soon as the sheath bursts, as otherwise they will be loose, and scatter distressingly, after cutting and drying.

Another grass that is much grown East, and said to be harder than the Pampas, is Eranthus Ravennae, which should be planted as individual plants, and not too close to other decorative plants. The Eulalias are worthy of attention, varieties being Zebrinus with white bands at

but the chief delight of all, giving color and life to the whole, was, nodding in and out and all around these other plants, clumps of Trichlaena rosea, a beautiful grass with rose-colored plumes which is easily grown, and lends a grace and delight to any garden, yet requires little care.

As I looked at this simple little grass which still lent so much of glory to this place, I was reminded of lines which I think are from the pen of that delighted California poet Ina Coolbrith:

"Because the rose the bloom of blossoms is,  
And queenliest in beauty and in grace,  
The violet's tender blue we love no less,  
Or daisy, glancing up with shy, sweet face,

"For all the music which the forest has,  
The ocean waves that crash upon the beach,  
Still would we miss the whisper of the grass,  
The hum of bees, the brooklet's silver speech.

"So do I think, though weak we be, and small,  
Yet is there One whose care is none the less:  
Who finds, perchance, some grain of worth in all,  
Or loves us for our very humbleness!"

#### Useful, Because Ornamental, Grasses.

Almost all plant lovers are acquainted with Cyperus alternifolius, the Umbrella Grass of our gardens. This



## A New Hollywood Home.

PICTURESQUE HOUSE TO BE BUILT  
BY DR. E. W. CLARK.

By a Los Angeles Architect.

THE picturesque house shown on this page is about to be erected for Dr. E. W. Clark at the corner of Western avenue and Hollywood drive, in Hollywood. The exterior is treated in the pure Mission order and has a very clean-cut appearance. The exterior covering is of expanded metal lath covered with wood pulp and cement in equal proportions, and then coated with exterior cream-colored wash. The roof is of Spanish tile, the old Mission "S" shaped, while the ridges and eaves are of galvanized iron. The circular windows of the living-room and library, with flower balconies, the unique dormers, the rustic treatment, and the tiled chimneys are all expressive features.

The broad circular entrance steps of cement in red terra cotta tint, the loggia in tile and with bronze green door and side panels, have a look of hospitality. As one enters this home the reception hall attracts the attention. The broad staircase with its circular landing, the high wainscoting and beamed ceilings are in good taste. Off of this hall to the right is the living-room, a large-

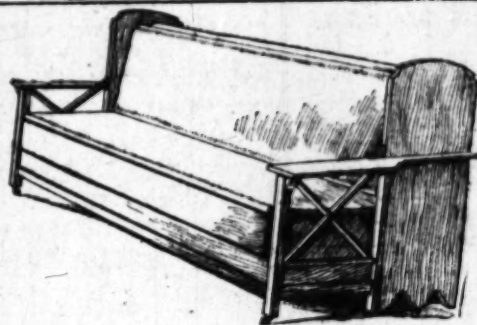
"Wanderlust I have, but I never tried to disturb fun in my life. I am looking for a Thanksgiving dinner."

The lady principal was sought out and interviewed. The young man presented his side of the case as forcibly as possible; the young ladies listened and grinned. The girl from Chicago entered a serious protest against patronizing "wanderlust." The young man, however, got his dinner at a table set apart for him alone.

### AN ORIGINAL HOSTESS.

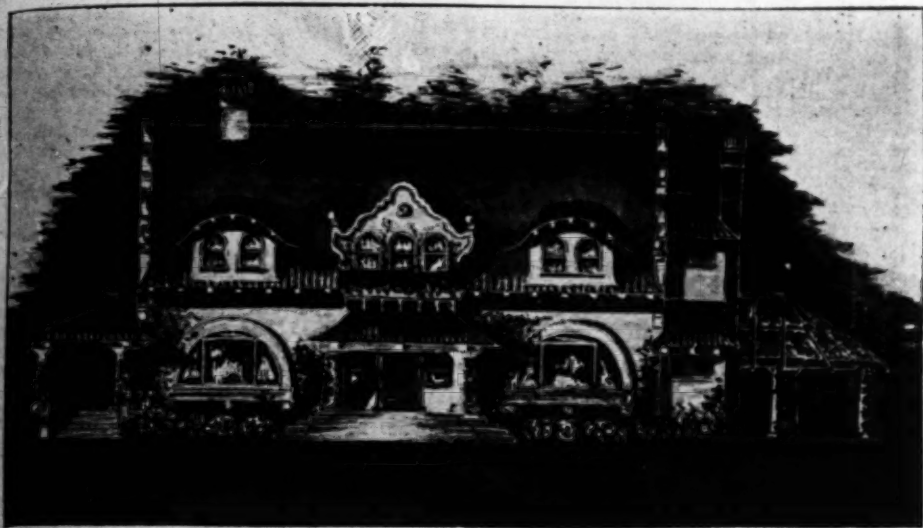
One of the most charming entertainers of the East, one known to many a guest on both continents, a New York woman of wealth and culture, puts into practice well nigh all the virtues of hospitality. Every year she has a house party at her beautiful summer home in the Adirondacks. She sees to it that the guests are all people of somewhat similar tastes, although certain ones may be wage workers, while others may be millionaires.

Each guest is pledged to do each day two hours of the lighter sorts of the home work for the common good. These tasks are drawn by lot, and changed weekly, as are the seats at the spacious out-of-door table. Never such enjoyment as the fine lady and elegant gentleman find at the dishwashing; the picking and arranging of the flowers; the weeding and hoeing of the garden, the dusting of the rooms; the oversight of the water tanks; the feeding of the horses, and of Aristophanes, the donkey. The hostess, too, takes her portion of the daily



Last week we made special mention of RUGS, which in connection with CARPETS AND DRAPERIES comprise the nucleus of our business; and the fact that our store has grown from a small beginning in these special lines until it is now recognized as one of the largest carpet houses in the West, is a satisfactory guarantee that these special lines are also the nucleus of our success. Today we wish to again call attention to the MISSION DAVENPORT represented in the above cut. The unprecedented sales on these Davenport is a guarantee that the public know and appreciate an article that is worthy of merit. The Mission Davenport is an exclusive design—it is up to date—and the price moderate; it can be transformed into a large comfortable BED in a moment's time, and its simplicity and durability cannot fail to be appreciated. The original price was \$60—which is about the cost of an ordinary Davenport without the improvements—but our special \$45 price to introduce them has met with such universal approval that we have decided to continue this price until the present lot are sold. A handsome Davenport when closed—a large, Comfortable Bed when open—appropriate for the office or any place in the home; only \$45.00.

T. BILLINGTON CO.,  
312-314 S. BROADWAY.



RESIDENCE OF DR. CLARK.

bed room with wainscoting and beam work similar to that in the reception hall. The inglenook is separated from the living-room by a tastily-treated arch with tapered columns and spindles. To the left of the reception hall is the dining-room with beamed ceiling and painted wainscoting, furnished with china closets with leaded glass door, and having hardwood floor. Immediately adjoining is the library with bookcases all around and well lighted from above. The kitchen, with its different pantries, pass or butler's closets, dressers, etc., is a model of kitchen architecture, the latest of Mrs. Elmer's ideal suggestions having been incorporated therein.

The lower floors of the main rooms and halls and staircases are of parquet flooring in oak and mahogany, with Grecian borders. The upper story is arranged into lighted and ventilated bedrooms, while large, comfortable closets, linen and dress closets abound. The bathroom, finished with tile wainscot and floor, and the dressing-rooms are in fact all that could be asked for in a thoroughly up-to-date home. The house will be thoroughly equipped with the latest and most modern of plumbing goods, electrical work, and will be a credit to the beautiful suburb of Hollywood.

J. CATHER NEWSOM.

### A TRAMP'S THANKSGIVING.

The best Thanksgiving dinner I ever had on the road was at a boarding school for young ladies, writes Josiah Hull in Good Housekeeping. Probably the young ladies were long since married, and are now tried and experienced housekeepers; but in my day they were young and pretty girls, who gave very little thought to cooking. On the day in question they gave very little thought to anything but having a good time and eating. They were having their good time in the grounds surrounding the school, and the eating was soon to begin, when a young man in "road" clothes and with a big appetite appeared on the scene.

"The greetings of the season to you," he boldly remarked, advancing toward the group of romping girls. The girl from Chicago—at least the young man concluded she was from there—looked scared. Another girl made a move to run for the lady principal.

"I'm only looking for my dinner," the young man seemed to assure the group. "I belong to the class where we are always hungry. I wander, eat, wander some more, get hungry, and try to eat again. Are there any places for that species here today?"

The girl thought to come from Chicago said that they all ought to go to the house," that the young man was of the nature of a vagabond. "He has wanderlust," she remarked to the girl who had originally suggested that the lady principal be called into the comedy. "Why does such a person come around here to disturb our peace?"

"The previous intentions meant," said the young man.

labor, and so tactful and unobtrusive is her management that she seems only one of the guests.

This continual permutation of work and workers brings all the guests into close communion, and the light labor about the house and gardens gives added zest to the outdoor games and excursions, the indoor music and diversions. No one is bored. The common interest is in the joint care of the beautiful home, in which each feels a lover's share.—[Edwin Markham in Good Housekeeping.

### AS THEY DO IN LONDON.

In the dining-room of nearly every hotel in London one finds a round table filled with cold fowl, cold ham, roast beef, tongue and mutton, cold lobster and salmon with mayonnaise, and many "chaufroids" so masked with jelly, and so attractively garnished that one knows before tasting that they must be good.

At breakfast and lunch time, and even when in need of a bite before going to bed, the true Englishman makes a tour of inspection around this table, in order to select the particular palate tickler of his own fancy. But the usual breakfast of the ordinary mortal is tea, toast, muffins, or very hard cold rolls, with eggs or bacon—and the inevitable jam. This jam is always obtainable at any English table, and it is of many varieties, orange, plum or strawberry predominating. When the unspoiled American comes along, however, he is served with boiled coffee, warmed-over rolls, ice water and all the different kinds of jam at once. He swallows this with eggs or bacon, and then he wonders why his digestion doesn't digest. The boiled egg is the true test of patriotism. The Englishman eats his in the proper manner, of course; he sets it up in a tiny cup, breaks the end, adds a dash of salt, and proceeds to absorb it most daintily with a tiny spoon. But the American asks for two, and he wants them broken into a glass tumbler, or goblet, and he then chomps them furiously, adding salt, pepper and butter until they are thoroughly mixed into a delicious mess, which tastes better than it looks.—[Linda Hull Larned in Good Housekeeping.

### AND THEN THE AMBULANCE CAME.

"Why, I thought you were going to see a phrenologist this evening!"

"I was, but my wheel tipped me over on the curb stone, and—"

"You're afraid he'll read some bumps not on the map. I see. What a pity your head wasn't felt before."

"Why? He couldn't have told me—"

"Well, if your head had been felt at the time of your fall—"

And the second sound that broke the silence (which was itself the second thing broken) was a "hurry-up" call for the ambulance.

D. M. O.

Come and see our furniture  
And have a treat as well;  
Rather think we'll suit you as we've  
Lots of things to sell.

Everything we have is nice,  
Nothing's old or out of date;  
Our stock is always of the best,  
Special work and all first rate.

Now's the time to buy, you know,  
As Christmas time is drawing nigh;  
So come and get your order in,  
Here's the place for you to buy.

716-718 So. SPRING ST.



### IN THE MORNING

California Cream of Lemon used in bathing the face and hands, cleanses the pores and closes them against the grime and dust of the day.

### AT NIGHT

California Cream of Lemon rubbed lightly into the pores serves as a gentle stimulant. It is a natural skin food. There is nothing in it to irritate the most sensitive skin, as it is simply pure lemons reduced to a smooth cream.

California Cream of Lemon softens and refreshes the skin and smooths out the wrinkles. 4 ounce tube 25c, at all druggists or by mail. Sample 3c.

CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO.  
Los Angeles, California.

### THIS CHRISTMAS HAVE A LITTLE ORIGINALITY.

A good suggestion would be REICHENBACH'S HAND-MADE FURNITURE. It's quite the style now and will be a century hence—from great-grandfather to great-grandson. See the nice line of this furniture in following styles:

MISSION, CHIPPENDALE, COLONIAL, CORNHILL and SHERATON, as well as sketches and designs.

F. B. REICHENBACH,  
DESIGNER AND MANUFACTURER.  
618 SOUTH BROADWAY. Phone, Home 28.

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We make a specialty treating floors—hardwood or softwood—new or old—in a satisfactory manner. We use the most durable materials, and apply them properly. We can make old floors look like new.  
125 West Seventh St. **JOHN A. SMITH** Telephone Peter 612



## The Genial Idiot.

HE MAKES SOME POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

"WERE you ever in politics, Mr. Idiot?" asked the Poet, as Mrs. Pedagog's guests sat at table to partake of a luscious Sunday morning's breakfast of fried chicken and prunes.

"No," said the Idiot. "That is to say, I've never been exactly in politics."

"How do you mean?" queried the Poet.

"Oh, I've been habbled with by politics, but I've never been 'in' the darn things," explained the Idiot. "I thought once that I was 'in,' but the event showed that I wasn't. The only political experience I ever had proved to me definitely that it was the other fellow who was 'in,' while I was 'out.'"

"Anybody ever put you up for office?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"Once," said the Idiot, sadly.

"And never again, eh?" suggested the Lawyer.

"Not that I remember," returned the Idiot. "I hate limping; I abominate a crutch; I like to walk on two evenly distributed legs; I don't see the business sense of paying \$650 for a \$300 job, and so I quit. I might have been President of the United States by this time if I had been willing to put up \$7.50 to satisfy the demands of a fifteen-cent constituency, but even in these days of brilliant finance I couldn't be induced to let the pirates play 'heave ho and yo-ho-ho,' using my leg instead of a cable."

"Then it is true that candidates for office are continually subjected to demands for money, eh?" asked Mr. Whitechoker.

"Sir," replied the Idiot, "the condition is such that if the candidate were a national bank, they'd call it a run. Kipling's poem, 'Pay, Pay, Pay,' is inadequate to describe the situation. It is a continuous performance, a serial story by Henry James—endless; like Tennyson's brook, running on forever, provided you are weak enough to loosen your grip on the first dollar. Of course if you hang on to that from the beginning of your campaign to the end, you're all right, but it's ten to one you're walloped."

"But isn't that bribery and corruption?" asked Mr. Whitechoker.

"No, it's politics," said the Idiot.

"I should think a man would feel like a criminal buying an office," said Mrs. Pedagog.

"Ah, Mrs. Pedagog, you mustn't think that," said the Idiot. "The money isn't paid down as purchase money. No candidate that I know of ever went in deliberately to buy his office, but he develops at an early stage of the game an unusual spirit of generosity to his friends, both old and new. He's as cross as the dickens to his wife and children, but toward the outside world he is the perfect picture of beneficent philanthropy."

"I don't quite see how it is done," said Mrs. Pedagog.

"It is simplicity itself," observed the Idiot. "By a singular coincidence the moment that Mr. Augustus Delancy Wiggins is nominated for the high office of Mayor of Pawtucket, there springs into being in that interesting city all sorts of benevolent institutions of a literary, artistic and philanthropic nature. Men who never cared for literature before flock in great numbers, nay, clamor for admittance as charter members to the Pawtucket Shakespeare Society. Downtrodden sons of the soil, to whom in the past the achievements of art were reached by the bill posters of the Folly Variety Burlesquers, plastered all over the high fences of Pawtucket, now positively thirst for enlightenment as to Melsonier, Corot and Watts, and form themselves coincidentally with Mr. Wiggins's nomination for Mayor into 'The Angelus Club,' with headquarters over Moriarty's saloon on Main street. In similar fashion societies of a purely philanthropic nature are established in every ward of the city. The First Ward Fresh Air Society; the Second Ward B. P. A.—Benevolent Protective Association—the Society of the Mohawks springs up in the Third Ward, with the set purpose of conducting night classes in civics, where men who do not know how to vote may go and be told. And so on throughout Pawtucket. Mr. Wiggins's nomination seems to precipitate a wave of social, moral and philanthropic uplifting that ought to betoken the forthcoming of the millennium."

"Well, isn't that a good thing?" asked Mr. Whitechoker.

"Anything is a good thing that keeps money in circulation," said the Idiot.

"I still don't see what it all has to do with politics," observed Mrs. Pedagog.

"Well, you see it goes this way," said the Idiot. "Two days after Mr. Wiggins has started in on his campaign, he receives a cordial invitation to address the Pawtucket Shakespeare Society on the subject of 'The Influence of Hamlet upon Maeterlinck,' the proceeds to be devoted to building a new clubhouse for the society. This is signed by Tom O'Rafferty, Angelo Zaccapetti and Gottlieb Katzenheim, Committee on Literature. It is only coincidence, perhaps, that these gentlemen are leaders of the respective wings of Mr. Wiggins's party that their names would suggest. Of course Mr. Wiggins is highly flattered by the invitation, but he is too busy at this emergent hour of his career when he has reluctantly, and at great personal sacrifice come forth to rebuke corruption in high places, and wrest our fair city of Pawtucket from the cohorts of evil that for the past four years have fattened upon the toll of the taxpayer until flesh and blood cry out for revenge, to prepare the lecture suggested, but if the inclosed subscription for \$250 will help the building fund of this very worthy organization, Mr. Wiggins begs the committee to accept it with his grateful appreciation of the courtesy extended by the Pawtucket Shakespeare Society."

"I see," said Mr. Whitechoker. "In that way Mr. Wiggins makes popularity for himself."

"That's what he thinks, but that's where he thinks wrong," said the Idiot. "That check for \$250 ruins him; for, with a singular lack of perception, he has failed to observe that the committee is made up of three leaders, and \$250 does not divide easily into three parts; \$300 would turn the trick nicely—one hundred apiece—but \$250, well, when election day comes around, O'Rafferty, Zaccapetti and Katzenheim don't do a thing to Mr. Augustus Delancy Wiggins."

"I thought the money was for the erection of a clubhouse," said Mr. Whitechoker.

"It was, but that project is temporarily abandoned on account of the strikes," said the Idiot. "Then the Angelus Club rings Mr. Wiggins up on the telephone and asks him if he doesn't want to put his name down for a \$500 subscription to purchase a few paintings for the clubroom just opened over Moriarty's saloon. There are five hundred members of the Angelus Club, and all honest hard-working lovers of Art, and the committee in charge, knowing Mr. Wiggins's tremendous interest in such matters, would have esteemed themselves derelict if they had failed to give him this opportunity. Mr. Wiggins, who has just given his wife a fearful racking for having run up a bill of \$7.35 at the grocer's, replies that he is overjoyed to have this chance; indeed, he had heard the night before of the founding of the Angelus Club, and had at this moment a note on his memorandum pad to remind him to inquire as to its needs. Of course the check—payable to whom, and shall it go by mail or messenger?"

"Oh, well, I don't think that's so bad," said Mrs. Pedagog. "There's no harm in buying oil paintings for an art club."

"That depends on the paintings," returned the Idiot. "The ones Mr. Wiggins's money went into were sent up from Moriarty's saloon below stairs, and were mostly done in fusel oil and firewater, with a few malt effects thrown in, alongside of which, the morning after, a canvas by the lamented Whistler would seem the supreme of the reasonable."

"You don't mean to say that they spent all that money in drink?" cried Mrs. Pedagog.

"No," said the Idiot. "Ten dollars of it was devoted to the purchase of a thousand cigars for the Hanging Committee. But that is only the beginning of things. Mr. Wiggins has notified the community by the establishment of a precedent that he is a good thing, and from that day until election day he's kept busy meeting the literary and artistic demands of the hour. The Benevolent Association, made up for the most part of able-bodied sufferers from the germ of laziness, stick him repeatedly; individual cases of misfortune and poverty come to him night and day, in person, by mail and over the wire. When he has to go a block to call on a friend, he sends for a half dozen hacks and hires them by the hour, and then lets them wait for him at various points of the city. And so it goes. In four weeks of active campaigning a man can spend \$5000 without knowing it."

"Ah, yes, but the law says you must put in a statement of your expenses, and swear to it," said Mr. Whitechoker.

"True. Mr. Wiggins puts in his statement, and it shows that his canvass has cost him \$228.16 expended in car fare, printing and postage stamps," said the Idiot.

"And the \$5000?" demanded Mr. Whitechoker.

"What has that got to do with it? That wasn't campaign expenses, but generous impulse," said the Idiot. "He wouldn't have been any worse off politically if he hadn't paid the money, because on election night, Wiggins, sitting at home waiting to be apprised of his glorious victory, is rung up from headquarters, and informed with laconic swiftmess—'Hay, Wiggins—you're licked. Snowed under by 20,000.' Surely, Mr. Whitechoker, that proves that Mr. Wiggins gained no corrupt advantage by the use of his money."

"Oh—but it's wicked, wicked!" cried Mrs. Pedagog. "To make such demands upon a man whose only wish is to serve his country, and then turn him down."

"That's true," said the Idiot. "We need a very decided reform in dealing with this purchasable vote. It is always going to be bought or sold, and the law should see to it that it isn't riddled with the taint of bunco. If a man's generous impulses lead him to an expenditure of \$5000 in art, literature and philanthropy, he should receive something in return."

"What would you suggest to correct the evil?" asked the Poet.

"Oh, well," said the Idiot, "of course I'm not a professional lawmaker, but I don't see why our legislatures can't authorize duly licensed department stores to go into the vote-selling business. Messrs. Seagull & Jones, for instance, could have a special Monday bargain sale in colored votes warranted not to crack or fade, sent C. O. D., worth \$5, and marked down to \$3.97. Then the other shop across the street, Pennypacker's Universal, might advertise 'A choice remnant of unclassified votes for sale in lots. No orders taken for less than 100. Special discounts for blocks of 500 and over.' Another house, even more ambitious as to the scale of its operations, would advertise:

: SPECIAL NOTICE TO CANDIDATES. :  
: CAMPAIGNS CONDUCTED :  
: FROM BEGINNING TO END. :  
: No Annoyance. :  
: One Cash Payment Covers All. :  
: MAJORITY GUARANTEED. :  
:

"And so it would go. One house would have 'A New Invoice of Hungarian Voters Just in;' another would advertise, 'If you want to get elected, try Watkins & Smith's Italian Votoline, made from the essence of the Mafia,' and so on. The thing would at least be organ-

ized and above board, instead of chaotic and handed, the way it is now."

"I fall to see the special advantage of your said Mr. Whitechoker."

"It would have two great advantages to the said the Idiot. "In the first place, he could know to go for the votes he needed; and in the second they weren't delivered on election day, and he liked, he could sue the people from whom he took them for non-delivery. You can't do that as things are."

"What did your election cost you, Mr. Idiot?" asked the lawyer.

"Not a cent," replied the Idiot.

"Not a cent?" echoed Mr. Brief.

"No—I didn't buy one. I corraled a nice little though, for \$96.50 for legitimate, and 15 cents expenses. It was the best investment I ever made."

"But you did put fifteen cents into the drink," said Mr. Whitechoker. "Fifteen cents or \$5000, the principle is the same."

"I know it," said the Idiot. "But I couldn't. The man needed the drink."

"Who was he?" asked Mrs. Pedagog.

"Myself, Madame, when I heard that I'd been lope," replied the Idiot.

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## MEN OF GENIUS.

A story of an author who was compelled to resort to subterfuge in order to get his book into public notice, being told in Paris. Jean Lombard had fought for years against poverty and ill-health, but several novels had produced several novels which were considered those who had read them to be works of genius, but they had been total failures as salable commodities. His last work he concentrated all his hopes of publication, but on publication the book showed every sign of going unnoticed. The author, however, hit upon a unique way of advertising it. He wrote from London a letter signed "An Indignant Republican" to the editor of the Parisian, violently censuring the book as dangerous to public morality and demanding the imprisonment of the author. When inquiries were made the writer the author were found to be one and the same person, but the writer's object was accomplished.

King Louis of Portugal years ago promised to reward a pipe of port of a vintage of which only one had been preserved in the royal cellars. The pipe did not arrive, but the maestro was not a man to let a promise to be forgotten. Accordingly he took up pen and indited to his Portuguese majesty the following reminder: "You promised me some port wine, and it has not arrived. Your Majesty has certainly forgotten your promise, for sovereigns never forget. Allow me to remind you that I am old, and that time there is no time to be lost."

Czar Nicholas of Russia once asked Liszt to play in his presence, but during the performance started a conversation with an aid-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing once. The Czar sent to ask what was the matter. "When the Emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one is silent." The Czar smilingly took the hint, and playing proceeded.—[Chicago News.]

## THE KISS.

In the gray north I found a flower  
More fair than blossoms of the south,  
The red rose of your mouth.

I kissed it in a weary hour,  
And the sad silver winter day  
Grew straightway warm and gay.

Yes, that shy kiss had such strange power  
That summer seemed to bend above  
The laughing face of Love.

Our radiant future tower on tower  
A phantom city of delight  
Rose swiftly into sight.

And there a smiling fate would shower  
Her rarest gifts. I dreamed all this  
In one brief silent kiss.

No garden blossom has for dower  
Such deep, divine, glad dreams as those  
You gave to me, red rose!

—[Olive Custance, "Rain"]

## NEIGHBORS.

Climb clean above the roof and look from the eaves  
And never see a robin, nor a beach or elm  
And right here in earshot of at least a thousand  
And none that neighbors with us, or we with them  
and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—  
Back where the latchstring's a-hangin' from  
And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as  
tion—

Back where we ust to be so happy and so free  
—[James Whitcomb Riley, "Griggsby's Station"]

## CANADIAN IRE.

First Canadian: Did you hear about W. Phoogle?

Second Canadian: No; what about him?  
First Canadian: Why, Willie is so indignant  
Alaska boundary decision that he turns in  
down every time the cable says it is raining in  
—[Syracuse Herald.]

## VALUABLE READING.

"For clearness read Macaulay, and for beauty read Milton," said Mrs. Bondclipper, who is literary.  
"And for valuable information, read the Bible," added Mr. Bondclipper, who is not literary.  
Free Press.



Dunderhead's Trap.

UNEXPECTED RESULTS FOLLOW ITS PRACTICAL USE.

By a Special Contributor.

PETER DUNDERHEAD had been hearing and reading of late a great deal about burglars and their operations in the neighborhood of his residence. In fact, their successful raids for nearly a whole season had furnished the topic of conversation at the clubs, theaters and downtown places of business, as well as gossip in almost every drawing-room in the city, for many moons. There was as usual at such times, much discussion and many assertions as to what he or she would do if they should suddenly awake in the night and find a bold, bad burglar in the house, with his mask, dark lantern and all of the paraphernalia of his trade. Now P. Dunderhead, as his wife was pleased to call him, possessed a "fad," as a great number of good men do, and to him it was a live, palpitating "fad," which occupied a large share of his thoughts and much time in explaining it and its merits to his friends. This wonderful "fad" was the capture of burglars who attempted to enter private houses with "felonious intent," as the lawyers have it. And when, finally, the burglar entered the house of his friend Simkins, next door, and got away with quite a bunch of vicarious loot, including Simkins's wig and his wife's hair bustle, Mr. Dunderhead determined to put in operation his long-cherished plan for the protection of his home, fireside and pug dog.

He had always said that he never would consider what he should do if a burglar got into his house; the thing to do was to prevent them getting into the house at all, or at least to prevent them getting in without waking the family, and he looked with pity and contempt upon any man who should contemplate any other possibility. He could tell them just what to do to keep the burglars out, or to alarm the household, and that was much better than for a man to attempt to shoot them, or a woman to stick them with a "hat pin" after they had gotten in.

No one seemed willing to follow his advice, and he realized that if he was going to flood the world with light on the way to keep burglars out in the cold, cold world and incidentally have his name go "thundering down the ages" as a public benefactor, he must put in practical operation his much-talked-of "burglar trap." Now Dunderhead had worked up quite a reputation in his own family and among his intimate friends as a man of great ingenuity, as well as being a "wise guy," and he felt that he must do something to keep his reputation about at home, as well as to startle the world abroad. He believed his opportunity had come, and he felt a warm glow of pleasure in anticipation of what all the world would say in his praise as a public benefactor. He worked with enthusiasm on his "burglar trap" for several days, and his operations attracted to his house most of the near neighbors, who looked upon him with wonder, and his own family watched him with speechless veneration.

After his trap was completed and set for the first burglar who might come that way, and he had received the commendation of his neighbors and friends, as well as the expressed admiration of his own family, his "catcher" grew several sizes, and made it necessary to purchase a new hat. He also concluded that he had earned vacation, at least for one night, and prepared to take himself to the club, and celebrate the completion of his ingenious and useful man trap. His friends at the club were delighted with his description of the "burglar trap," and were more than willing to drink to his success as often as he would "set 'em up."

He told them that his machine consisted of a rope with a coil attached to a powerful spring and a pail of water. When the door was opened it sprung the machine, drenching the burglar and drenching him with water at the same time. Dunderhead did not explain of the utility in the economy of nature the drenching was, but it was supposed to operate as a cooler to the burglar's ardor, at any rate, as he explained, "It will do no harm to give him a bath; he might need it." The celebration at the club was kept up until the " wee wee hours," and not concluded until those choice spirits were long over and over again, "We Won't Go Home till We Get a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea," and several new and choice selections, usually sung or howled accompanied old sports at nearly every spread or party lasting until early morning.

Mr. Dunderhead had arrived at that state of mind that every one in the company was his "long-lost brother," and he had hugged and cried over nearly all the members of the club, as well as the colored waiter who, he made a start for home, forgetting his hat in the last step of the stairway, with disastrous results. After getting on his feet again, he managed to stagger away home, in the course of time, and worked anxiously for half an hour trying to unlock the front door with the stump of his cigar. Not succeeding in this endeavor, he became discouraged, settled down on a sofa seat, and relapsed into a peaceful slumber, where he might have slept until morning had he not been awakened by a heavy thunderstorm.

His second attempt at opening the door proved more successful, and forgetting his scheme, he walked straight into the trap which he had arranged for the burglar. The house first cooled around his body, then lifted him from the floor, where he hung head downward, and poured the water with the pail of water. Then pandemonium did reign with a vengeance. The noise of the falling water, and the falling of the pail of water, and the Dunderhead's cries of "Police! Murder! Fire!" had awakened every person in the house, and each had his or her idea of the calamity which had befallen them.

Dunderhead's brother-in-law tumbled out of bed, as if a ghost, locked the door, and piled the furniture

up against it, and seizing his shotgun resolved that the burglars must climb over his dead body before they could enter his room; and then he hid behind the bed curtains. The cook, awakened by the noise, had seized the first thing that came to her hand, which happened to be a coal scuttle full of soot and ashes, and throwing it over the banisters, covered poor struggling Dunderhead from head to foot—or rather from foot to head, as he was then inverted. Meantime the screaming of Mrs. Dunderhead, and the firing of a revolver out of the back window by the frantic butler, had brought the police and nearly all of the population of the street to the house. Mrs. Dunderhead, laboring under the idea that the struggling man was the burglar, who had murdered poor Peter in cold blood, insisted that he must be killed then and there, and was only appeased when the officers assured her that he should be hung at sunrise. Poor Peter, filled with ashes, soot and booze, was unable to make his identity known, and was hustled off to the Police Station in the patrol wagon, where he was compelled to remain till morning before he could prove that he was not a burglar.

It is needless to say that Dunderhead has now no "fad," in fact, if heaven should become a "fad," he would be sprinting for the other place. As strange as it may seem, Dunderhead is sensitive on the subject of burglars, and will not even talk about them. It is hinted, however true it may be, that they could carry off his wife, or even the pug dog, without opposition from him.

To avoid the chaffing of his friends and acquaintances, he is seriously considering the advisability of applying for the position of assistant superintendent of cooks and dishwashers under his cannibalistic majesty, the Emperor of Senegambia, and moving, his family to the wild but peaceful shades of that country. R. J. W.

The Victoria Falls.

MARVELOUS GRANDEUR NOT TO BE MARRED BY "IMPROVEMENTS."

From the London Graphic.

THE news that the railway from Bulawayo is fast approaching the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River, and that the cataract will soon be utilized for generating electricity for industrial purposes, as has been done with such success at Niagara, has given rise in some quarters to the fear that the rare beauty of these magnificent falls will be seriously injured. It would seem, however, that no such misfortune need be apprehended, and that the British South Africa Company is fully alive to the necessity of preserving this wonderful work of nature. The railway itself will be quite hidden from the falls, and the bridge spanning the Zambesi Gorge will be some distance from the cataract, and out of sight of it. In fact, the railway and bridge will be less in evidence than is the suspension foot bridge at the Falls of Niagara. In its concession to the company formed for utilizing the power generated by the Victoria Falls, the Chartered Company, following the example of the American and Canadian governments in respect to Niagara, has been careful to insert a provision to the effect that "the installation shall in no way interfere with the supreme beauty of these stupendous falls the like of which is not to be seen upon the earth's surface," and the power plant is to be installed in the second zigzag below the cascade. Even the gigantic hotel, five stories high, and containing 100 bedrooms, which will be opened in time to accommodate the members of the British Association on their visit to the falls in 1905, is to be erected at a distance of two or three miles from the falls, and with the idea of further preserving the beauty of the place, the Chartered Company has set aside two thousand acres of land on both banks of the river to be made into parks. The park on the south side is to contain no buildings beyond the hotel, while the other will be a people's park, with a zoological and other gardens.

When the railway from Bulawayo reaches the falls it will be possible to do the return trip from Cape Colony in fourteen days, allowing the tourist four days to spend at the falls. At present the journey from Bulawayo to the Victoria Falls is divided into two stages—(1) Bulawayo to M'banji, 166 miles by rail. Return, first-class, £6 6s.; time occupied, twelve hours. (2) M'banji to the falls, 120 miles by road. Post cart fare, £9 each way; time occupied, four days and nights. Once accessible by railway, no doubt a constant stream of tourists will make the journey to visit the greatest waterfall in the world, for such indeed it is, being twice the width and two and a-half times the height of the Niagara Falls. The flow of water in the Zambesi is not as constant as that of the St. Lawrence, but when the river is in flood it is estimated that the volume is about double that of Niagara, with the result that about thirty-five million horse-power may be seen running to waste. During the dry season this is much reduced, but even in the driest years the volume passing over the lip is very large.

The first white man to visit the falls was David Livingstone, in 1855. The natives paddled him in a canoe down to the island—now called Livingstone Island—situated in the middle of the river on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. He thus describes what he saw: "I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. At least I did not comprehend it until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down over a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls is simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. . . . In looking down into the fissure on the

right of the island one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, and it mounted two or three hundred feet high; then condensing, it changed its hue to that of a dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. This shower falls chiefly on the opposite side of the fissure, and a few yards back from the lip there stands a straight hedge of evergreen trees, whose leaves are always wet. From their roots a number of little rills run back into the gulf, but as they flow down the steep wall there, the column of vapor in its ascent licks them up clean off the rock, and away they mount again. They are constantly running down, but never reach the bottom." On the left of the island on which he stood, Livingstone describes the mass of water leaping down into the abyss: "The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls, is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off. Upon the whole, it is nearly in the state in which it was left at the period of its formation. The rock is dark-brown in color, except about ten feet from the bottom, which is discolored by the annual rise of the water to that or a greater height. On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken fleece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow—a sight I had not seen for many a day. As it broke into (if I may use the term) pieces of water, all rushing on in the same direction, each gave off several rays of foam, exactly as bits of steel, when burnt in oxygen gas, give off rays of sparks. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. I never saw the appearance referred to noticed elsewhere. It seemed to be the effect of the mass of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray."

In his account, Livingstone rather underestimates the dimensions of the falls, the actual height being 420 feet and the width 1936 yards, while the height to which the spray rises from the bottom of the chasm has been calculated at 1200 feet. Mr. F. C. Selous, who wrote of the falls as "the most transcendently beautiful natural phenomenon on this side of Paradise," says that the spray, cloud can be sometimes seen fifty miles away. The native name for the falls is "Mosioatunya," meaning "the smoke that sounds," in reference to the vapor and the noise. One of the most remarkable features of the place is the gorge, which is entirely cut out of basalt and runs in a series of sharp zigzags for miles. The mighty river enters the gorge through a precipitous cleft only 100 yards in width, at a point called the "Boiling Pot," and runs swiftly round the sharp bends, turning round on itself continually, and flowing in contrary directions.

THE LONDON 'BUS DRIVER.

Catch a driver when a clumsy drayman has fouled his wheels or blocked his way, or when a rival 'bus has stolen a march on him. Then you will understand the Londoner's boast that the cockney is the readiest, the wittiest of all His Majesty's subjects. The tongue is not his only weapon. I remember once starting from the Mansion House on a 'bus, the driver of which had been maddened by some remark of the conductor on the 'bus just in front of him. The two belonged to rival companies and were traveling the same route. They talked it over with pungency and zest from the Mansion House to St. Paul's. At the top of Ludgate Hill, one of the regular stopping places, the driver made up his mind he could stand it no longer. He got down from his seat and pummeled the conductor heartily for two minutes. It refreshed him so much that at the next stopping place he did it again. By the time Charing Cross was reached it had become a habit with him. Whenever the 'buses stopped there would be a brisk set-to, the intervals between the halts being filled with an exchange of prophecies as to what would happen at the next.—[Harper's Magazine.

IN HIS ELEMENT.

A clergyman who was traveling stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their rally of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."—[Pearson's Weekly.

UP-TO-DATE METHODS.

"Well, this," said the South American citizen, "is carrying things too far in our base and servile imitation of Yankee methods." "What is that?" "Why, the insurgent and government authorities are having forenoon and afternoon programmes printed for all our revolutions."—[Town and Country.

A GAME FOR THE WARY.

"Some of those foreign noblemen are really very bright people." "Certainly they are," answered Miss Cayenne. "After so much has been printed in the newspapers a man has to be pretty bright to marry an American heiress."—[Washington Star.





## Stories of the Firing Line. :: Stories of Animals.

### Gen. Young's Way.

**B**ACK in the reconstruction period of the South, Lieut.-Gen. S. B. Young, the new Chief of the General Staff of the United States Army, proved himself a hero of the fearless, intrepid stripe. The incident occurred in Texas. He was in command of a garrison in the Lone Star State. Considerable friction developed between the soldiery and the citizens of the town. The citizens made divers threats, and the blue-coats followed suit. Young respected the law, but those were strenuous times, and the iron hand was needed down in that country. The people stormed, but Young merely laughed.

Finally the town authorities arrested one of the soldiers and haled him into court. Tension was high in the little town, and things looked dark for the prisoner. Young learned of the arrest. He didn't call in his staff for advice, and he didn't wait to consult with his military jurists. The exigency had to be met quietly, and Young acted instantly. He ordered out a file of soldiers, placed himself at their head, and marched rapidly down the streets to the Courthouse. The march startled the townsfolk. They gathered in angry groups, but they didn't fease the future commander-in-chief of the army.

On he led his detachment. "Column left!" rang out as the little file of soldiery reached the Courthouse steps, and they marched and down the aisles of the courtroom, where Corporal Smith, the prisoner, resigned to his fate, was standing, while the judge was pronouncing his sentence. The justice paused in his judicial declamation and became dumb with amazement. Young's eyes flashed.

"Corporal," he called out, "About face, forward, march!"

Quick as a flash, the corporal wheeled about in the prisoner's dock and marched with regular step to Young's relief detachment. Young's column surrounded the prisoner. Young glanced at the judge, saluted him in mock courtesy, and again turned to his men.

"About face, forward!" he ordered, and the soldiers with the rescued corporal in their midst moved put and filed up the streets to the army post.

It was a nifty act that might have precipitated riot in these days, but the citizens of the town were paralyzed with amazement, and to this day have never taken any steps in reprisal.—[Collier's Weekly.

### Must Fight the Elements.

**N**OT alone in battle have young officers of the navy shown the stuff that is in them. In contests with the elements, they have displayed nerve which it is impossible to overmatch. For instance, take the case of Ensign Henry C. Mustin, commanding the little gunboat Samar, which was assigned by the commander-in-chief of the Asiatic station to cooperate with Maj.-Gen. Young in an advance against the insurgents. While lying off San Fernando, a typhoon began to rage. Gen. Young wigwagged to Mustin to go ashore for orders. The naval officer lowered a boat, and, with great difficulty, got through the surf, which broke in thirty-five fathoms of water. "I couldn't tell the general it was impossible to go," he said, apologetically, to an army officer who remonstrated with him for risking his life in attempting the landing. Mustin had intended to remain ashore until the weather should moderate, but, observing that the wind was veering to the northwest, and anticipating that, blowing from that direction, it would drive the Samar on the beach, he decided to return immediately to his ship. The boat was shoved into the breakers, but was tossed back upon the shore as if it were a chip. Again Mustin tried, with the same result. A third time he tried, but the boat was stove in. Apparently it was impossible to get by the breakers. Anxious about his ship, Mustin brushed aside all thought of personal risk and announced that he proposed to swim through the surf. He signaled to the Samar to send a boat to a point just outside of where the waves were breaking. He removed his clothes and plunged into the sea. Huge waves pitted their strength against his, but, straining every muscle, Mustin labored on, and finally reached his boat. Though almost exhausted, he immediately took charge of the Samar, when taken aboard, and carried her safely to sea.—[Success.

### Only Skin Deep.

**A** JUNIOR officer on the flagship commanded by Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans writes to a friend, saying that the chaplain on one or two occasions took Evans to task because of the profanity in which the latter so frequently indulges. The admiral took these rebukes good-naturedly, but did not seem to have profited greatly thereby.

One day the chaplain found him reading the "Sermon on the Mount," and made this somewhat ungracious comment: "Glad to see you doing that, Admiral! I shall tell the men of it to offset the oaths you utter."

"All right, Chaplain," said the admiral, "and while you are about it, tell them that my profanity is like your piety—only skin deep."—[Chicago Chronicle.

### The Army Pack Train.

**A** PACK TRAIN cannot be stampeded while the bell is tinkling, even under heavy fire; neither will a charge by yelling Indians drive away the mules, unless the bell animal can be first run off. The more commotion there is, the more closely do they huddle about the bell animal, as though knowing that they are safe. Not only do the mules follow their bell, but they learn to recognize its sound as well. When two trains meet on the march the mules will not intermingle—each will follow its own

bell. In case the mules of two trains are turned out to graze in the same neighborhood, and become mixed, it is only necessary to capture the bell animals, lead them to somewhat widely separated positions, rattle the bells, and the mules of each train will at once gather about their own bell. At night, when on the march, the bell mare is hobbled and turned out to graze with the herd. The packers well know that they will have no trouble in locating the pack animals, for they are always to be found, whenever wanted, within sound of the bell.—[Leslie's Weekly.

### Piped His Men to Battle.

**W**HEN John Brown was besieged in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry during his famous raid for the liberation of the slaves of the south he piped the orders to his followers on a silver whistle, which has just been discovered in Washington by the officers of the Kansas Historical Society. An effort is making to secure the instrument for the society's museum. When John Brown gathered his men around Harper's Ferry and began preparations for the seizure of the arsenal, he instructed them, according to the story, to hide themselves in the mountain forests and to refrain from being seen together. Then he gave them instructions to listen each day at sunrise and sunset for their orders, which would be piped to them with the boatswain's whistle.

These instructions were carried out to the letter, and for some days preceding the attack on the arsenal, the people of Harper's Ferry heard the mysterious piping from Brown's headquarters. The notes would be taken up by the nearest of his followers and sent on over the mountain, until the farthest distant of his band had received the word of the commander. When Brown was captured the whistle was taken from him by Lieut. Stewart of the regular army, who afterward became a lieutenant-general in the Confederacy. Stewart finally gave it to Col. Washington, who in turn presented it to John Cassin, then a well-known lawyer.

The whistle is now in possession of Mrs. Mary A. Cassin, who lives in Georgetown. Brown pleaded to be permitted to retain the whistle. He told Lieut. Stewart that he had had it for a long time, and had used it in Kansas for the same purpose as at Harper's Ferry. The whistle is about nine inches long and in an excellent state of preservation.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### How Mr. Possum Fools the Dogs.

**H**E will usually go home by a tree-trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his steps. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not find his home tree, nor even the vicinity of it.

So, as he enters his own neighborhood swamp, his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind, he knows, by long experience, that they may be expected, and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out, likely, on the bank opposite his home tree. Farther down he jumps the stream, runs hard toward a big gum, and from a dozen feet away, takes a flying leap, catching a rough trunk up just out of the reach of the keen-nosed dogs. He goes on up a little, and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now, at the tree, they begin to worry. They circle, and finally pick up the scent beyond the first gap, only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the widest circling does not cross. For the coon has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this to still another, and on like a squirrel, from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on, it may be, to his own high hollow.—[National Magazine.

### A Generous Cat.

**P**ERSONS whose feeling for cats is acquired from having slumbers interrupted by feline disputes on back-yard fences may scoff at a story which comes from a large hotel in West Central London, but it is vouched for, says the Herald.

In the extensive cellars of this hostelry is a feline colony of wild nature, and whose members rarely see the light of day.

Upstairs in luxury and sunlight lives a large black and white cat, with golden eyes, between whom and the others a bond of sympathy has sprung up. Owing to a scarcity of rats, the plebeian tabbies usually are on famine rations. Consequently when the hotel staff retires, shortly after midnight, the aristocratic tom cat may be seen searching over kitchen scraps and making many journeys underground with dainty tidbits in his mouth for the starving cats below.—[Our Four-footed Friends.

### Learn by Experience.

**H**OW far do animals profit by their experiences? To some extent surely, else how shall we account for the almost human intelligence sometimes displayed by them in the avoidance of danger or in seeking to gratify their desires? Abundant instances are on record in which instinct could have played no part, and where only the personal experience of the animal conserved its

interest. When the telegraph wires were first strung across the country, common birds by thousands gathered against them and perished. But in a little while the lesson was learned and the birds were "wise enough" of their bodily lives, at least. The bird Listerer once owned a knowing colt, which occasionally became aware that it could open the door of its box stall by inserting its ear in the crevice between the door and the jamb, thus lifting the hook by this performance enjoyed a good run out of the stable daily repeated the act until the stable changed. Here, under the pressure of a strong desire to be free, the animal profited by a single personal experience.—[Our Four-footed Friends.

### Chinese Fondness for Animals.

**A** NOTICEABLE trait of Chinese character is the fostered, if not generated, by Buddhistism, an undemonstrative fondness for animals, or, rather say, a passive admission of their right to moderate treatment. Strangely enough, animals, both wild and domesticated, appear to comprehend this, for, while greatly scared at the approach of a man, they usually take but little heed of the presence of the Chinese.

It is a common thing to see a well-dressed Chinese sauntering along holding up a bent stick, to which a bird is attached by a string some four feet in length, so that the little prisoner can make short of the limits of its tether and return again to its cage chirping and singing the while. Another will be carrying a wicker bird cage on his back and raised to the shoulder, much as a waiter carries a tray. The cage contains a Tien-Tai, or other celebrated songster. On arriving at a place he will place the cage on the ground and, retiring a distance, whistle to the bird, which will then burst into song, to the evident delight of both owner and bystanders.

Outside of one of the gateways is a kind of where birds of many different kinds were for sale, not in cages, but quite tame and quiet on perches; parrots, larks, Java sparrows, etc., were tied by the leg, but not all. Here, too, were seen wicker baskets, much resembling orange baskets, of common sparrows, representing a regular demand. Benevolent old Chinamen, some of whom would visit this bazaar in the afternoon, would place the cage on the ground and, retiring a distance, whistle to the bird, which will then burst into song, to the evident delight of both owner and bystanders.

On the sparrows by capture and confinement, and nothing in the balance against the good will shown by their purchase and release.—[Littell's Living Age.

### Bruin is a Sociable Beast.

**M**RS. W. A. WILSON, of Crookston, Minn., and her daughter Anna have valuable claims in the north and east of Thief River Falls. The daughter teaches school in the newly-formed district. Life withal was very pleasant in the timber country, but the advent of a big black bear, Bruin, has been a matter of times of late, and is one of the biggest of bearship ever seen in northern Minnesota. One evening Miss Wilson was coming home from school in the gloaming, when she espied a big black bear on the roadside. The object was passed for a moment, but what was her surprise when hearing the call of a bear trotting along behind her. With a gasp, as only a frightened woman can utter, she turned back and barred the door. His bearship of amazement at such conduct. Presently he came to the door, as if taken with its architectural beauty, to the wood shed in the back he entered and emerged with an array of smoked ham, carefully examining a selection of one of the daintiest and best of the forest, peacefully away.—[Chicago Chronicle.

### He's All I Have.

**T**HE touching spectacle of a shabbily dressed man crying as if his heart would break and imploring for the liberty of his dog proved for three dog catchers at Rockwell street and boulevard today. The old man, crippled with rheumatism, went limping along the boulevard at 7 o'clock, an aged mongrel waddling behind him. The dog was easily lassoed, and it was the animal changed its distressing yelps to howling that the old man turned and realized that the drama began. A flood of tears came to the furrowed face as the dog was dragged from him and walked to the wagon.

"Oh, my God, mister! Don't take him from me! He's all I have," wailed the old man.

The man with the rope around the dog's neck, like a statue, looking pityingly at the old man's eyes of the policeman on the wagon seat.

"Well, take him home with you and keep him," said the policeman, with an ineffectual attempt at sternness.

As they removed the rope from the dog, the sympathetic act of the street drama was witnessed by a group of wet-eyed bystanders, while the old man, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, shed tears and invoked the blessings of the Almighty on the dog's fate.

"Tige" wagged his tail joyfully and followed the footsteps of his master to nobody's surprise.—[Chicago Post.



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## OUR MATERIAL GROWTH.

### WHAT IS BEING DONE IN THE FIELD OF PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plain-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in progress, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

#### Found in Lithia Ores.

THE San Diego Union says that there have been placed on exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce of that city by Prof. C. E. Anthony samples of a number of chemical substances that are to be manufactured from the lithia ores of the Pala mines. Continuing, the Union says:

"So far as known, there is no other deposit of lithia ores that can compare in size or richness to the Pala mines. The markets of the United States require 250,000 pounds of the salts of lithia per annum; yet this is but one of several sources of wealth to be extracted from the Pala. For instance, the amblygonite is a double phosphate of alumina and lithia. The phosphate will be used largely for fertilizers and for making baking powders, while the alumina will be converted into alum, sulphate of alumina, etc. There are also over one hundred different forms in which lithia is placed on the market. The other principal ore of the Pala mines is lepidolite; this is largely a silicate of potash and lithia, with some boron and other substances. In this case the company, after extracting the lithia, to make the potash into fertilizers and the many different salts of potash required in the markets. The residue will probably be used to make the beautiful opal glass, or semi-porcelain much admired by those who have seen it, or this same material can be converted into the silicate of soda (soda glass) which is used by all soap makers, by painters, and for fireproofing lumber and fabrics."

#### At Mexico Lumber Plant.

THE Albuquerque (N. M.) Citizen notes the commencement of operations at the American Lumber Company's new plant there. The capacity of the mills is 15,000 feet of finished lumber per hour, and the capacity of the log lake where the logs float till the saws band them is 6,000,000 feet.

#### Made in Arizona.

THE Tucson (Ariz.) Post says: "Those who shipped their almond crop at Mesa at the close of the gathering season are now receiving the proceeds from the buyers. The amounts received are gratifying. Remittances have been received by Mr. Mead, manager of the Trippel almond orchard, for crops from that and the J. S. Laney groves. The crops were only medium, on account of the long three years of drought, but the net return will be nearly \$75 an acre. This is about the expense of gathering, hulling and shipping. The total costs attached to the growing and harvesting are about \$25 an acre."

#### Natural Gas.

Natura Free Press reports that that town has natural gas for fuel and light, and to spare. That it has been demonstrated that from the well sunk at a location two and a half miles from there is a flow of gas exceeding by 6000 feet the needs of the town for fuel and lighting. A tank capable of holding 200 feet of gas was sunk from the four wells, which have been connected, in only eleven minutes. A previous test required ten minutes in which to fill the tank, tending to show the volume of flow of gas is increasing.

#### At Commerce.

BUSINESS enterprise of a novel and unique nature has been built up in the neighborhood of Phoenix, says the New York Herald, "and though not large enough to attract attention, it is being carried on successfully from a financial point of view. Nearly everyone who has lived in Phoenix long is acquainted with Dr. Kunze, better known locally as 'the bug doctor.' Dr. Kunze takes to scientific things as a duck to water, and came here a few years ago from New York. Noting the many bugs, butterflies and insects that are rarely found in other parts, he began to collect and industriously collect them, and send them to western collectors, schools, etc.; and it is understood that his work was pleasingly remunerative, for he knew how to catch and preserve his specimens, and how to classify them. Finally he bought a little ground down near the river, a mile south of Phoenix, on Seventh avenue, intending to make an orchard. He tried faithfully for a year or two, but with no success. He found the soil in that locality worthless for fruit trees, and the few that did grow a sickly lot. It then occurred to him that if he did not raise anything he could grow cacti, so he began to raise cacti for business. Now he has a cacti nursery and sells cacti for decorative purposes, but his business is in the large eastern cities and in Europe. He has been sending plants to Germany for the

last four years, and last spring he made a shipment of about 5000 pounds. Dr. Kunze knows as much about cacti as he does about bugs, and when he meets a new variety he prizes it as a prospector does a promising gold ledge. He now has plants from all over the Southwest, Arizona particularly. One variety he goes clear to the Mexican line for, and can find it nowhere else."

#### Figures of One Orange Grove.

THE Pomona Times in a recent issue prints the following about J. A. Brock's ten-acre orange grove in the San Dimas community:

"The orchard was set out in 1891. About two-thirds of the grove is now in Valencia, and the remainder in Washington navels, and three fourths of the orchard is in full bearing. As a profit-bearing investment it is hard to surpass, for it has a record the past three years of paying its owner the handsome net profit of 10 per cent. on a basis of \$30,000, or on a valuation of \$3000 per acre. The present year's crop promises greater than ever, and it is confidently expected will bring \$7000, an average of \$700 per acre, as the whole grove is now nearly full bearing."

#### To Pack Dried Fruits.

THE San Bernardino Times-Index prints the following item about the dried-fruit industry in and about Colton:

"The Gregory Packing Company is constructing a packing-house at the corner of Seventh and K streets, which will be used exclusively for packing dried fruits, the company intending to make Colton the center for the shipping trade. This means a big item in the way of business additions for Colton, as the packing-house will employ a large number of men most of the year."

#### Production of Turquoises.

IN an article about the turquoises of the Southwest, the Monterey (Mex.) News says:

"There are now half a dozen turquoise mines in operation in the United States, these being only in New Mexico and Arizona. The production of these mines apparently more than supplies the demand, and in consequence but little effort is made looking toward the opening of other mines. The main turquoise mines producing the finer grade specimens are operated by New York companies, and their output is not known. They display secrecy, and why such is hard to fathom. A guess would probably be very nearly right if it be said that enough of the mineral could be mined in a short time to glut the market, and the reason for secrecy as to production is that just a sufficient amount of the gem stone is produced to enable the larger companies to maintain a very high price for the stones."

#### San Bernardino County Grapes.

THE Redlands Review gives the following tidings of the grape crop in San Bernardino county:

"The grape crop in the vicinity of Etiwanda, Cucamonga and Upland is one of the largest that has ever been raised in this part of the State. The crop will average from four to five tons to the acre. The output of raisins is therefore also very large, and the quality is better than in years past. There is, however, some damage from the rains which fell a short time ago, the loss being estimated at \$9000 or \$10,000. But the growers say that they will make good money, anyway, and that several hundred acres more grapes will be planted this coming season."

#### Apples for St. Louis.

"SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA will send a carload of fine apples to St. Louis, just to show the fellows from 'back yonder' that we can raise other things besides oranges and Cain and tourists," says the Redlands Review. "This carload will be made up of specimens of fine fruit from all the principal apple-growing sections of the South. Commissioner C. M. Brown of this city, acting for San Bernardino county, will send to Yucaipa and Oakling, to the fine orchards of the mountains where the red-cheeked apples grow, his packers, with directions to bring down an even hundred boxes of the biggest and best specimens of the fruit that can be found. And these mountain apples have a reputation second to none grown anywhere. These hundred boxes of fruit will be sent to Los Angeles, and there the car will be made up. Then the fruit will remain in cold storage in St. Louis until needed."

#### Water Development About Anaheim.

THE Orange County Plain Dealer has gathered statistics showing an aggregate of over 7000 inches of water developed by pumping plants within seven miles of Anaheim. According to the Plain Dealer, there has been developed an individual supply for over one hundred and twenty-five ranches, and a general supply for over seven hundred more. The aggregate development is greater than the flow of the Santa Ana River. The value of the product of the pumping plant irrigated district is estimated at over \$500,000 annually.

#### Palo Verde's Prospects.

THE Riverside Press quotes County Surveyor Pearson of that county concerning the Palo Verde settlement—if settlement it can be called—lying along the Colorado River, for which the government has filed on a million inches of water from the river.

"Palo Verde," says Mr. Pearson, "is at present a waste

of mesquite, with a rattlesnake under every tree. It has possibilities, for it will have water and it is water that builds cities and develops civilizations. The soil is a clay adobe, similar to that of Imperial, but with rather less alkali. This strip, from six to ten miles wide, and perhaps thirty miles long, lies along the river, below the Blythe estate, and has no water at present save what is pumped from lagoons, of which there are very many, some of them deep enough for a steamboat to run on. There are three or four pumping plants, and they pump the water for the sorghum, barley and few alfalfa patches, which are so far the only crops. Nearly all the land has been taken up, and at present the tract is closed to entries. When the government has perfected the irrigation scheme it is working on it will be thrown open again, but no one will be allowed to take up more than forty acres. Railroad surveys have been made through the country, but no one knows what road will come through, or in what direction."

#### Boer Colony for Yuma.

YUMA county is excited over the report that about three hundred Boer families will move into that country from South Africa, and will engage in stock raising and farming," says the Tombstone (Ariz.) Prospector. "Col. A. J. Liebenberg of South Africa has been there for some time investigating, and has made a favorable report on that section, with the result as above stated. About one hundred families will be brought in first, and the balance will come in next summer."

#### Burlap Cottage Experiment.

W. F. WHITTIER announced while here that he would build a sample cottage in town on a new plan. It is said Burlap makes a very pretty finish, and takes the place of laths and plaster. If the first cottage proves to be popular, others can be constructed to supply the urgent demand.—[Hemet News.]

#### Coachella's Early Melons.

THE California Cultivator gives an account of the melon-growing industry about Coachella, and says:

"The Coachella melons are the proverbial early bird. They catch the earliest market of any melon in the United States. This year's acreage of cantaloupes was 240 acres, which yielded a total of 18,694 crates, or fifty carloads. Of these twenty-four cars were shipped to Chicago, eleven to San Francisco, and six to Los Angeles and other places. For properly packing and crating the melons, a large packing-house has been erected at Coachella. The ranches vary in size from twenty to 160 acres, but the greater number range from twenty to forty acres. From some of the ranches the returns are as high as \$250 per acre. The method of packing is cooperative. The marketing is as yet done by commission houses."

#### San Jacinto Vineyards.

THE San Jacinto Register says: "Vineyards have done well this year in and about San Jacinto. The fifteen-acre vineyard of A. G. Munn on the mesa was an exceedingly heavy bearer this season. From this vineyard there were picked nearly 4000 trays of grapes, which are now being dried, and will make in the neighborhood of ten tons of fine raisins. The price is somewhat higher than it was last year. Three crown loose muscats will bring about 6 cents per pound this season, while the four crown will go still higher. Vineyards well taken care of pay as well as an orange orchard, when the amount invested is taken into consideration. From Charles McDiarmid we learn that his vineyard has averaged him about \$75 per acre for the past ten years."

#### Beet Figures of Santa Paula.

FROM an area estimated as being 285 acres, six Santa Paula growers of sugar beets produced 9,988,676 pounds of beets the past season, according to statistics furnished to the Santa Paula Chronicle by J. P. Churchill. The beets filled 165 cars, consisting of 1274 wagon loads. The average is somewhat more than 16 per cent. The average value of the beets is about \$4.75 per ton, which will produce to those six ranchers about \$25,000, approximately. The average return per acre was \$88.

#### Lower California Marble.

SOME fine marble quarries have been recently discovered at Todos Santos, Lower California, according to the City of Mexico Herald. Two business men of Mazatlan made a journey to the marble beds to inspect them with a view to an investment. The marble is said to be equal to the finest Carrara marble of Italy, and some blocks are being forwarded to the capital for exhibition.

LOS ANGELES

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## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### GOWNS AND LINGERIE.

SOME NEW AND HANDSOME CREATIONS  
DESCRIBED AND PICTURED.

By a Staff Contributor.

TWO gray gowns are shown this week, one of the stylish gun-metal chiffon, though I hardly like such a metallic-sounding name as gun metal applied to the soft chiffon of the handsome dinner and reception gown. It looks more like the gray rain clouds, or like the mists that the mountains wrap themselves in.

This gown is an elaborate creation, made upon a foundation of gray taffeta and white chiffon, the skirt and bodice having panels of handsome silk-thread lace in white and black. There are deep tucks beginning at the hem of the skirt and graduating to narrower ones at the head of the cluster. These tucks take one back a good many years, and the generous sweep of the skirt almost reminds one of hoop-skirt days. The sleeves also have a quaint reminder of long ago in the drooping puff of chiffon and the long shirred cuff. This cuff is ornamented with white applique and narrow red velvet

the finishing touch was in the coquettish bows that adorned the shoulders.

Truly the only limit to luxurious loveliness is in the pocketbook of the buyer, for the price of this three-piece set was in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars.

### HINTS FOR THE GIFT-MAKER.

A FEW USEFUL AND PRETTY ARTICLES FOR THE  
CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

By a Special Contributor.

The shortened days and ever-lengthening nights give warning that the cycle of the year is nearly run, and that the holidays are rapidly approaching. Already Milady-of-the-generous-heart is deep in Christmas fancy work, and even those to whom gift-giving is more of

ingly incongruous additions blend with the face, making a harmonious whole, and there is to the pleasing effects that can be produced with moments' labor, if one chooses the design with studies its possibilities with an appreciative eye.

Another very pretty thing in pillow covers is coarse gray linen, embroidered in rope silk. A pattern done in deep reds is very effective.

This coarse linen is also used for table covers. The whole cover is of linen, with a simple of embroidery around the edge; sometimes the cover is of felt or broadcloth, with a border of embroidered linen applique, the embroidery being in silk to match the cloth which forms the base. Either of these styles of table covers can be stamped ready for working, and unless some special design is desired, it is more economical than the material and making up the cloth at home.

The latest thing in pin cushions is a strawberry patch long and proportionately broad. The cover is of lawn, with hull and stem in green of the material. When strawberry color can not be obtained, white lawn is used, and daintily tinted with colors. Pins are arranged to represent seeds, with a touch of black paint added under each pin to make them glitter, and give a more natural look to the fruit.

Another pretty and inexpensive gift is a bag for linen. This year the favorite style is of striped material. When finished, the bag measures a yard in length, twenty inches in width, having a seam at both ends. These seams are left open for about eight inches at the top, and the top of the bag is finished with a three-inch hem. This hem is stitched through the center, with a frill an inch and a half deep stands up, the frill and a half serving as a place for the drawstring. Only in this case the drawstring is a stick—like those placed in the bottom of window shades—and at the head of these sticks is a brass screw eye, which is run the linen tape for suspending the bag. Another variation of the same idea is made by



straps held with tiny rhinestone buckles. The touch of red velvet gives tone to this costume, and is exceedingly chic and stylish, and the red corn drop ornaments with which it is adorned are decidedly up to date.

The bodice is made with alternate panels of thread lace, and the chiffon shirred in tiny tucks, on each side of a vest front. The fullness is shirred in at the waist, and confined with a girdle of three rows of bright red velvet, the three points in the back being ornamented with rhinestone buckles. Again, the red velvet straps at the throat, making it possible for one with a dark complexion to wear this gown of misty, cloudy gray.

The other gray gown is simpler, but very attractive, with its long, slender lines, shaping to the figure, giving a willowy, graceful impression. This is achieved by the small tucks running lengthwise of the gown, being let out to form the flare of the skirt and the slightly bouffant effect of the bodice. A hip yoke is simulated by an ornamentation of heavy white applique, which also adorns the waist.

From handsome gowns to dainty lingerie is a logical sequence, surely, and I must tell you of a bride's set that I saw the other day which still haunts me with visions of dainty loveliness. The material of this set was the finest crepe silk that ever found its way from the manufacturer's loom, and was trimmed with many frills and cunning insertings of real valenciennes lace.

The night robe was made with a round, low neck, and a sleeve just long enough to show a dimpled elbow, and

an obligation than a pleasure are beginning to look their lists and to consider what will be an appropriate gift for each.

For a woman, young or old, a sofa pillow is always an acceptable present. Equally so to the mistress of a home or to her whose kingdom extends over only one room, for no room was ever so small that a woman did not arrange in it something of a cozy corner; and though she may number her pillows by the dozen, there are never so many that another will not be welcome.

One of the novelties offered in this line this season has a cover stamped with a face or group of figures. The appearance is that of a piece of skillful painting, and as be popular among those who for lack of means or time can not attempt anything in the way of elaborate embroidery.

These pillows may be made up as they are and finished around the edge with a simple cord or ruffle of silk, but their beauty is much enhanced by stretching a piece of Arabian net over the stamped cover. When the net is used, the pillow is finished with a ruffling which comes in pattern lengths for the purpose. It is of Arabian net, and has a border of two or three narrow satin stripes in plain colors.

The daring artist goes even further in her treatment of these covers, and under her hand the face of a brunette beauty becomes that of queenly Judith by the addition of mock jewels in ears and hair, with sequins and gold thread embroidery to give a touch of richness to the bodice. Softened by the screen of net, these seem-

a piece of any pretty wash material a foot or thirty inches long. The raw edges are bound with a small-sized hoop, which has been cracked to form a sharp-pointed oval; the selvage edge is set up in the middle and fastened to the hoop with dainty bows of ribbon, while in the hoop, at the back, is another bow with a loop by which to hang up the bag on the bureau corner.

In fact, bags of every shape, size, and color are so much in evidence this season that one wished she could give bags to all her friends to duplicate among them. There are black and white, and plain, drawn up with a simple ribbon; trim little bags of silk, shirred and covered pasteboard bottom, destined to

Night Robe of Green



open glasses to the theater, and there are elaborate bags whose mountings alone cost from two dollars and a half to five or six dollars, and whose ultimate cost depends only on the generosity of the gift maker. But plain or elaborate, useful or simply gay, there is a fascination about them all that appeals to the heart of a woman, and makes their construction a joy, receiving them a delight, and their possession a continued source of pleasure.

GEORGINE T. BATES.

#### THE COLLEGE GIRL.

College life sometimes develops a peculiar form of self-importance which cannot be regarded as agreeable or useful either in its masculine or in its feminine form. It may be called the academic vanity; and it comes from mistaking the little world of college for the big world to which it is only one of the vestibules. You will see, every now and then, a young person who has made this mistake; a collegian whose college spirit is a form of self-complacency, and who exercises a bland contempt or a painful condescension toward all outsiders; a prize winner or a class idol whose successes have resulted in a visible enlargement of the cranial circumference. Girls as well as men are subject to the attacks of this bacillus of the big head. The megacephalous microbe is less frequent among girls than among men, and its effects are likely to be of shorter duration. They seldom last more than two or three years after graduation. As a rule, I think you will find that girls who have had the benefit of the collective life are characterized by a certain straightforwardness and levelheadedness which make them easy to get on with. Supercilious airs and self-complacent assumptions are more rare among them than among the girls whose experience of life has been confined to the mirror-lined apartments of a luxurious home and the echoing solitudes of what is called "society."—[Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in Harper's Bazar.

#### WINTER HATS.

The choosing of winter hats is a serious problem this year, and it is well to remember that not only must the color be in accord with the costume, but the shape also. Following out the law of exaggeration that has been fashionable for so long a time, if the style of the gown is one that makes the wearer look short and broad, the hat is broad and flat; if the lines are long and slender the hat gives height and slenderness. But here also it is foolish to choose an unbecoming hat simply because it is a fashionable shape and color.

Hats to match the costumes in color are very smart this season, as are also the all-black hats again, and the colored hats will be worn not only with the gowns they match, but with the black costumes as well and indeed with gowns of contrasting colors they will be seen. Small and large shapes are alike in favor.—[Harper's Bazar.

#### WHERE WOMEN WOO.

In most countries it is the lads who do the wooing, the lasses who are wooed. But not everywhere. Among the gypsies of Moravia, for instance, none will dare propose to a maiden until she has notified the young man of her choice of her readiness. This she does by using a cake as a love letter, baking therein words and throwing it within his tent door at night, when he is alone. He, of course, is not bound to accept, but if he does, it behooves him to be faithful. The young man of Hungary knows naught of breach-of-promise marriages. Instead, the relations and friends of the fifted woman wait upon the inconstant lover, argue with him, and with him. Then if he still remain obdurate, he is shot by a shot in the leg or arm. By ancient Roman law, too, the slighted girl has the right to be present, by decree in which of his limbs he shall be wounded. In China, however, she usually elects to stay away, leaving the fearful choice to him. A Burmese girl, as soon as she has committed her trousseau, places in her window the "love

lamp," and according to whether its interjecting beams, carefully directed from behind with her own tiny toilet mirror, shine on this hut or on that, the gallant within knows that somewhere a lassie's heart is inclined toward him.

When one of the cigar makers of Southern Spain, who constitute a separate class by themselves somewhat analogous to the French grisettes, casts her eyes lovingly on a likely lad, she forthwith twists her powder puff into a pompon for his hat. If he wears it at the next bullfight, it is considered a match.

The Andalusian peasant girl sends a pumpkin pie to the particular swain she affects. If he eats it, well and good, she is engaged. If not, she tries elsewhere, pie following pie until success is arrived at.

Swiss maidens go a-wooing, not always and anyhow, but at stated intervals, on the eves of the weddings of their friends. Then is held what is known as the feast of the "love garlands." All the unmarried girls who can claim acquaintance with either bride or bridegroom, assemble at sunset at the latter's house, dance, sing and make merry. Then when the dawn is gray, they take their departure, each girl bearing away with her a posy gayly decked with ribbons. This she hangs, on the way home, upon the door knob of the house where resides the youth of her heart's desire, or alternatively flings it through the open casement of his bed chamber. She may select whom she will on these occasions, provided she does not stray beyond the limits of her own canton. For the latter is, according to Swiss ideas, unpardonable. Should she be suspected of it, a straw puppet is left dangling, presumably as a hint of the fate that may befall herself, outside her chamber window, while the young men of the village whom she has severally and jointly slighted, conspire together to waylay and beat the unlucky stranger whose offense and misfortune it is to have been the object of her wayward choice.

P. A. G.

#### COLLEGIATE-ALUMNAE.

As noted in an article published in this department two weeks ago, a tea room has been opened in San Francisco by the California branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. This tea room is intended for a rendezvous and resting place, and all college women visiting in San Francisco are invited to use it for those purposes. It is centrally located, at No. 131 Post street, and one or more of the officers of the California branch will be present to welcome visitors. Miss Katherine Chandler (L. S. Jr., '02) is president, and Miss Elise W. Graupner (Cal. '02) is secretary of this branch.

#### DOES THE PIANO RUIN THE NERVES?

An eminent Berlin nerve specialist, who had his attention attracted to the chronic nervousness of many pianists, has been studying the piano from the pathological point of view. Out of one thousand young girls whom he examined, each of whom had begun to study the piano under the age of fourteen, no less than six hundred had some nervous malady, while out of one thousand who had never studied that instrument only one hundred were afflicted. The Berlin specialist has promulgated the theory that no child should be allowed to learn the piano before the age of sixteen.

#### NOT A BAD GUESS.

Mrs. Nuritch: I wonder if we oughter get one o' these "family escutcheons" there's so much talk about. I wonder what it is; every swell house seems to have one. Mr. Nuritch: Oh, I guess "escutcheon" is just Italian for "skeleton."—[Philadelphia Press.

#### PERHAPS.

Wilfred de Style: Mamma, an Indian baby boy is called papoose, isn't he? Mrs. De Style: Yes, my dear. Wilfred de Style: Then when he grows up to be a man is he called a papapoose?—[New York Sun.

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## The Youths' Department—Our Boys and Girls.

### POTTERY-MAKING.

#### A VISIT TO A POTTERY, AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE.

By Gussie Pickard Du Bois.

It was a rainy day when a group of us alighted from a street car in the suburbs of a great city and picked our way across the streets to a shop where we might see with our own eyes how pottery was made. One would have thought mischievous elves were busy with the sticky mud making all sorts of cups and saucers and ples and sticking them on our shoes to dry, so tightly did the clayey soil adhere, but all was forgotten when the building was reached, and, in varying stages of drying and glazing the pots and vases stood around.

It was only a small shop where a special kind of pottery was made, but hand work in pottery making is the same everywhere.

Do you know that a potter's wheel is the same today that it was four thousand years ago? Those same old stone books in Egypt that tell us about weaving show us very distinctly the different occupations of these workers, and two of them are making dishes exactly as they are made now, and on just such wheels. The name wheel is a trifle misleading to one who has never seen it. It consists of a horizontal disk, which is kept in motion by a fly wheel underneath, operated by foot power. On the center of this disk a lump of clay is thrown. The potter sets it moving, and by skillful touches shapes whatever he will.

In one corner of the rude room stood such a wheel, and a man was at work on it. Might we watch the wheel, we asked. "Ah, yes, if we chose." And watch it we did, longer than any one would believe who has not known its fascination. First, a large lump of clay was kneaded vigorously by the bare-armed man, and when it was just to his liking he pulled off pieces of equal size, much as a cook might separate her dough into loaves. Each lump was shaped into a large ball, flattened at the ends, and so uniform in weight and size that each one seemed exactly like the other. When the lumps were all piled up at one side, the potter started his wheel with a foot treadle, which was attached to it with a bit of strap. In the center of this rapidly revolving wheel he threw a lump of clay, and with a quick pressure of his thumbs made a hole in the middle of it. Whirl! went the wheel; the skillful hands still worked on the clay, and

"When winter came, there was the pottery, where I could work, and the turning wheel, and lumps of clay. When the whirling year brought again the spring, and the birds were singing, puff!" (with a wave of the hand, and a whiff, as if he were blowing imaginary thistle-down,) "puff! And I was gone."

So the clay took shape, and the story took shape with it. Now and then we went about among the drying pots, the freshly-made ones dull mud color, the finished pieces dark green, lighted with dull yellowish tints, but we came back again and again to the turning wheel. And I thought of the potter Palissy, burning his chairs and tables to feed his kiln, mingling his clays and burning them; disappointed, but trying again; and of the artist, Della Robbia, creating those dear little babies to reach down from the arches of the Foundling Hospital in Florence and entreat sympathy and help through all the years.

But time was flying, as well as the wheel, and we passed into another room to look at the different processes. Here we found a man at work with a plaster mold, into which he was pouring a mixture of clay, almost liquid; this mold was then placed on a wheel just like the one we had been watching, and another fashioned it inside by hand. In this way teacups and such articles were exactly alike in size and shape. Still another wheel had over it an arm with a small brass fixture on the under side, cut to the outlines of half a plate. As the wheel turned, this pared down and shaped the clay to its own outline, and to the thickness to which it was set. One worker was making handles by the dozen, for cups, for pitchers, and for cream jugs. Then as fast as these dishes were ready, and while they were still soft, he stuck them on with a little thin clay, smoothed them over with a wet sponge, and the dish or handle would break before the handle would come off. All the potters used the wet sponge in smoothing over their work.

As the dishes were finished they were placed in rows on boards, and boys carried them carefully to still another room to dry. We passed through here, and there were shelves full clear to the ceiling, around the walls and down through the center of the room. It was very warm in this room, about 85 deg., so we did not linger, but went on to another shop. Here men and boys were busy packing teacups, plates, and all sorts of dishes into great earthenware vessels, each one holding several articles. No two of the articles were allowed to touch each other, and we asked the reason of this, and were

We followed him into a room where sat a number of workmen, each with a tub of some sort of liquid, into which, as they were brought to him, the articles of biscuit ware, so that they were evenly coated, taking care to prevent any large bubbles one part more than another. The biscuit ware was porous, and quickly dried up this liquid, making a perfectly transparent surface, as if they were covered with water. Then he took us to another kiln, which he called the glaze kiln.

"We heat this very gradually," he said, and we waited only about fourteen hours, after which it cooled, and when the dishes are taken out of here they are completed. None of these which you have seen is made today are decorated, but all decoration is put on before the glaze. Sometimes in cheap ware the designs are printed in colors on paper, and while the paint is wet it is applied to the biscuit ware. The ware is then painted, and the paper is washed off, then the ware is put in a kiln and baked to fix the color in the glazing. But in fine ware the decoration is all done with a brush, and the work is suited to the most artistic taste."



We had enjoyed all this greatly, but we had not yet seen the man whom we first saw at the wheel, and he had stories into his jugs and jars, and we spoke again to him to our guide.

"Does he go away when the spring comes," one of us asked. "Oh, yes. When the birds sing and the spring green, he is restless, and when I see him with one foot off I know he is longing for the feel of the green grass, and I say to the others, 'He will not stay long, and sure enough, in less than two weeks he is gone, and does not come back until cold weather. But he is a good worker.'"

The rain was over as we left the shop and on our way back again to the car, though the mud was quite sticky enough to make mud pies, and dishes of them in. But we carried away with us the memory of a pleasant visit, and some knowledge gained. One is interested in a subject he naturally picks up a lot of information about that subject, and we all picked up things of interest that we found out elsewhere about pottery making.

### BROKEN BITS ABOUT POTTERY.

#### INFORMATION ABOUT ROOKWOOD POTTERY.

##### NEW DUSCHEK POTTERY, DELFT, HOLLAND.

The new pottery with the beautiful green glaze known as the Duschek is largely made of what would ordinarily call horrid Chicago mud. It is the work of a woman beyond her youth, not college bred, but in the language of her adopted country to tell her dreams about colors and shapes. But she cannot speak. The exquisite coloring we see is the beginning the result of an accident, but an accident followed long experimenting, beginning when, in Austria, she worked in her father's pottery. The failures and disappointments, that is the way to work. Then one day, through some chemical process, before unnoted, when the kiln was opened, out of it the rich green ware, that rare Flemish green.

The clay used in making it is dug from the lot next their home in South Chicago, and with clays brought from elsewhere. It is this that makes it so beautiful, much as a deft cook, a little of this, and a pinch of that, and makes a dish, yet cannot tell how she does it. If the mud were lacking, the pottery would absorb too much color; if another, it would crumble in the kiln. Chicago clay has long been in that lot; what was the genius of the Duscheks.

Rookwood pottery is made in Cincinnati, first made by a talented young woman in one of the potteries, after which her father built a pottery on his own grounds, and it was named after his place, which was called Rookwood. The many crows in the woods about it. The ware made by an artist, and no two are exactly alike, known by the beauty of the colors under the transparent colored glaze. Rich tones of red, amber, olive, green and brown. The gold stone are especially beautiful. There are special kinds of Rookwood pottery, called ware, generally of a beautiful pink color, and ing into white; dull-finished ware, similar looking as if unglazed; and that most unusual



HE PUTS STORIES INTO HIS JARS AND JUGS.

the lump grew into a flat, deep saucer. Then, with his right thumb held steadily against the side, he put his left hand into it, and like magic drew the saucer up into a high jar, with straight sides. Still turning, it began to bulge and take shape, and at last, with a little piece of wood held against it, he made the surface smooth, ran a wire underneath it to loosen it from the disk, and set it aside on a board to dry.

Little by little, as the wheel turned, he told snatches of his own past, and his early life in Denmark, and, as the weavers of old wove the events of the days into their webs, so he shaped his story along with his clay, until I could but wonder if the future buyers of those pots would find in them the past springtimes, the forms of loved ones, the shadowy memories of the fatherland, the strains of piano and cornet, of piccolo and flute, that he so loved to play. At any rate, they all went into the making. There was the story of great wealth and loss, of the love who tired of him, of the old home and friends left behind, and then, life in the new country.

"And what did you do when you came to America?" we asked.

told if they touched they would adhere when they were heated. So a number of curiously-shaped pieces of clay were placed between them, to make them rest on points. Look at a plate or saucer, and you will see the marks of these points of clay on the under side.

After we had watched the packing, we went out to the kiln. This is a furnace where the dishes are burned to make them hard. The earthenware vessels were so made that they could be piled upon one another to a great height, with the center hollow, and free spaces between them through which the fire could ascend. The furnace was nearly full, and they were soon ready to light the fire.

"This fire must burn," said our guide, "from forty to forty-two hours, then we allow it to go out, and the kiln to cool very gradually before we open it and take out the articles."

"Are they finished when they are taken from the kiln?" asked one of the group.

"Oh, no; they are in the state called biscuit ware, and require the glaze."



dark, rich glazing. A monogram of the two letters, R and P, the R turned toward the left, is on every piece, impressed in the clay. In 1887 a point something like a comma was put over the monogram to indicate that year, and one point has been added every year since, so that the date mark used on pieces made in 1892 possesses seven points, each point counting for one year since the monogram was adopted in 1886. There are also letters to designate the color of clay used, W for white clay, red clay marked R, G for ginger-colored clay, O for olive, etc.

Delft is a beautiful Dutch ware of a peculiar dark blue tint. Earthenware and Queensware are names given to all kinds of pottery wares suitable for household purposes, not strictly porcelain. One most common ware is white granite, often called stone china.

Porcelain, usually called china, is very thin and translucent. When it is put in to be fired the kiln is made so very hot that the clay almost reaches the melting point. A fine quality of clay must be used to endure this great heat, and the glaze itself is melted into the body of the ware. This is our fine Sevres and Limoges ware.

The study of Indian pottery and basket weaving would make a long story by itself, for one can hardly be studied without the other. Learned men have spent years of their best efforts in learning things of interest about them, and there are many fine collections of pieces found in mounds and caves, but there is too much for these pages, and we shall have to leave that until some time when we can visit the different tribes of Indians with one of these learned men to tell us the things that we should like to know about how these dark faces make and decorate their jugs and jars.

"And while he piled his magic art—

For it was magical to me,  
I stood in silence and apart,  
And wondered more and more to see  
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay  
Rise up to meet the master's hand,  
And now contract, and now expand,  
And even his slightest touch obey."

—[Longfellow.

Trenton, N. J., is called the "Staffordshire of America" because the pottery industry there is so large.

East Liverpool, O., is distinctively a pottery city. It has twenty-nine potteries; three of these are for the manufacture of door knobs.

White ware was first manufactured in this country about 1884.

Kiln-dried bricks were made about 2000 B. C.

The purest kinds of potters clay are called kaolin. Decomposed granite, especially the whiter varieties, yield the clay for the potter's use.

## AN ABSENT-MINDED FATHER.

WHAT HAPPENED TO NAN ON HER STEAMBOAT TRIP WITH THE PROFESSOR.

By a Special Contributor.

Breakfast was over in the Dayton household, and Prof. Dayton had just settled back in his chair with the newspaper, when the door opened and Nan appeared.

"Look here, papa," she said, holding up a handkerchief. I was hunting in your pocket for a penknife, and I found this with two knots tied in it. Now what have you forgotten to tell us?"

The professor looked blank for a moment, and then, as his wife returned, exclaimed:

"My goodness, Nannie, to think I forgot that of all things! And I tied two knots just to be sure to remember."

"But, papa, what is it? Maybe it's not too late now."

The professor glanced at his watch.

"Is not if you can pack your bag and dress in three-quarters of an hour. I have to go down the river on business for a few days, and I made all my plans to take you with me. To think I should forget all about it!"

Nan, used to her father's queer ways, was half across the hall before he finished his sentence, and flew to her mother with the news. Such a hurrying and scurrying she never heard of before. Nan thought she never could get dressed. Shoes were obstinate and repeatedly refused to button. Hair ribbons simply wouldn't be tied, and as for her new blue collar, well, it lost itself so effectively that fifteen minutes were spent in fruitless search, and then nurse found it pinned securely to the dress on which it belonged.

"Come, Nannie," called the professor, "we only have five minutes to catch that boat. The pony cart's at the door."

"Yes, papa, I'm coming. Oh, oh, oh, where are my shoes?"

With a hasty good-bye they were off, and sturdy little Nan was going his best down the drive.

"As long as we catch the boat it's all right," said Nan, as her breath returned. "I rather like unexpected adventures, anyway. Oh, papa, look at my shoes. They're muddy, 'cause I didn't have a minute to brush them. What shall I do?"

Prof. Dayton didn't hear. He was thinking deeply of an experiment tried the day before at college, and his mind was a blank to all else.

"Er—what?" he said suddenly, as Nan repeated her question. "Shoes muddy? Never mind, we'll see to those at the boat."

Nan thought of them again, as five minutes later they stood on the dock, watching their little town grow smaller and smaller as the boat pulled out.

"Come down below," said her father, "and we'll find a nice place where you can wait while I take your shoes to the boot-blackening room. I'd rather not have you down there."

She went and entered the first room that met the eyes.

"Somebody will mind if you sit in there for a few minutes," he said. Nan took off her muddy shoes and placed them on the bench.

"Don't be long," she called, as he went out and

slammed the door. It closed with the kind of click that only a spring lock can make, and Nan knew in a moment that she was locked in. She tried the door, but could not unfasten it. The thought made her uneasy at first, but then as she said to herself, "It's no matter, papa will be back in a few moments."

Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and no sign of the professor. Nan grew fidgety, and her shoeless feet began to get chilly. She sat down on the one chair in the room, and drew them up under her short dress as best she could. The porthole was open, and a fresh breeze blew directly in her face, which in no time made her as drowsy as a tabby cat, and if you will believe me, in ten minutes she was fast asleep.

Tired by excitement, and soothed by the gentle motion of the boat, Nan slept on, and the big hand of the clock had gone around twice before she woke up. She pulled out her watch and looked at it. Nearly twelve, and her father not back yet! What had happened? There was not a sound but the throbbing of the machinery. Nobody seemed to be around, and now thoroughly frightened, Nan began to cry.

"What shall I do; what shall I do?" she sobbed. "Maybe papa will never come back, and I'll have to stay here forever. Oh, oh, I wish I hadn't come."

Suddenly her eyes wandering around the room fell on two electric bells, side by side on the wall.

"Probably for the stewardess," said Nan, "but which one? I'll press both, to be sure."

Suiting the action to the thought, she started in a steady ringing, first on one bell and then the other. Suddenly there came a rushing of many pairs of feet from all sides of the ship, and every pair seemed to stop right outside of Nan's door. A silence ensued and then a respectful voice said:

"Yes, sir; did you call me?"

"I did," said Nan, promptly, with her mouth to the keyhole; "Please let me out."

Instantly there was a chorus of excited voices outside, and then a strong hand was laid on the door. It opened quickly, and there before Nan's amazed eyes stood a group composed of the chief engineer, the first mate, the steward, the purser, and a bell boy with a pitcher of water.

"Goodness, you needn't all have come," said Nan. "I only wanted some one to let me out."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said the chief engineer. "The captain's bell rang like fury three minutes ago, and up I rushed, thinking the ship's afire, sure."

"It rang for me, too."

"And for me."

"And for me," chorused the rest.

"And here we come a-gallopin'," continued the engineer, only to find this youngster locked up in the captain's private room, a-givin' orders, just like she was the real thing. What's your name, sissy?"

"My name is Dayton," said Nan, with dignity, "and I am waiting here for my father, who took my shoes to be polished."

"Why, the poor little kid ain't got any shoes," said the steward.

"Say," said the engineer, "your pa's been down in the boiler-room a-lookin' at engines for the last two hours. Guess he forgot you. You come with me and we'll find him all right."

The kind-hearted man picked Nan up in his arms, and the party descended to the engine-room. Sure enough, there was the professor, wildly discussing engines with a chance acquaintance, and clinching his arguments by waving a pair of small muddy shoes he held tightly in his left hand.

At the sound of footsteps he looked up, and met Nan's eye with a guilty look.

"My darling, I quite forgot you," he said, sheepishly.

"I thought you probably had," said Nan, sweetly.

"Now, papa, please may I wait here while you have my shoes shined?"

ELIZABETH W. IVES.

## SOME QUEER KEYHOLES.

A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS ABOUT SOME LITTLE GRAY HOUSES.

By a Special Contributor.

"Mother," cried Bess, trying to keep the fun from dancing in her eyes, "mother, every one of us has been a naughty girl!"

"Why, Bess," exclaimed Mrs. Ray, pretending not to see the mischief curling up the corners of the rosy lips, "what have you been doing?"

"What you said little girls mustn't—listening at keyholes," and Bess drew down those tricky corners gravely.

Mrs. Ray suspected a joke as she glanced around at the roguish faces of the little maids, with their hands held fast behind their backs, but she was puzzled.

"What," she said, "seven little girls listening at keyholes? I did not know there were so many doors in the playroom."

"But we all had keyholes at both ears," cried Bess. This was surprising. Mrs. Ray did not know what to think.

"Oh, mother, don't you see? Here are our keyholes," and the seven little girls opened up fourteen pink palms and disclosed fourteen queer oval shells—rough outside and smooth within—and in the middle of each was a tiny keyhole.

"Keyhole limpets, sure enough! And what did you hear when you listened at the keyholes of the little gray house of the limpets?" asked Mrs. Ray.

At this all the little girls looked at each other and hung their heads. They had listened, but they had not heard a single thing!

"What do you hear, mother?" asked Bess, as she placed a shell at her mother's ear.

"I hear the murmur of a salty sea wave dashing on a big brown rock; I hear whispers telling of blue sky and darting gulls about the limpets' home; I hear scratching of tiny feet of crabs and fiddlers as they crawl around and over—"

"Oh, mother, tell us the whole story," exclaimed Bess, impatiently. "Tell us all they say."

"Very well; for while it is wrong to listen at the keyholes of real people, we may listen here for the birds and insects and flowers love to share their secrets with us, that we may come to know them and be their friends."

So Mrs. Ray began:

"Every day when the tide was high the foamy blue waves dashed up merrily on the steep rocks, where the limpets lived, and every day when the tide was low the sun danced brightly on the salty pools where this gray house of the limpet clung. It clung there—so tightly—because the pink limpet inside knew no other home than the rough rock, and loved it, and when the children came, as they did sometimes, and tried to carry away the queer house (which was to them only a shell,) the limpet clung so closely that the strongest boy could not tear it away. Very happy and contented it was in the warmth and sunshine until one day when the tide was out Ben and Meg came wading in the pool with trousers and skirts tucked up high.

"Then the limpet heard Meg cry, 'Here's one, here's one,' and the little girl clutched right hold of the limpet's gray house, and tried to wrench it from the rock."

"'Pooh,' said Ben, contemptuously, 'that isn't an owl limpet; it's nothing but a common old key'ole.'"

"'Oh, dear! Was it something just awful to be nothing but 'a common old key'ole,' thought the little pink limpet, and it began to wonder."

"It did not know what an owl limpet was, nor why an owl limpet was nicer than a key'ole, anyway, but it would have liked to be thought pretty; and among birds owls are considered wise—for everybody knows 'as wise as an owl'—so perhaps owl limpets were not only pretty, but also wise.

"And to be neither pretty nor wise was certainly sad. Still, there were dancing waves, and sunshine, and jolly sandpipers, and friendly brown crabs."

"Then one day there was a great splashing in the sunshiny pool, and two great ogres came wading in. They wore high rubber boots and brown corduroy coats; they had queer-shaped pouches slung at their backs, and tin boxes and goggle eyes of glass, and whiskers, and long, sharp knives. And they looked keenly up and down the rocks, and ran their long, bony hands over its hard surface. Then one ogre said, 'Well, professor, how goes it?' And the other ogre said, 'Nothing of consequence yet; here's another owl limpet.'"

"And at that minute this great ogre came close to the soft pink limpet and reaching up with his gleaming blade, forced it between the kindly warm rock and a big brown limpet just over the pink limpet's head, and cut it from the rock."

"An owl limpet her very next door neighbor!"

"Then the great ogre, when he held the owl limpet in his hand, took his cruel knife and dug her right out of her pretty brown house, and let her drop in the pool and float away. Then he took an ugly red rag and wiped out cleanly the neat brown house, and said to the other ogre, 'A very pretty specimen; see how wonderfully it is marked.'"

"And peeping out her keyhole, the pink limpet saw in the inner chamber of the owl limpet's house a beautiful picture of a real owl in brown."

"So that was why it was called an owl limpet," and that was why it was precious; and all the children and the ogres had cared about it was the house, and not the limpet at all!"

"Now the soft pink limpet, who had only a keyhole in her house, and no beautiful picture, and who was thankful for the sunshine and warm rock, saw that being thought wise or pretty was sometimes full of danger, and could not bring real happiness; that even having beautiful things might not give security nor comfort, so she clung more closely and contentedly to her rugged home, until one day Mother Nature called her to other uses, and she cast aside her little gray house, which the sea washed away on its bosom, and floated it in again in time to be tossed on a sandy shore, where a little maid found it, with many other shells, and was told it was a keyhole limpet."

"And listened at the keyhole and heard this story, didn't she?" cried Bess, with dancing eyes.

I. B. W.

## THE L.G.S.S.

This was a secret society composed of a half a dozen little girls and a lady who knew all about societies. Of course she knew that L.G.S.S. stood for "Little Girls' Sewing Society," and that it was organized to help the hospital to buy things for the poor sick people, but nobody else had any idea what those letters meant. Each member who was admitted to the club had to promise never to tell its name to any one, and, besides, every member of the club knew how to sew, and at every meeting during the summer they worked like busy bees, so that when the fall came they had made so many pretty things that they decided to give a fair.

The kind lady superintended everything, and the L.G.S.S. sold all their stock in one afternoon, while their treasury swelled to bursting point, and there was a nice new five-dollar bill to hand in to the hospital fund. Besides, there was a treat of ice cream and cake for the faithful workers.

The society is still existing, but during the school months the rules and regulations are tied up with red tape and laid upon the shelf for use next summer.

R. S.

## THE HIGHEST RESTAURANT.

The most "elevated" restaurant in the world is probably the Telsen restaurant at the Elgerwand station, on the nearly-completed Alpine line, extending to the summit of the Jungfrau. Accommodation has here been hollowed out of the actual rock, within which, however, the traveler who has got thus far can do himself well, and rest at ease in this modern cave dwelling.



# Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

## FIELD NOTES.

J. W. Jeffery, Agricultural Editor.

### Treatise on Fertilizers.

ARROLL B. SMITH, of Redlands, has just published a book of 48 pages upon "Fertilizers, their Source, Purchase and Use." This treatise has no earmarks of special writing to boom a particular brand of fertilizer, but treats the subject broadly and exceedingly well. The pamphlet is issued expressly for those who are compelled to reënforce their lands every year and yet have not the time nor facilities for making their own investigations. The treatise seems so purely a labor of love upon an important topic that The Times does not hesitate to advise a perusal of the work, understanding that it is about the first work of any pretensions on this subject written for the citrus fruit grower. I acknowledge the receipt of a copy for the library of agriculture, and will use it frequently for its clearness and reliability.

### National Roads Bill Endorsed.

At a meeting of the Highway Commission of Los Angeles county held last week, a resolution was passed endorsing the Brownlow bill in relation to national assistance in the construction of roadways. The resolution urges the appropriation of \$20,000,000 for the purpose of building roads and general highways throughout the country. "We believe it to be essentially unjust and wrong that the burden of constructing improved highways should fall upon the local districts through which the roads pass. The benefits of improved highways extend to the remote centers of trade. The farmer markets his products more cheaply, the children get better opportunities for education in the public schools because these can be more satisfactorily graded; rural mail delivery is facilitated and local prosperity is stimulated in every way. The economics affected add to wealth in State and nation, and it is right that all should contribute in equitable proportion."

### Fraud Abroad.

BECAUSE a man apparently believes in his own quackery he should not be encouraged in bleeding a neighborhood in practicing his film-flaming inventions. The farmer has been held up as an easy mark for impostors of all kinds, but the California farmer has escaped that classification generally. Events are forcing a readjustment of opinion as to the intelligence of our local husbandmen in at least a half-dozen cases where fraud of the worst character is being practiced. I do not specify the fraud, because it is a difficult proposition to prove intentional duplicity, and a thankless task at best. But I do state the general proposition that humbugs are in the ascendency again in one locality, and the microbe of inviting deception may spread to other places. Then there is some diversion in the farmers' hunting out charlatans for themselves, because it will put them in the way of looking for frauds without being placed wise by specific charge. We have had dispensers of the moth traps, red albumen for hens, astonishingly productive corn resurrected from an Indian mound, peripatetic grafters whose "graft" was making apples grow upon sycamores, tree dope distributors, quack soil doctors and indeed mountebanks attempting to fool the farmer in every way that would induce the latter to part with his coin, but it is said the last specimen takes the premium for audacity, fluency and industry. He is a veritable radium in the emission of ignorance and preposterous boasting. Beware of all such frauds, and when your neighbor falls a victim you will thank The Times for this timely warning.

### Asparagus Culture.

WHILE at Coachella recently I visited an asparagus field, which was entirely free from the destructive rust that has been decimating the asparagus sections of the coast for the last seven years. This may seem an unimportant statement, as Coachella has only a few acres of this plant altogether, but it is fraught with great possibilities to Southern California if this virulent rust continues to ravage the asparagus industry elsewhere. Prof. Ralph E. Smith of the State University has been visiting this portion of the State for the last ten days, investigating the asparagus disease. He states that there is a strong probability that asparagus grown in a very dry climate will never become contaminated with the malady. Climatic conditions modify these attacks in every country; the rows of plants sometimes showing disease on the side subject to moisture and exemption upon the dry side. In no case do the plants seem affected where the atmosphere is always dry, and great profit in the latter case depends only upon the ability of the soil to produce the plant.

Since the disease set its seal upon the asparagus industry in the East, the canneries have ceased to put up this food, the demand for green asparagus completely monopolizing the product. Before the advent of the malady the canneries bought all the "grass" they needed at \$60 per ton. Last season the prevailing price was \$125 per ton, shutting out canning entirely. The same state of affairs is beginning at Stockton and Bouldin's Island, and unless a specific for the disease is discovered, the asparagus business is doomed. You may see from this what a bonanza successful cultivation of asparagus would become at Coachella or Imperial. As yet no remedy has been found. Some varieties are more resist-

ant than others, but it is only a question of degree, and there is in consequence but little hope for the industry anywhere unless climatic conditions in a few localities shut out the disease. At present the eyes of many growers who have been compelled to give up asparagus culture elsewhere are directed to the desert sections of Southern California, awaiting the proof that this plant is exempt from the trouble in these localities. No one can measure the importance of a favorable outcome of the experiments now under way in the dry sections of this end of the State. It is worthy of most thorough consideration and patient trial in all new and arid places, and I am sure it will have it.

### Orange Tree Shipment.

R. M. TEAGUE, of San Dimas, has been honored with a large order for orange trees from Cape Town, South Africa, and has just started the last of the lot on their long journey. The order consisted of over 5000 Washington navel trees of standard size and quality, stripped of their leaves and carefully packed in boxes. The shipment seems very early, but it will be midsummer there when the trees arrive and the consignment was hastened by the advice that the fiscal policy of the Cape province would change January 1, shutting out all trees from the British territory by quarantine. A whole carload of orange trees of our favorite variety indicates that a large experiment with it is on the tapis for South Africa, but the development will not conflict with this country no matter how well the experiment should succeed. While there will be no dearth of citrus trees offered here next spring, this shipment with other exportations made by Mr. Teague, will have a tendency to lessen the supply somewhat.

Another item of novel interest is the exportation of navel orange trees by Mr. Teague to a half-dozen provinces of Italy. This order came from the Italian government, which indicates that this great citrus country is awakening to the fact that it must improve its varieties by the addition of the Washington navel in order to hold the European markets. Heretofore the Californians have had a monopoly of this great seedless orange, and the Italian trial may be of some interest to our people should they make a serious bid for the British orange trade. Mr. Teague should feel complimented in receiving these foreign orders, for they speak well for his reputation abroad as a grower of fine nursery stock.

### Linnet in Bad Repute.

LAST week I wrote of T. P. Lukeas's trouble with the Linnet tribe in his efforts toward the reforestation of the burned areas in the San Gabriel range. Further advice from this pioneer in mountain tree planting indicates that the depredations of these multifarious little birds may prove a serious obstacle to the establishment of pine groves in the mountains. I have before me an authenticated statement that an examination of the crops of 2000 linnets showed the dirt to be purely of seeds and fruits. They decimate the seed supply, pull up the delicate little pine embryo and make of themselves nuisances of the worst type. As the cultivated food supplies increase the birds multiply in proportion. The importance of recovering the burnt areas increases from year to year, and hence we have a combination of immense economic importance to farming in California.

As to the extermination of linnets, there is double need of it now, and there should be a general crusade against them as they migrate from the wild to the cultivated lands. Poison is the weapon, and it should be used freely where it does not seriously interfere with other birds. Within the last few days a Pasadena rancher was arrested for poisoning a few other species of birds in his efforts to exterminate the migration of linnets which has left the mountains to while away the time till the apricot buds are ready for the harvest. It is a question whether a jury would or should convict this man for incidentally killing a few birds protected by law. I made a hard plea for the mourning dove because there is no excuse for their slaughter. But when the question of the linnet assumes added importance both in mountain and valley, it is time to ask for a stay of protective proceedings till the question of economics in this matter is better understood. Briefly I hold that the law protecting certain birds would not hold good if these birds were destroyed in reasonable efforts to abate the nuisance of the linnet. The courts of the State have held that no one can be held accountable for the destruction of property if it followed incidentally the attempt to abate an orchard pest. Chickens are sometimes killed in the orange trees; with cyanide gas while fumigating for scale, but I have never heard of damage claim for the incidental destruction of property while attempting to save the trees and crops.

### The Chayote.

TWO weeks ago a specimen of a new fruit or vegetable was sent to the editor of this department for identification. A Spanish-American named it the Chayote, but very little information was obtainable as to the value of the product in other countries. I have just received from Ernest Braunton a full description of the plant, which may be identified under the botanic name of *Sechium edule*. Mr. Braunton says:

"The Chayote is a tropical American vegetable closely allied to the cucumber, and the vines have somewhat the same appearance, though the Chayote is much more vigorous, far-reaching, and larger leaved than its near relation.

"The first fruits to reach Los Angeles were, I believe,

brought here by Mr. T. L. Duque, a banker of . . . A specimen was brought to the writer for name, but owing to the fact that it has but one seed, . . . the other members of the family we know, . . . cucumbers, melons, squashes, etc., have very . . . seeds, it was sent to the University of California . . . termination.

"Although of American origin and long confined to American tropics, the Chayote has recently gained popularity in Australia and Algeria, and from the country hundreds of tons of the fruits are now . . . annually to the markets of London and Paris. . . to be eminently worthy of cultivation in the . . . and California. . . The annual production of . . . Rico must have a value of many thousands of . . . although quite unconsidered as a source of . . . cause the consumption is entirely local.

"One of the strangest features about the plant is . . . germination takes place while the single large . . . still within, or partly within the fruit. The main . . . is pushed out until about one-third of it shows, . . . splits and the vine comes forth. In . . . the vine usually appears just before the roots . . . start from the same source. The usual mode of . . . gation is to plant the fruit whole, leaving . . . half its bulk above the soil. The fruit will . . . when lying on a lawn with the exerted seed at least . . . inches above the soil, the roots reaching the earth . . . a few days after appearing, though the writer has . . . instances where the vine has reached a length of . . . feet before any roots were viable."

### Coming Olive Crop.

AT the beginning of the season's delivery I have . . . mates of the output of olives in Los Angeles . . . showing 5000 tons of fruit. Already the oil . . . getting started, and a large quantity of oil is . . . There are about 7500 acres of bearing olive trees . . . vicinity of Los Angeles city, the largest grove . . . the San Fernando Valley. The industry has . . . staple condition within the last three or four years . . . we may now expect a fairly prosperous business . . . the trees bear well and the products are properly . . . unfactured.

### Injurious Grasses.

ONE great cause of uneasiness among the farm- . . . many sections of the south is the rapid encroachment of Johnson grass, and later of Bermuda grass, . . . roots of the former are literally filling the soil in . . . places, while the Bermuda grass is capturing large . . . with its persistent growth. I have referred to . . . special law passed by the last legislature making . . . misdemeanor to harbor Johnson grass, in the . . . farmers' clubs, institutes and individuals would . . . the question and enforce compliance with the . . . spread of these grasses makes their eradication . . . tion of public policy. Already many fields have . . . practically abandoned. The Johnson grass is . . . forage in the Southern States, consequently we . . . to have extreme trouble from imported seed. . . is capable of so much resistance as this grass. It . . . ticularly injurious to cultivated and among . . . and in some of our soils is impossible of eradication . . . less cropping is abandoned and special measures . . . to destroy it. In other soils it may be exterminated . . . heavy disking, which finally smothers the . . . choking it, or "preventing it from breathing." . . . the farmers of this section are confronted with a . . . serious problem in the encroachment of these . . . lous plants, and radical measures should be adopted.

### Vegetable Grower Wanted.

A PROMINENT landholder near the city is . . . secure an eastern market gardener, with the . . . of establishing a large vegetable field. He . . . Chinese competition is gradually disappearing . . . the application of the exclusion act, and the . . . of the Chinese present by other lines of industry . . . the wholesale vegetable market will be better . . . son; that the American can grow better . . . through the use of better varieties of seed and . . . cultivation and by cleaner methods of delivery. . . farmer told me recently that he rented a . . . peat land in this county, for vegetable growing . . . per acre. From these indications we may . . . verge of considerable development in this . . . sur efrom an interview with one of the leading . . . lities upon practical vegetable raising that men . . . gence and experience will soon be looking . . . locations in which to extend the industry. . . culty of getting efficient Californians for this . . . the fact that the Chinese have, until very . . . a monopoly on vegetable production, and . . . people here are qualified to conduct a . . . table farm. An appeal to the East should . . . help from fields where the industry is not . . . of the Chinese.

### THE DAIRY.

#### Why Milk Sours.

MILK sours because bacteria from the air . . . milk, begin to grow, and very shortly . . . sugar of the milk to an acid. When the . . . abundant the milk begins to curdle. As I . . . bacteria are in the air, in water, in barn . . . on bits of hay and to the cow. They are . . . however, in milk that has soured; hence . . . little sour milk into a pail of fresh milk.



will sour very quickly, because we have, so to speak, "seeded" or "planted" the fresh milk with the souring germs. No one, of course, ever does this purposely in the dairy, yet people sometimes do what amounts to the same thing—that is, put fresh milk into poorly cleaned pails or pans, the cracks and corners of which are cozy homes for millions of germs left from the last sour milk contained in the vessel. It follows, then, that all utensils used in the dairy should be thoroughly scalded so as to kill all germs present, and particular care should be taken to clean the cracks and crevices, for in them the germs lurk.

In addition to this thorough cleansing with hot water, we should be careful never to stir up the dust of the barn just before milking. Such dusty work as pitching hay or stover or arranging bedding should be done either long before or after milking time, for more germs fall into the milk if the air be full of dust.

To avoid further germs the milker should wear clean overalls, should have clean hands, and above all should never wet his hands with milk. This last habit, in addition to being filthy, lessens the keeping power of the milk. The milker should also moisten the parts of the cow nearest him, so that dust from the cow's sides may not fall into the milker's pail. For greater cleanliness and safety many milkmen curdy their cows.

The first few streams from each teat should be thrown away, because the teat at its mouth is filled with milk which, being exposed to the air, is full of germs, and will do much toward souring the other milk in the pail. Surely a gill will be lost by throwing the first drawings away, and this of the poorest milk, too. The increase in the keeping quality of the milk will much more than repay the small loss. If these precautions are taken, the milk will keep several hours or even days longer than milk carelessly handled. By taking these steps to prevent germs from falling into the milk, a can of milk was once kept sweet for thirty-one days.

The work of the germ in the dairy is not, however, confined to souring the milk. It is the germ that gives us the different kinds of cheeses their characteristic flavor and to butter its flavor. If the right germ is present, cheese or butter gets a proper flavor. Sometimes undesirable germs gain entrance and give flavors that we do not like. Such germs produce cheese or butter diseases. "Blitter butter" is one of these diseases. To keep out all unpleasant meddlers, thoroughly cleanse and scald every utensil.—[Agricultural Engineers.]

### THE POULTRY YARD.

#### Montana Poultry Fence.

ONE permanent form of fencing is desirable and necessary about all poultry buildings, and essential here pure-bred stock is kept and pens are kept separate during the breeding season. Poultry netting, well galvanized and seventy-two inches wide, is the only satisfactory fencing material, and in order to stretch it properly, a scantling should be mortised on edge in the top of the posts for a top rail. Posts are best set eight feet apart, using 2x4s sixteen feet long for tops. In order to make the fence as lasting as possible we charred the ends of the posts and filled in the holes with rock chippers, also put about six inches of rock under each post. The posts should be sawed off five feet and a half from the ground, and the netting buried six inches. This prevents fowls scratching and getting under the fence, and also does away with a bottom rail or base board. In putting on the netting one end should be fastened with a double row of staples and the other end fastened between the 2x4s with bolts, and, with a small anchor attached to the middle, stretched up tight. The wire should be then stapled on securely, and by pulling down the bottom wire at each post and stretching the post the netting is deeply and tightly fastened. In making gates time and labor can be saved by leaving the wire on the fence and then setting the gate against the netting, when it can be moved without further stretching.—[Montana Experiment Station.]

#### Use of Cold Storage Eggs.

Due to the high price of eggs all through the past year, the supply of cold storage eggs will fall far below preceding years, and fresh eggs will be in demand during the coming winter.

Poultry and eggs have made records for continuing prices for the past twelve months, and it is very probable there will be no decline for some months to come. Packers are slow to store eggs in cold storage, the price falls below 12 cents, and there has never been a time during the past summer when they did not store. The supply has not lessened, but the demand has grown, and those who once ate beef and pork and eggs and chickens.

Over breakfast foods has at least educated people to eat more of the products of the poultry and less of beef.

Throughout the country are fast learning the value of their pens as sources of profit, and are giving the attention that they deserve.

Eggs, except for cooking purposes, will soon be scarce, and the man with a flock of well-bred fowls will find a ready sale in every market for the fresh-laid eggs and plump, fat chickens.—[Home Economics.]

### THE FARM.

#### Test for Late Potato Blight.

Potato plants are affected with some disease, see the leaves. The potatoes are well grown and the vines are immense. Will immediate digging be safe? The soil is a rich, sandy loam. How can I tell so that I may raise crops on it in the fall? W. St. John, Rutland county, Vt.

Plants suffering from late blight. Immediate digging will probably save your crop in part. At once, you will have little or no rot, but the

yield will probably be small. If tubers are of fair size and appear ripe, would advise digging if you cannot spray.

Treatment, to raise successful crops, in successive years should be of the plant fully as much as of the land. The soil should be kept in such good heart that it will have a plentiful amount of available plant food, and the crop should be so handled as to ward off disease. In view of the fact that potatoes which are manured with barnyard manure are particularly prone to scab, I think it wiser to put the plant food on in shape of a commercial fertilizer, using preferably one rich in potash and fairly rich in nitrogen. Phosphoric acid is a less important factor. The warding off of plant disease may best be accomplished by disinfection of the seed to prevent scab, and by spraying with bordeaux mixture, as suggested in the spray calendar.—[Prof. J. L. Hills, Vermont Agricultural College, in American Agriculturist.]

### LIVE STOCK.

#### The Angora Goat.

THE Angora fleece runs from two and a half up as high as ten pounds, though the average fleece of the average flock is about three and a quarter pounds. American mohair has sold this year and last from 30 to 40 per cent. higher than Turkish and South African mohairs have sold for in the great English markets of Bradford, which formerly made the prices for the world's mohair product.

It is one of the most valuable facts that the Angora provides the only milk and flesh mankind uses that is not subject to some disease, says an exchange. Also that the Angora goat fraternizes with sheep and cattle. It is a fact, too, that Angoras remove brush and weeds, fertilize the soil, which valuable service makes them wealth-producing sheep, and where goats herd and graze with live stock their health is maintained. In conclusion, then, it is a fact that whoever wishes to make Angora goat-keeping more profitable should kindly care for and generously feed the flock. These insure more and better fleece and meat and flock. And as it costs but half as much time and feed to fatten old Angoras as it does sheep, they produce better products at old age than any of our domestic animals; a notable fact worth heeding.—[Orchard and Farm.]

### BARRIELAND.

#### A SMALL COUNTRY AND ITS ONE LONELY AND SILENT INHABITANT.

[London Mail:] "A little man who walks about London looking as though he hadn't a friend left in the world; always alone, always terribly pale, and weary to the eye that follows him. At a crossing, however, he recovers. An omnibus has tried to run him down. A skip and a jump, and he has 'dished' it. He turns on the two horses and laughs at them. For the time being he is participating in a drama of engrossing interest; and the hero is himself, the audience is himself, the book is by himself, and the stage is Barrieland."

"He is as self-immersed as the children he had told us of in 'The Little White Bird.' Barrie is a child who has never grown up; still capable of make-believe, still at the mercy of an inexhaustible imagination, still hiding from policemen, still wondering what would happen if he upset the perambulator, still haunted by the marvelous doings of butchers' men, grocers, and milkmen; still wondering who lives up the chimney, and whether some day he will not be attacked and eaten by a dog."

Thus did a friend describe Barrie to me before I met him; and the description was exact. Most of Barrie is still the small boy one sees in summer time bowling an imaginary ball at imaginary wickets on his way to school.

#### The Two Barries.

There is tragedy in this, as T. P. O'Connor would say. It is no fun to be a child, with a mustache and a large bank balance; it is entirely dismal to be a boy whom everybody is mistaking for a grown man. Barrie will tell you as much when you have won his confidence—a very difficult matter, be it said. Naturally, he is shy, with this peculiar secret to conceal; and, secondly, he is a Scotsman. In the nursery Barrie is heavenly and full of romps; before company he shrivels and is silent. People say that he has had a ridiculously successful career; but how could he have existed otherwise? Providence, recognizing his unfitness for Grub street and the uphill fights of grown men, has made things easy for him. "I made £300 the first year I came to London," he tells you, quite simply, and as one who was puzzled what to do with all that money. Now he makes thousands, and is exactly the same as in the days of hundreds. He buys Arcadia Mixture with it, chicken things, and has a house. It is highly probable that when nobody is looking he darts into tuck shops and exchanges his royalties for brandy balls.

#### Taking Himself Seriously.

Once or twice he has taken himself seriously and played at being a man. The result was "The Wedding Guest." The "sex problem" was in the air, and he yielded to it. He gave us a charming contribution—the contribution of a nice boy who has thought of certain things; but whose views—I say it in all humility—do not really matter. Men and women are made of far grosser stuff than these people. "The Wedding Guest" was a courageous piece of work, however; for one of Barrie's favorite tricks is to start at something "awful" and then, having aroused expectation, to simply run away. "It was only my fun, you know; one can't really do it," he says, after one of these false starts. "But it's rather a lark to pretend." In "The Wedding Guest" he did not pretend.

"Little Mary" and "The Admirable Crichton" are full of pretending, and the audience enjoys the joke as much as Barrie does. In the "Tommy" books he tried to explain his peculiar psychology.

"No, I can't talk much," he says, "but when I write

I tell everybody everything, and most of them laugh at me. Nobody is really and truly sorry for me except myself. I wanted to grow up and be a Stevenson or a Gen. Gordon, or a George Meredith; I wanted to be an extraordinary man like other extraordinary men, and I'm only sentimental Barrie, who can't do and feel things, but can only look on and see it all and picture it so vividly, so atrociously, with a black rage in his heart the whole time, because he is hanging back, and not really and truly being the hero whom he can see all the while."

Barrie says all that, and he expects you to know it, and to feel the awful difficulty of his position; but he won't speak about it—hardly ever he speaks about his real self. Yet in his books he lets go quite recklessly, and is not afraid of the whole world.

#### The Scotch Habit.

"It is, perhaps, the Scotch habit," he says, apologizing; "we all keep our mouths shut when people are about, but, give us a pen, and there's nothing we won't say. Look at Burns, at Carlyle, at Stevenson. Nobody was so unreserved as these Scotsmen. Or even our friend Robertson Nicoll—Claudius Clear gives away the whole show. He hasn't a secret from the 'British Weekly,' and his correspondents don't seem to have many from him. You should see the letters they write. But they couldn't say a word; no, not if you were to pay them five pounds the syllable. You English or Irish are different, and I envy you. You're sner than we are, really; you haven't suffered so much from repression, and you can talk about your doubts and troubles naturally. We can't—we absolutely can't. George Meredith, for instance—yes, he's the greatest writer of us all—he can say anything, gracefully, perfectly, with never a hesitation in himself or you. One envies him; but one can't go and do likewise. One would bite one's tongue or trip over one's teeth, or choke over it. But, as I said before, give us a pen, and we're able to uncork all Scotland."

"We're as unconscious as a Highlander. We uncover not only our hearts, but—our knees. That's why we're so 'clannish,' that's why we stick together so. It's comforting to know that while we aren't very talkative, the other fellow understands and is just as uncomfortable. Still, we can 'crack' when there are none of you foreigners about; really and truly we are brilliant conversationalists awaiting an opportunity that never comes. We are like the young man at the dance who says all manner of witty things to his partners—on the way home."

#### The Dancing Butterfly.

His work—the present, the past, the future—how does he face that? "Barrieland is a small country, I admit," he says; "but you must own that every rod, pole or perch of it is cultivated. I have been as thrifty and industrious as a Chinaman," he laughs. "I have sown and reaped all over Barrieland. I began with Scottish roots—good field, eh? Then we went in for literature and London, and lots of youngsters. I'm fond of youngsters—perhaps it is because I'm a bit of one myself," he adds wistfully. "Then there is a crop of plays. I shall go in for plays; light ones, I suppose, that'll make people laugh by talk. It's not much good my being tragic. You see," and he pointed to a beam of light that had stolen into the room from the scented garden outside; "you see that beam of light?" he said. "If a butterfly came dancing in he would dance in that beam of light—always in that beam of light. I'm something like the dancing butterfly. I must stay in the light, in the warmth, in the feel of the sun—a child, you know, is afraid of the dark—a child is always afraid of the dark," he repeated, wistfully, more wistfully than before. X.

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## Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

### PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

By a Staff Writer.

(The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers.)

#### Uric Acid.

M. D. L. asks: "What is the cause of uric acid in the system, and how may it be eliminated?"

Uric acid is a waste matter that accumulates in the system, first, because the depurating organs—the liver, the kidneys, and the skin—are in a weak condition, and unable to cast out the matter from the blood, and, secondly, because the subject consumes too large an amount of food that contributes to the formation of uric acid, so that no normal depurating organs can handle it. There is no doubt whatever that meat is the chief form in which uric acid is introduced into the human system. This may easily be understood when the facts are looked at, even in a superficial manner. Every animal—even a healthy animal—when it is killed contains in its veins, in its liver, in its kidneys, and elsewhere effete waste matter, that is destined to be worked off through the bowels or the kidneys of the animal. Consequently, of course, a certain amount of this effete waste matter goes into the body of the person who eats meat. This is one reason why meat is an illogical and unwholesome food, as even a candid anti-vegetarian cannot deny, if he looks the thing squarely in the face.

As a means of eliminating uric acid from the system, the patient should consume little or no meat—at most a small piece of lean meat once a day. Eat two meals a day, the first at noon. Eat largely of watery vegetables and acid fruit, use sour lemon and pomelo juice, also olive oil, and, above all, take a thorough sweat at least once a week. Avoid all such indigestible and unwholesome foods as cake, pie, candy, grease and pork. If you persevere with this for six months, breathing fresh air night and day, you will eliminate the uric acid from your system, and you won't do it by taking any widely advertised specific from a bottle. But it needs patience and perseverance—and plenty of it.

#### The Drug Superstition.

A LOS ANGELES physician sends the editor of this department a copy of a 400-page volume entitled "Specific Medication and Specific Medicines," by Dr. John M. Scudder, M.D., tenth edition, published in Cincinnati in 1881.

Possibly the medical gentleman who favored the editor with a copy of this more or less valuable work imagined that it might in some way convert him to believe in the drug superstition. On the contrary, a perusal of these pages is enough to make any intelligent hygienist go out into the woods and kick himself for being a member of a race that contains so many people in these latter days who are willing to swallow—physically and mentally—such nauseating doses. Throughout the entire book there is nothing but a list of symptoms, and then the stereotyped story of certain poisonous drugs that are to be used for a cure—or attempted cure. Not a word about diet, or bathing, or breathing, or exercising, or other branches of hygiene.

Fortunately, even the "regular school" of the medical world is gradually emerging from this Egyptian darkness, and is beginning to doubt the wisdom of the drug superstition—is beginning to pay more attention to the laws of nature, which are the only means of relieving sickness and curing disease.

The editor of this department looks forward to the time—and in the not very distant future—when a physician will be really a healer, not merely an administrator of poisonous drugs, regarding the working of which he has little or no conception, except as to the symptoms they produce, and fashions in regard to which change, like bonnets, from season to season. In endeavoring to hasten the arrival of this good time, The Times, in this department, believes that it is doing good service, both to physicians and to patients, for certainly the position of a physician will be a far higher and nobler one when he is the honored and trusted adviser of the family as to hygiene, paid by the year to keep the family well, rather than a "hit and miss" practitioner, who is called in when things are desperate, to try and repair the damage done by errors in living, by firing haphazard remedies out of a bottle.

#### Just So.

A PHYSICIAN, referring to an article in a recent number, in which extracts were given from statements of prominent physicians, criticising the practice of administering drugs to sick people, writes: "If a man believed according to these quotations, he would be a rascal to continue the practice of medicine."

#### Cocoa and Chocolate.

W. P., Jr., sends the following inquiry:

"I have read your articles in the Times Magazine under the head of 'Care of the Body' with a great deal of interest and profit to myself, as I have been a sufferer from stomach troubles for a great many years. While you have discussed the merits and demerits of various and sundry articles of food, I do not remember to have seen anything regarding cocoa or chocolate. If it is

not asking too much, would you please publish an article dealing with the subject in regard to their value as a food, their digestibility, their use by persons of weak digestion, and inclination to be thin and nervous, and any other information that you think would be of interest or value. Also what other foods would be a suitable combination with the cocoa or chocolate."

The only difference between cocoa and chocolate is that the latter is sweetened, and usually mixed with some flavoring matter, usually vanilla. They are both made from the cocoa bean. Cocoa differs from tea and coffee essentially in the fact that it contains a considerable amount of nourishment, whereas coffee and tea are simply stimulants. Travelers in the Arctic regions have preserved life for some time on chocolate, although it evidently will not sustain life for any great length of time, as the frozen bodies of unfortunate explorers have been found in the Arctic regions with pieces of chocolate lying beside them.

Of the three drinks—tea, coffee and cocoa—the latter is undoubtedly the least harmful, and the most to be recommended, if one of them must be taken. From a hygienic standpoint, the various beverages may be placed about in this order—cereal coffee, cocoa, chocolate, black tea, green tea, coffee. The chief drawback to chocolate or cocoa is that many people find it extremely hard to digest. A cup of cocoa or chocolate taken immediately before retiring will often insure a restless night, filled with bad dreams. Cocoa or chocolate is usually served too rich. A good way to use it is to take pure cocoa, thoroughly boiled, with from one-third to a half cup of hot milk, using only a small amount of sugar.

A good combination with cocoa or chocolate for the first meal of the day is zwieback, or toast, with eggs, boiled or poached, or scrambled in olive oil. This, with a little fruit, makes a wholesome and easily digested breakfast.

#### "New Thought."

THE TIMES has received a communication from Chicago, from a person who signs himself "Ass. Ed. and Mgr. Suggestion," who appears to have been somewhat out of temper when he indicted the epistle which is not at all proper for one who advocates the "New Thought." He suggests that The Times "would do well in future to confine itself to things it knows something about." But the "New Thought" appears to be one of those things, as the late lamented Lord Dunsire would say, that "no fellow can make out." The Chicago correspondent claims that Mrs. Towne, the editor of Nautilus, is one of the brightest women in America, and that her paper, the Nautilus, "is the inspiration of thousands of readers." This may be, but it must be admitted that Mrs. Towne is, to say the least, somewhat peculiar. Why does she have to intersperse her effusions in the Nautilus with so many "dearies" and "sweet-hearts"? Possibly her husband, "William," may, as The Times has said, not object to this sort of thing, but it is somewhat nauseating to the average reader. The Times, in this department, has devoted quite a little space to this subject of suggestive treatment during the past few months, and has given it full credit for as much as it amounts to. It is evidently the basis of what is called Christian Science, and within certain limits may be productive of much good, for no sane man will question the immense power of the mind over the body. To carry it to such extremes as do some of the apostles of the "New Thought"—whatever that may mean—is, however, absurd and ridiculous, and tends to cast discredit upon the whole theory of suggestive therapeutics.

Meantime, the presumably able and evidently fresh young man who writes to The Times from Chicago might possibly explain how it is that he takes such a close interest in Elizabeth's welfare. Is she not able to fight her own battles? One would suppose so, to judge from her writings.

#### Raw Food.

FOLLOWING is a translation of a letter received by the editor of this department from David Ammann, a worthy resident of Hollywood, who, with his family, lives entirely on raw food, especially on a species of bread made from shredded coconut and raw oatmeal, pressed together, a reference to which has previously been made in this department.

There is no doubt that there is much to be said in favor of the raw food diet, as against cooked food, and that many of the virtues of the food escape in our present methods of cooking; the essential salts, which are so necessary to the body, going off in the steam. This may be partially corrected by cooking in air-tight vessels. Also the raw-food enthusiasts claim, with some show of logic, that cooking destroys the "life" of the food. The trouble is, however, that it is very hard to get people who have been accustomed to our ordinary menus of stimulating and spicy foods to get down to a dietary which suggests the patient ox and ass. It is, indeed, hard enough to get them to drop stimulants and use plain food, even when cooked.

It is, however, as The Times has previously remarked in this department, not necessary to go to work and make up a raw food. Nature has provided a perfect dietary in fruits and nuts. Combined, they furnish all that is necessary to keep a person in health and strength, besides which they are highly palatable and appeal to any normal appetite. Such nuts as the Brazil nut and the pison may be easily masticated, even by those whose teeth are not good. If to the fruits and nuts is added a little salad and ripe olives, and also, where a person is

(CONTINUED ON 29TH PAGE.)

# TOOTH TALK

No 80.

## PROCRASTINATION THE THIEF OF TEETH

Procrastination has ruined more teeth than one cause that can be named, although it is less true that unskilled dental work has its part in the general havoc to be seen in every mouth. Carefully note the teeth of the five persons you meet, and you will find four out of five are neglecting their teeth. Neglectful, busy persons are the ones I am speaking of. I can save your teeth if saving is a possibility, can add to your personal appearance many cents. I know if you will place yourself in my hands at once you will save money by so doing, and work on your teeth will probably improve your entire general health, because good teeth mean good digestion, and good digestion leads to a general healthy condition of the entire system.

#### HONEST PLATE WORK

If you want the cheapest kind of a plate, come to me for it. If you want a thoroughly good and safe plate at a fair and honest price, I am pleased to serve you. I am pretty certain I can give you more plate satisfaction for a dollar you pay than any other dentist anywhere. I employ prophylactic measures in preparing mouth for plates, which contributes to both comfort and, and costs nothing extra.

#### FILLING TEETH

In the operation of filling teeth there is no scope for the highest skill. Every successful filling of a tooth demands a complete conscientious application of the most efficient best adapted modes and appliances of the art. The work of filling a tooth by a thorough examination—on this examination all subsequent work is based. The next step is my Prophylactic treatment, which puts the mouth in condition, makes the work of filling easy for the patient myself. Those who ever have filling done by my Prophylactic System will never have any other way.

#### A GENERAL INVITATION

I know that if enough people would visit me to satisfy themselves of my skill and know that I could be of great benefit to many, and up a practice founded on the solid rock of science. Consider this a personal invitation. You shall not be made to feel under any obligation—on the other hand, I shall feel it by the compliment of a visit.

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708 SAN PEDRO STREET



# Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE.)

willing to use some semi-animal food, a little cream cheese, quite a variety in the shape of diet may be provided. Meantime, the editor of this department must admit that he still holds to the opinion that Mr. Ammann's coconut bread is neither appetizing nor digestible—nor necessary. The translation follows:

"In the Sunday Times of October 25 and November 1 you make some remarks on our method of living, and especially on our coconut bread, which remarks induce me to send you some few words of explanation.

"First, I wish to inform you that my article, 'Coconut Bread,' published in the 'Vegetarische Warte,' was specially written for raw-food eaters—for those who know how raw food must be eaten in order to be easily digested; that is to say, that firstly it must be thoroughly and slowly masticated, and secondly, no cooked food must be eaten at the same time. When these rules are observed, raw food will be more easily and much more quickly digested than cooked food, whether the raw food consists of nuts, fruits, vegetables, grain or coconut bread. Coconut bread is in no respect more difficult to digest than other raw foods. Certainly when raw and cooked foods are eaten together, then the case is different. That is to say, the cooked foods remain several hours in the stomach, and go more slowly through the digestive processes, whereas raw foods usually leave the stomach in half an hour—seldom in longer time than an hour. Further, raw food begins to ferment more quickly than cooked food. This fermentation is, however, rendered harmless by the fact that raw foods quickly leave the stomach and are then mixed with the small. When, however, cooked and raw foods enter the stomach together, then the latter remain as long in the stomach as the former, and there arises in the stomach a very active fermentation, causing indigestion, the burning of gas and belching. This is the reason why most people cannot digest nuts and fruit, and the same reason why my coconut bread does not suit them. If one uses fruits and nuts and the coconut bread on an empty stomach alone—that is to say, without cooked food—and chews the same slowly and thoroughly, then no difficulties will arise, and when one has once become accustomed to it, one is surprised how easily and quickly digestion takes place, and what advantages raw-food eaters possess, they getting through with their digestion in from half an hour to an hour, while others need several hours for the purpose.

"It is true that nuts, in their natural form, are really as good as the coconut bread, and perhaps better. When, however, you consider how many people are with bad teeth, who cannot masticate the hard coconut, you may be willing to admit the necessity for properly-prepared bread. The reason why I give coconut preference over other nuts is not alone on account of its appetizing taste and aroma, but particularly on account of its cheapness. It is considerably cheaper than all other nuts—about three times as cheap as walnuts. Coconuts cost, net, about 7 cents per pound, and walnuts about 20 to 25 cents per pound, net.

"We are no cranks, who have only taken up the raw-food system for love of the principle and theory. On the contrary, the practical experience of fifteen years brought us to the conclusion that our present way of living is better, and that we can develop our mental and physical powers better than in former years. I believe your conclusion would be less unfavorable if you could become personally acquainted with my way, and again invite you to pay me a visit. Other people, it is pretty generally known in the Cahuenga valley that during our seven years' residence here we have never been sick or taken a cold. Our children are the most healthy in the valley. Whenever there have been epidemics, such as diphtheria, smallpox, etc., our children have been immune. They are as healthy against heat and cold as are no others here.

"I send you this reply because I know you are earnestly and honestly working for the good of humanity, and I know, through your articles in the 'Care of the Body,' that you have already done much good in Southern California, and you are receptive to the good and the true. I do not have this conviction, I would not have written to you. On this account I would beg you to give my system a more thorough test, and in future to hold the same up to public ridicule, with such words as 'An Intelligent Swiss makes a kind of bread good enough to sink a ship.' People are anyhow inclined to ridicule our mode of life. I do not believe I deserve such ridicule."

## and Boils.

"A ROSA correspondent writes to inquire whether he can use butter. He is subject to boils, and has three at present. He says he has stopped eating almost entirely, but eats lots of bread and butter. He is a hard of any kind in the food, has cut down his use of cigars, and has not used beer for a week. And indeed, all dairy products are dubious of food, the only exception being that milk may be used, or, indeed, almost necessary in the case of those whose mothers cannot suckle them. Butter is one of the articles of food forbidden by the Mosaic law, which contains many good suggestions on health. A correspondent should make his meals largely of such things as beans, peas and lentils, with plenty of fresh vegetables. Substitute pure olive oil for butter. Little bread, also no pastry, cakes or sweets. The editor of this department is willing to wager that a correspondent indulges freely in cakes and pies, and that he beats the blood, upset the liver, and tend to get fat. Lemon juice should be used in moderation, and the bitter pomelo liquid, frequently recommended in this department, made by slicing an entire lemon with the skin, pouring thereon boiling water, and drinking a tumblerful either hot or cold three times

a day. Tomatoes should also be eaten freely. They are excellent for biliousness.

## Dangerous Serums.

"ANOTHER evidence of the danger of 'monkeying' with mysterious serums and toxins, composed of matter that is essentially filthy and poisonous, has recently come to light in Contra Costa county, where a serum was injected by a professor of the University of California into squirrels. The squirrels died, all right, in countless thousands, but now a number of cows have gone blind, which is believed to be due to squirrel serum, and the farmers are afraid that the horses may next become infected.

It is dangerous to attempt to counteract the processes of nature by unnatural means.

## She is Sick.

"MRS. M. S. writes as follows from Alameda county: 'After reading your department for over six months, and not being able to find any suggestions which would answer my ailments, I take the liberty to ask you through The Times what you would recommend in my case. The symptoms are as follows: I never have any appetite, am hardly ever without severe pains in the kidneys; I feel bloated in the abdomen, with rolling in the bowels; have much headache, sallow complexion; always cold feet; tongue furred very much, and palpitation of the heart. Wake up most every night on account of numbness of my limbs. I am a woman of 35 years, have to do my own housework for a family of five. In the last two years I have lost gradually nearly fifty pounds in weight; I now only weigh about 100 pounds. According to four different high-priced specialists, my trouble is catarrh of the stomach and intestines. If so, they have all failed to cure me, but have left me in a worse case than before. I'm not using any medicine at all any more, but take the wet packing over night, according to 'Prelate Kneipp's' directions. I eat very little, scarcely any meat, no pastry, no sweets of any kind, only a little barley coffee in the morning, as my tongue then feels so dry. Any suggestions in regard to diet will be highly appreciated.'

This is another case of sickness, due undoubtedly to errors in living. It doesn't matter by what name you call the particular ailment. The doctors have altogether too many different names for sicknesses, most of which arise from the same cause, and must be cured in the same way. A woman of 35 ought not to be suffering in this manner, unless she has been very ignorant or very careless. Of course she comes to The Times after trying 'four high-priced specialists.' They all wait until they reach the point where the patience and pocketbook begin to give out before they do that—or at least most of them. At the same time the editor of this department has sincere sympathy for an American housewife who has to do all the work for a family of five people. That is one of the penalties that we pay, in this country, for our strenuous life. In Europe a family in similar circumstances to those in which this correspondent probably lives—for, judging by her letter, she is an educated woman—would at least be able to keep one servant. So, although the income may be smaller, the life is really much less arduous, and more enjoyable. In other words, we earn more money in the United States, but do we get as much enjoyment out of it? Judging from a somewhat extended experience on both continents, the editor of this department would say that as a rule we decidedly do not.

The only advice that can be given to this correspondent is to carefully study the general suggestions on hygiene, as given from week to week in these columns.

## Blooming Noses.

"A LOS ANGELES correspondent sends in the following communication:

"I ask you through your valuable department your diagnosis and recommendation in this, my minor trouble. My nose tends to 'bloom,' or turn red; tiny blood vessels have for years appeared on the point of upper surface, and quite recently are spreading to the sides. The same tiny veins appear in two or three other parts of my face. My weight is normal, my general health is good. I would wish to remove any conclusion you might reach on the assumption that I am a drinking man, for I do not, drink any intoxicating liquors whatever, nor have I in years gone by (am now 35). Coffee and tea are also strange to my table. My temperament is sanguine. I am not a great meat eater, two moderate portions each day. I eat heartily of other dishes that go to make up the ordinary home meal. My stomach has always been good, recently, though, a tendency to belch has existed for several months. I have had a touch of eczema, and know that a slight tendency still exists, for when I partake of meats for several days freely it comes to the surface in form of tendency to chafe under the armpits.

"This redness of the nose has existed from the time I was a boy. One doctor recommended the taking of petroleum in teaspoonful doses. I tried it a little while, yet my stomach could not assimilate so large a quantity. Do you suppose I can rid myself of this annoying state, for I am sure that the color of my nose immediately suggests drink, and this is an injustice. Others similarly affected would appreciate your reply."

It is by no means a fact that a red nose always indicates that the owner of it is addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic beverages. Thirty years ago, when the editor of this department was in New York, he received a letter of introduction from a New York importer to his father, who was at the head of a big manufacturing concern in Belfast, Ireland. In presenting the letter, the son remarked that the writer must be prepared to see a very red nose on his father, and should not come to the conclusion that he was a drinking man, because he had been a total abstainer all his life. In truth, the

(CONTINUED ON 30TH PAGE.)

# THE TRUSS TO BUY

I believe that the truss for you to buy is the Sweeney made-to-measure truss, and believe that I can convince you of it if you will give me the opportunity, for more than 5000 people believe with me. I have fitted each of them with a truss adapted to the special case—a truss that closes the rupture, that gives comfort and freedom, and in many cases, has enabled nature to completely cure the trouble.



It would be an act of prudence to get at the bottom of this thing before you spend any money on a truss.

I stayed at 421 South Broadway as long as I could manage in the space afforded. I have plenty of room here.

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## Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 2TH PAGE.)

Belfast man did have a most alarming proboscis—fiery and bulbous—a regular tippler's nose, in fact.

Without more detailed information in regard to this correspondent's mode of life, it is difficult to state exactly what may be the cause of the affliction from which he suffers. The fact that he is disposed to eczema may have something to do with the case. Such a condition of the nose may also arise from chronic inflammation of the stomach. Women who drink much strong tea often have red noses, also women who lace themselves very tight. Sometimes this trouble may be caused by weakness of the veins, as in the case of varicose veins.

It is suggested that the correspondent should carefully avoid all indigestible foods, or foods that tend to irritate the mucous membrane of the stomach, such, for instance, as coffee, and tea, and vinegar, and pickles, and spices, also pastry, cakes and sweets of all kinds. Start with a fast of several days, then adopt the no-breakfast plan, eat meat not more than once a day, and then only a little lean mutton or beef, broiled or roasted. The fact that you belch shows that undigested food lies in your stomach, so you should cut down your rations until you find out how much you can eat and properly digest. Drink distilled water between meals, and on arising in the morning, also take a thorough sweat bath once a week. Keep the bowels open.

No local application can be of any use in such a case as this. The only thing is to get the blood into thoroughly good condition. Eat freely of cooling foods, such as acid fruits and salads.

### A Vigorous Vegetarian.

WHILE in San Francisco recently, on a vacation trip, the editor of this department made a pleasant call on old Capt. Diamond, whose portrait was published in these columns several months ago. The captain was 107 years of age on the 1st of last May, but he does not look over 75. His face is almost devoid of wrinkles. He is bright, alert and active, mentally and physically, and can go through gymnastic performances that would make many much younger people hesitate. He often walks over ten miles a day in pursuit of his calling as a book agent.

His full name is Goddard Zekiel Dodge Diamond, and he was born in Plymouth, Mass., on May 1, 1796. He held a responsible position in the army during the war as government agent at St. Louis. He attributes his good health at this advanced age principally to his free use of olive oil, which he has used liberally for more than eighty years, both internally and externally, rubbing it thoroughly into his body, for this purpose using an oil that has been thoroughly filtered, so that it leaves no grease on the skin. He takes the oil at various times during the day, occasionally taking a gulp out of a bottle early in the morning, when he rises, and claims that it is a perfect food. Otherwise he is a vegetarian, uses no tea or coffee, and has no particular hours for meals, but eats when he is hungry, sometimes at midnight.

It is Capt. Diamond's ambition to found an establishment where immature children may be raised on oil, internally and externally. At the Chutes, in San Francisco, are several infants prematurely born, who are being raised with the aid of oil rubs, and the French government, it is said, has opened an institution of this kind.

Capt. Diamond has written a book entitled, "The Secret of Long Life, or How to Live in Three Centuries," which he sells at the price of 50 cents. In this book he tells how at the age of 48 he was a very feeble old man. When he began using olive oil in New York he had to pay \$3 a quart for it. By means of it he cured a case of granulated eyelids. There are a few statements in the book which are open to criticism. For instance, where Capt. Diamond says, referring to olive oil, "All children are fond of it." This is not the case. On the contrary, there are many children in this country, where the use of olive oil is not general, who cannot be induced to touch it. They will nearly all, however, go greedily for ripe olives.

Again, Capt. Diamond says that "good scientific judgment argues that the maximum supply of food for man is 7 pounds per day—about one-fourth of solids and three-fourths of fluid." This is a mistake. It is about twice as much as is needed. The maximum amount of food necessary to keep a man in good health and strength, while he performs hard work—physical or mental—is one pound of water-free food in each twenty-four hours, and twelve ounces would be better. The Roman soldiers marched and fought on a pound of wheat a day, with a little thin wine and oil. The address of Capt. Diamond is No. 23 Eighth street, San Francisco.

### Appliances for Deaf People.

SEVERAL inquiries have been received recently by this department in regard to the appliances for the use of deaf people, to aid them in hearing—something better than the ordinary ear trumpet. The editor addressed a communication to an acquaintance, a Southern Californian, who is quite deaf, asking him if he had come across anything of the kind that he could recommend. Here is what he says in reply:

"Regarding appliances for the relief of deafness, I have failed to come across anything of much value, other than the usual ear trumpets and speaking tubes. There is a man who has quite a large establishment on the Strand, London, with an extremely varied assortment of contrivances. I bought one of his tubes, which is, I think, an improvement on anything I have seen over here—very much lighter, and at the same time more powerful. I am sorry I cannot recall the man's name. I believe he styles his place 'The Paradise of the Deaf,'

A letter thus addressed would no doubt reach him. He claims to be headquarters for all over the continent, and says he has customers over here, also.

"The best trumpet I have had—the one I am now using—I bought of an old gentleman, Dr. Boehman, who is with the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Broadway, N. Y. He is deaf himself. Does not make a regular business of selling these trumpets. He is a salesman for the Gorham company. I believe there is some question as to whether his appliance does not conflict with the 'Aukophone' patents, so he sells only to those who are recommended to him.

"I have tested the 'Aukophone' apparatus, which consists of two dome-shaped transmitters, shaped very much like my trumpet, and connected with a pocket battery, and then in turn connected with a receiver, about the same shape as the new style feat telephone receivers. It certainly works very well, and I was able to hear distinctly ten to fifteen feet away from me, the receivers being placed on a wooden table near to which I sat. The trouble about this scheme is that the pocket battery is awkward to carry, and has to be recharged almost every day. It has a habit of getting out of whack, also, and not to work at all, so unless one takes the precaution of also carrying an ordinary ear trumpet, you may find yourself in a bad predicament.

"I find that my deafness increases or diminishes according to whether I feel bad, or spry and active. It also becomes worse whenever I take a cold. I believe most cases may be helped by keeping the nose and throat well cleansed. The glass nasal cup, made by McKesson & Rollins of New York (25 cents,) for sale at most drug stores, I am never without, and use it faithfully night and morning, with a pinch of salt diluted in lukewarm water, if convenient, and if not, in cold water. I believe this helps me a great deal, and keeps my infirmity from working more rapid headway than it would if I did not faithfully take this means of keeping it somewhat at bay.

"I have also tried the vibratory treatment, and received temporary benefit. Did not keep it up long enough, however, to make a satisfactory test, but I have much faith in it, both in the bone massage and also in the little suction pump that massages the drum.

"I have also faith in osteopathic treatment of the head and neck. The trouble is that most of us unfortunates do not give half a long enough trial to any one treatment. It is like everything else. It needs persistent effort to obtain satisfactory results. All of which is much easier to preach than to practice. N'est-ce pas?"

### Old Age Complaints.

DR. G. H. KEYWORTH in the British Medical Journal maintains that many of the ailments of old age are due to more food being taken than the eliminating organs can get rid of. If a man past fifty years of age does not reduce his intake, he will inevitably poison and undermine his general health, and have an accumulation of effete matter which is likely to produce gout, uraemia or apoplexy. The diarrhoeas of elderly persons, he believes, are due to the establishment of a channel of excretion accessory to insufficiently acting kidneys.

### Cured Dropsy by Fasting.

HERE is another instance of the value of fasting in curing disease. It came some time ago in a dispatch from Salt Lake City:

"Arthur Van Meter, a prominent merchant of this city, broke a self-imposed fast begun over forty days ago for the cure of dropsy. During this time he has lived entirely on water. He suffered no distress after the first three days, and appeared to grow strong and healthy. The dropsical conditions have entirely disappeared, and he is today a well man. When he began the remarkable fast he weighed 250 pounds, but this weight has been reduced to 125 pounds.

### Eye Troubles.

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD of Philadelphia, in a volume recently published, entitled "Biographic Clinics," comes to the conclusion that the affections from which three great writers, De Quincy, Carlyle and Browning, suffered, were due to eye strain. Other eminent sufferers from the same ailment are said to be Darwin and Huxley. He suggests the printing of all books, were it feasible, with white ink on black paper. This is probably impracticable, but at least there should be a movement in opposition to the exceedingly small type that is affected by some newspapers. It undoubtedly leads to many cases of eye trouble, and as Dr. Gould says, the value of the eye so overtops that of almost any other organ, that the reflex results of its function must be hunted nowhere, except back to the eye itself.

This is certainly an important subject, and worthy of further investigation.



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Every tooth defect that comes under my care will be given the treatment the conditions demands and this is true no matter whether the service calls for fillings, crown or bridge work or cleaning.

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## Care of the Eyes—Children and Glasses.

BY DR. WALTER I. SEYMOUR.

Of all the bonds of human affection that make the whole world akin, regardless of social position, it seems to me that there is nothing touches our hearts more than the helpless appeal of blindness, and the care and preservation of our sight is a matter of daily interest. As deafness does not make itself apparent to us as does blindness, perhaps those who suffer the loss of hearing often feel the want of sympathy, for to them this dreadful affliction is hardly less serious than actual blindness. But the ways of curing for and preserving our hearing are not as apparent as the possibilities that are open to us daily to preserve our sight. With this in mind I offer a few simple suggestions which, if carefully followed, will give relief to many who may be thoughtlessly squandering their most valuable treasure.

Don't think because you have good eyes they will stand all kinds of abuse.

Don't read when tired, as the eyes, as well as the body, need rest.

Don't use the eyes continuously at close work without occasionally resting them by looking off in the distance.

Don't use the eyes for close work, with the head thrown forward, as it retards circulation necessary to perfect sight.

Don't make a practice of reading type too small to be seen readily at a distance of eighteen inches if your sight is normal.

Don't read facing the light, always place your reading matter in a position to receive the best possible light from over the shoulder.

Don't read on the train or in a jolting vehicle, as the strain on the ciliary muscles is too great and may cause permanent injury to your sight.

Don't attribute the headache which comes only when you are taxing your sight to stomach or nerve trouble. Learn what is wrong with your eyes and have it corrected. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Don't be afraid to drop the old fallacy of a cold dash of water in the eyes in the morning, as it is often injurious. Use water as hot as you can bear it in bathing the eyes at night when tired or inflamed. This may be followed by a little cool water if the eyes smart.

Don't try to hold your book or work farther away from your eyes than you can see clearly just because some would-be wise counselor advises you to do so, as you are apt to injure your eyes if short sighted. The better plan is to learn the nature of the defect in your sight and have it corrected.

Don't hesitate to put on proper glasses to assist you in reading or close work after you are forty years of age, as you are only adding to your own discomfort and storing up trouble for yourself a little later on, as the need of glasses comes to us, one and all alike, and it is best to submit gracefully to their use when needed.

There are at times epidemics which leave little trace with the average child after running their course, but

from personal observation I have seldom known of an epidemic not leaving its permanent mark with a few whose systems were in the right condition to change the otherwise transient effect to a permanent eye disease, which frequently results in granular lids, many times requiring severe treatment to save the sight.

Speaking of epidemics calls to mind another eye epidemic which is becoming very prevalent and threatens even greater damage, and that is the epidemic of fakers and spectacle vendors who infest the smaller towns, and even the streets of larger cities, often going from house to house and vending their wares in much the same manner as the old-time patent-medicine man. They select a few of the leading symptoms that the average person is familiar with, and making this the basis of operation, call themselves the noted Dr. So and So, and have a sure cure for all eye ailments in a pair of glasses in brightly-gilded frames, which they can sell at a remarkably low price. As strange as it may seem, people of otherwise apparent intelligence will not only buy and take the desperate chances of using these glasses for themselves, but will frequently go so far as to put them on their children. Such acts as this on the part of careless and ignorant parents fill the public schools with children afflicted in sight as well as appearance with lenses of all characters, which naturally lead to great aversion and prejudice on the part of other parents to seeing their children in any kind of glasses, no matter how urgent may be their need, and are only resorted to as a last possible means of relieving the nerve-racked system or the constantly-aching head of the child who has complained of his eyes from the first day school opened. And again parents will attribute their children's symptoms to a desire on their part to imitate their companions in wearing glasses, but the observing mother is not easily deceived, and if the trouble is genuine, other symptoms will be noticed of which the child is unconscious, which denote the straining of the eyes from school work, nervous headache, eyes becoming easily inflamed, tendency to squint or hold their books too close or too far from their eyes, all of which are positive indications of defective sight and can be noticed without the child being conscious of your observation, and the remedy to be supplied by glasses properly fitted, to be used only as required and frequently entirely restore the sight so that they can be entirely dispensed with except for study and close work.

I do not blame the average parent for having this very decided aversion to seeing their children in glasses, as the abuse of their use has indeed given ground for these prejudices. As one who has children of his own, I would doubtless object to the same, were it not for a more correct knowledge on the subject, and realizing the wonderful benefits that may be derived by their proper use.

But I imagine I hear you saying, "Why, of course, Dr. Seymour's business is fitting glasses," and accepting your version of the matter, I only ask that you be as unbiased in your views on the subject as I endeavor to be in mine.

As you will of course admit that the science of treating the eyes by the use of glasses is not built on a fallacy, and while it is shamefully imposed upon, the same as patent medicines are heralded by their vendors as a cure-all for the human family, there is still virtue in the science, and furthermore, I wish to call your attention to the fact that we, as a combination of optician, oculist, and aurist, we simply prescribe and use glasses in the same sense that we do medicines and treatment of other natures, as our means of sustaining a livelihood are not based upon the profit of spectacles and eyeglasses which we sell, any more than your family physician would expect to subsist on the profits of drugs provided you, but we are paid for our services and professional advice, and if home treatments will accomplish the end, we are just as well contented to prescribe them. You are credited with all the profits which the sale of glasses usually bring, and, if needed, on the whole are not apt to cost you any more than they do when secured in the usual retail manner. I am sure you would rather pay a reasonable sum to learn that yourself or your children do not need glasses than to come with the feeling that we must of necessity fit you with glasses or otherwise not receive the same compensation for our services.

Another point upon which I have often intended to speak is the prevalent use of atropine in connection with fitting glasses. Many times this is advised where it is entirely unnecessary, as it dilates the pupil, paralyzes the accommodation and not infrequently leaves the eye permanently weakened. It is a very desirable treatment in many diseased conditions, but I most strongly commend that it should not be used, even with children, when the only possible advantage is the aid that it affords in fitting glasses, which should be fitted to the eye in its natural condition and not under the effect of a drug.

We offer almost positive immunity from this method, as we are provided with all the latest instruments for ascertaining the nature of defects in the vision without the assistance of medicines.

A word about free consultations: Our invitation to call at our offices, 429 West Sixth street is genuine and in good faith. We do not expect all who come to treat with us, nor do we expect to grant more than an interview and a preliminary examination where we deem it necessary in order to give you an intelligent answer to your inquiry as to what we can do for you and the probable cost, as one would hardly wish to be treated without first having an understanding as to proposed methods, expense, etc., nor do we wish to accept patients whose troubles do not come under the head of our specialties, that of the optician, oculist or aurist, although we have the constant assistance of a physician in general medicine which is of great value to patients as well as ourselves, as many times symptoms that bring one to a specialist can be traced to simple ailments which can be treated by home remedies.

### LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

In a tent in the rear of the County Hospital at Los Angeles lives Walter Chamberlain, in company with his wife. The husband, realizing the awful danger to himself, asks that he be allowed to remain with and care for the stricken one until death comes to her relief.

Men marvel at a love like this,  
A love that laughs at death;  
That counts dread years of suffering  
As but a passing breath.

That stands beside a cherished form,  
When others flee the sight,  
That craves but privilege to claim  
Love's duty and love's right.

That counts a vow as more than life,  
True love a holy thing;  
A light that lives beyond the tomb—  
That takes from death his sting.

God give to us more men like this,  
More lives, more loves thus true;  
Who in the hours that try our souls,  
Will plight their troth anew.

G. W. HENDRICKS.

### WINTER HAS ITS JOYS.

Mrs. Stiles appears to have become quite religious and attends church very regularly now.

Yes, she's praying for a cold and early winter.

Well, well! the idea?

She had a birthday last month, you know, and her husband gave her a sealskin sacque.—[Philadelphia Record Herald.]

### INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Miss De Vynn ever been abroad?"  
"Oh, yes. Why do you ask?"  
"Doesn't she show foreign culture in her language?"  
"Oh, no! Why, she always calls a gown a frock."—[Chicago Record Herald.]

A professor has invented a process of silver-plating dead bodies so as to convert them into metallic plates of the individuals as they were when in life. It can be used if the relatives can afford it. But the expense of silver-plating a body is £2500, there are a few relatives who would deem themselves justified in squandering the deceased's estate on such a whim.—[London Leader.]

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The broad statesmanship and wise conduct of the nation's destinies under the leadership of our late beloved President William McKinley is conceded by the right-minded of all parties and classes of every shade of opinion. Few, however, knew the inner life and kind heart of our great President, or the many deeds of kindness which were prompted by his noble nature.

The writer witnessed an incident that took place in Washington during the session of the Fifty-sixth Congress which illustrates the character of our martyred hero. It chanced that while the President was passing the Army and Navy Building one morning, on his return to the White House, after a morning walk, a poorly-dressed, tousled-headed little youngster who had been leaning on the steps of that building, lost her footing



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If your druggist doesn't keep Anita Cream you can order full size 50c jar from us direct.

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[Dept. D.] LOS ANGELES, CAL.

and tumbled down the steps to the sidewalk below. As the poor mother came running up the street, out of breath and almost paralyzed with fright, the President picked up the little girl, and with his handkerchief wiping away the tears and blood from her face, placed her gently in her mother's arms with words of comfort and encouragement to the distracted woman. R. J. W.

### ICE-WATER AT A PREMIUM.

"Dis is a cot' worl," said Brother William, "but dar's a warm welcome waitin' fer us over yonder."  
"Dat doctrine will never be popular wid yo' congregation," said Brother Dickey, "unless you qualifies it wid ice water."—[Atlanta Constitution.]



Do you realize that you are not doing the right thing by yourself or family, if you do not provide them with pure drinking water?

Think it over a moment———  
what a safeguard to health pure drinking water is———

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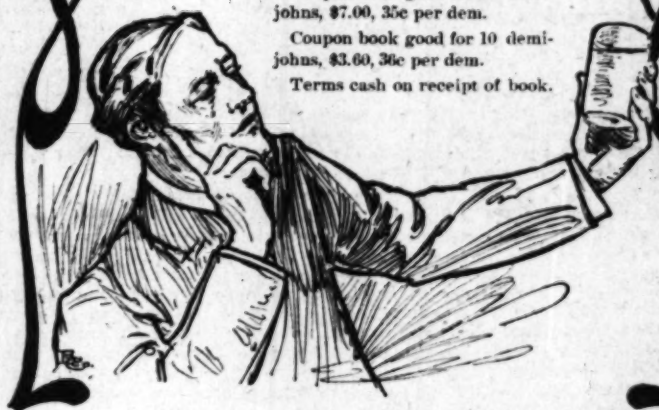
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